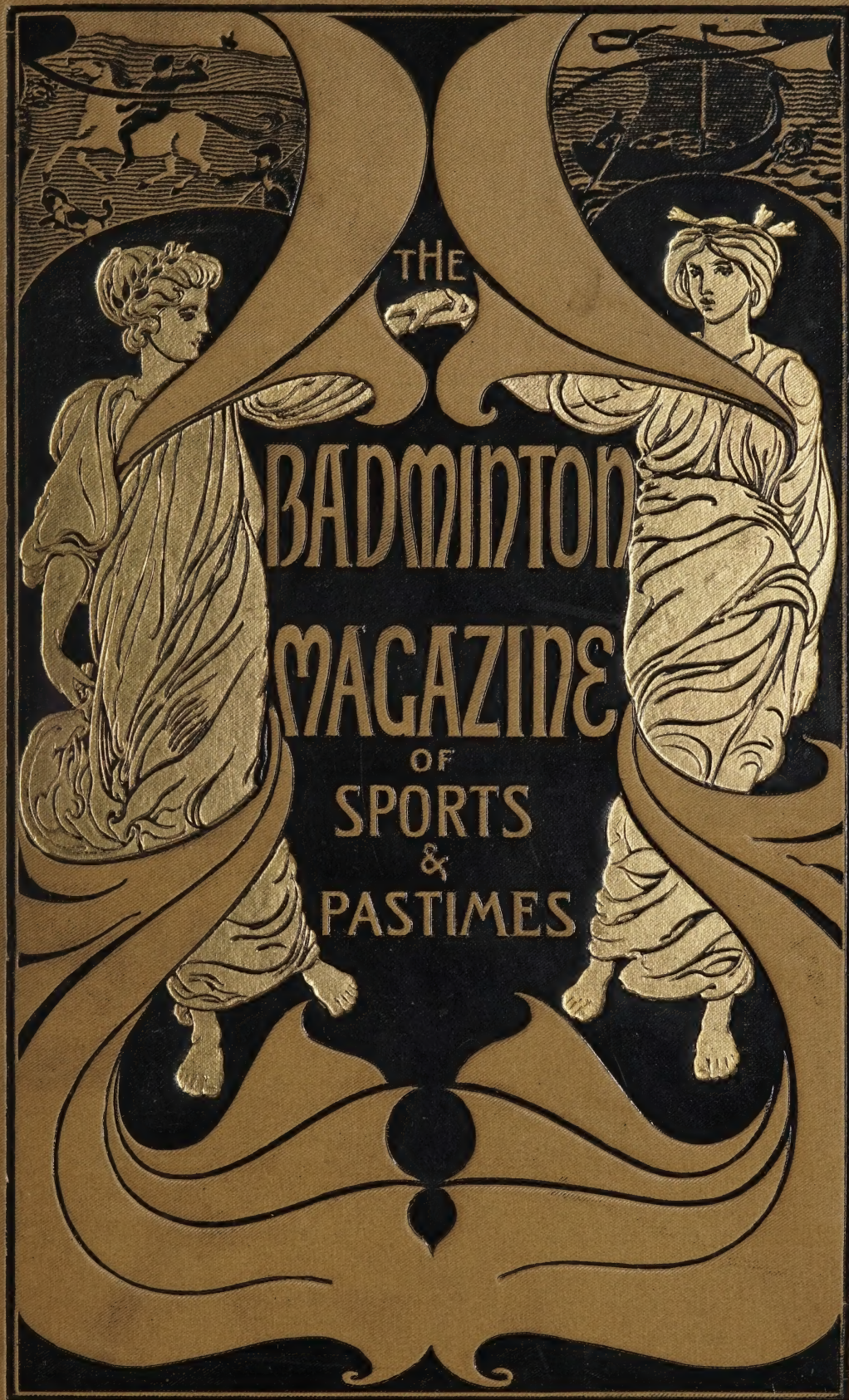




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THE BADMINTON MAGAZINE
OF
SPORTS AND PASTIMES

VOL. XXXI

THE
BADMINTON MAGAZINE
OF
SPORTS AND PASTIMES

EDITED BY
ALFRED E. T. WATSON

VOLUME XXXI
JULY TO DECEMBER 1910

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PERCY PECK'S RACING STABLE

(Photograph by the Sport and General Illustrations Co.)

The Badminton Magazine

"THE COLOURS"

VII.—THE EARL OF DURHAM

Purple, straw sleeves

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

IT is not everyone who always agrees with Lord Durham, but certainly everyone respects him for the decision with which he makes up his mind, and the unswerving determination which invariably marks his progress along the path he has convinced himself is the right one. For the last thirty years his purple and straw sleeves have been familiar to race-goers. Their owner has never in the least laid himself out to gain popularity. If once convinced that he is right nobody cares less than he what other people may choose to think of him; but it would be superfluous to dwell on the fact that everything in connection with his horses has invariably been done in the truest spirit of sport.

On the whole Lord Durham cannot be regarded as a lucky owner; he has conducted his affairs liberally, and few people need to be told that if he had spent unlimited money on yearlings and

mares who were supposed to be of peculiar promise it is extremely probable that he might have failed to find a really good horse; for these things are in a great measure matters of luck. It has paid Sir Tatton Sykes, for instance, to give huge prices for famous mares and to mate them with the most expensive sires, for the progeny of such animals, if sound and good-looking, will always command a long price. Whether they will win races is quite another matter: very frequently it is found that they will not. I have said that the owner of the purple and straw sleeves cannot be regarded as lucky, because in all this time he has never been able to win a classic race, an Ascot Cup, and indeed has carried off very few of the stakes which we may well understand it has been his special ambition to win. At the same time, during his thirty years of Turf life, he has taken prizes to the extent of some £110,000, and has never been absent from the List of Winning Owners. It is sincerely to be hoped that still better fortune may be in store for one to whom in every way the Turf is deeply indebted.

The late Earl bred some famous horses, including Warlock, who won the St. Leger in 1856, and Wizard, who followed on by taking the Two Thousand Guineas in 1860; but he sold the son of Birdcatcher to Mr. A. Nicoll, the son of West Australian to the same gentleman—for the small sum of 200 guineas—and it is in Mr. Nicoll's name that they figure in the respective tables of winners. When Lord Durham started racing in 1881, two years after succeeding to the title, the antagonism between the North and South of England was not yet extinct. The great Northern owners trained for the most part in Yorkshire; it was later that they gravitated to Newmarket, and Lord Durham sent his horses to the late Tom Green of Beverley. They did not stay there very long, however, being transferred to Alfred Sadler at Stockbridge House, Newmarket, where they remained until 1895 when Percy Peck took charge of them, Lord Durham being at the time his only patron. There, it is almost unnecessary to say, they are still, though Lord Rosebery has since joined the stable, Percy Peck being one of several trainers who do duty for the owner of the primrose and rose hoops. Lord Durham usually found something which seemed good enough to engage in the classic races, from which, however, the animals were usually absent when it came to the point; and I think the first race of importance he won was the Northumberland Plate of 1889, easily carried off by Drizzle, a daughter of Beauclerc and Scotch Mist. She had run behind Tissaphernes in the Metropolitan, finishing fourth with 7 st. 4 lb., ridden by Mornington Cannon, a lightweight in those days, but she had done well in the interim and had 6 st. 10 lb. in what is called the "Pitmen's Derby." It was indeed



THE EARL OF DURHAM

a successful meeting for Lord Durham, as the North Derby of £1,350 fell to his Bondager, a son of Glendale and Miss Knight, who disposed of Workington, belonging to that lamented sportsman the late Mr. James Lowther; and Lord Durham's Pavetta, daughter of Springfield and Gardenia, also won the St. Oswald's Welter Handicap.

At this time the stable contained probably the best horse Lord Durham has ever owned, a son of Petrarch and Florida, whom he named after a friend well known in London society, Peter Flower. The colt came out for the FitzWilliam Stakes at Doncaster, his reputation having preceded him, and starting at 13 to 8 he won comfortably. His next effort was at Newmarket, at the Second Spring Meeting, where he was opposed by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Bumptious, who had also been tried a really good colt and with long odds on him had won the only race in which he had previously appeared. Bumptious was a slightly better favourite at 5 to 4, 11 to 8 against Peter Flower, 100 to 8 bar two, and after a hard fight Lord Durham won by a neck. The two ran on the Wednesday at Ascot, but not in the same race, Bumptious winning the Fern Hill, for which M. Edmond Blanc had sent over Reverend, Peter Flower with odds of 100 to 9 on him beating the Duke of Westminster's useful colt Adieu, the son of St. Simon and Farewell, for a Triennial. Going on to the Bibury Club Meeting, Peter Flower, 100 to 6 on, took the Private Sweepstakes; and then came his only failure as a two-year-old, in the £3,000 Portland Stakes at Leicester, where Mr. Houldsworth's Orvieto beat him half a length; Reverend, who was to run second for the Leger next year, three lengths behind; Gouverneur, who was to be second for the Derby, one of the seven unplaced. Peter Flower's last appearance was for the Mersey Foal Stakes at Liverpool, which he won from Mr. Brodrick Cloete's Cereza, who had previously carried off the £2,000 Zetland Plate at Leicester on the day prior to Peter Flower's victory.

There seemed good reason to suppose that Lord Durham might have found a Derby horse, for it was evident when Peter Flower came out as a three-year-old that he had retained his form. He ran for the Newmarket Biennial, sharing second favouritism with FitzSimon, to whom he was giving 7 lb., at 3 to 1, the actual favourite being Mr. E. W. Baird's Flodden Field, 5 to 2; but Flodden Field was a bad third, Peter Flower beating FitzSimon by a length. Then came the Two Thousand: 5 to 4 Gouverneur, 3 to 1 Peter Flower, 13 to 2 Orvieto, 9 to 1 Common; and Common won easily by three lengths from Orvieto, Peter Flower, three parts of a length off, third. The truth was that Lord Durham's colt did

not stay. He was fifth for the Newmarket Stakes, which Mr. Noel Fenwick's Mimi won after a fight with another good filly, Sir Daniel Cooper's Melody; and though Peter Flower ran for the Derby, very slight hope was entertained of his success, Common winning in a canter from Gouverneur, with the almost inevitable outsider—for something at a long price nearly always gets a place in the Derby—third. This was Sir James Duke's Martenhurst, 50 to 1. At Ascot Peter Flower failed by a length and a half to give 10 lb. to Sir Charles Rose's Henry VIII in a Biennial, but with 2 to 1 on him he got the mile in the Triennial which wound up the meeting that year, and he won the £2,000 Electric Stakes, a five-



LAMBTON CASTLE

(Photograph by Valentine)

furlong race for three-year-olds at Sandown, from Simonian and Orion. The Bunbury Mile at Newmarket was too far for him, and Lord Calthorpe's Versifier, in receipt of 10 lb., beat him a couple of lengths, though he gave the same amount of weight to Prince Soltykoff's Woolsthorpe, winner of many races, and beat him about as far.

In the Lancashire Plate Peter Flower met a brilliant company, for Signorina won from Orme, Martagon third, followed by Alicante, Gouverneur, and Broad Corrie. Apparently the son of Petrarch had deteriorated somewhat, for in the All Aged Stakes at the Houghton Meeting Bumptious, whom we have seen was a former

victim, beat him three lengths. Peter Flower, well as he did, must be regarded as something of a disappointment. But as a four-year-old he distinguished himself over short courses. He won the five-furlong Hylton Handicap at Liverpool; trying to give Workington 12 lb. in the July Cup he was third, the subsequent Oaks winner, Mrs. Butterworth, splitting them; he won the Stockbridge Cup, and just missed a notable success at Goodwood. A field of thirty went to the post for the Stewards' Cup, which fell for the second time to the Duke of Devonshire's Marvel; but he only beat Peter Flower a neck, and Lord Durham's colt was giving 2 lb., so that at even weights there would have been nothing between them. His winnings amounted to £7,366, so that at any rate he handsomely paid his way. He did not, however, make a name, and his short career at the stud produced nothing remarkable.

In 1893 it seemed probable that there was something worthily to replace Peter Flower, this being Son o' Mine, a colt by Isonomy—Alibech who made his first appearance in the valuable Kempton Park Great Breeders' Produce Stakes at the October Meeting. The favourite here was Matchbox, fifteen going to the post, and Son o' Mine ran the good thing to a neck. Considering what there was behind him, this looked decidedly well, and Lord Durham must have contemplated the volume of "Races to Come" with satisfaction, for the colt was freely entered. Something went wrong with him, however, and it was not until the next autumn that he could be got out, when he went to the post for the Jockey Club Stakes, a £10,000 race, which that year liberally exceeded promise, having been worth £11,302. Notwithstanding that Son o' Mine had all the allowances, it was not supposed that he could beat Isinglass, who started at 5 to 2 on and won by a couple of lengths from the French Gouvernail, Son o' Mine the same distance behind, third. This was soon after Throstle had won the Leger so unexpectedly, and she ran, but speedily disposed of whatever chance she may have had, probably a very small one, by bolting out of the course.

Lord Durham continued to fly high with the colt, his next appearance, in July 1895, being in another £10,000 race, the Princess of Wales's Stakes, in which he was fourth, Le Var beating Utica by a length, None the Wiser a neck off, third. He won a couple of races of no very great importance, and was then put to hurdling, a come-down in the world; but he was correctly supposed to "look like jumping," and his first attempt at Sandown was quite successful, as he won by half a dozen lengths. But this was not the career which had been hoped of him. As a five-year-old he had a variegated existence, and moreover a busy one, for he was

out seventeen times under Jockey Club and National Hunt Rules, winning four races worth over £1,500, and finishing second for the Ascot Stakes, for which he started favourite, to the French colt Arlequin. Of course, though decidedly useful, he did not fulfil his promise.

Two years junior to Son o' Mine was Drip, a daughter of Barcaldine and Drizzle, the mare who has been noted as having won the Northumberland Plate in 1889. Drip did not come out till she was three years old, and led off by running second for a Maiden Plate at Sandown, after which she took part in that exciting race for the One Thousand Guineas in which the Prince of Wales's Thais beat



LORD DURHAM SHOOTING AT RUFFORD ABBEY

(Photograph by the Sport and General Illustrations Co.)

Santa Maura a short head. Drip was good enough to get third for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, Shaddock and Balsamo beating her, and then she was sent north to win the Great Northern Leger at Stockton from Symington, and the Great Yorkshire Handicap at Doncaster from the favourite Telescope. On the last day of the Doncaster Meeting she had a try for the Cup; but Laodamia, The Rush, and Dinna Forget finished in front of her, four others behind. Useful animals such as Drip are pleasant to own when they stay as she did. There is always a possibility of winning a Cesarewitch. Drip tried in Merman's year, getting, however, no nearer than sixth. Of course, too, she tried for the Northumberland Plate, but was not

near to following the example of her dam; in fact, as a four-year-old she had a blank season, and then was turned out of training.

The year 1900 was the best Lord Durham had enjoyed, or that has fallen to him since. In 1889, I should begin by saying, the colours had been carried by a son of Common and Alibech, who does not seem to have run until he was four years old, when he came out for the Mildenhall Plate at the Newmarket Craven Meeting, and with slight odds on him, against a solitary opponent, St. Kenelm, was easily beaten. He ran again at the First October Meeting for a Triennial, and again the race was a match, the other runner, however, also belonging to Lord Durham, this being Sherburn, who is remarkable as the son of two Cesarewitch winners—Sheen and Primrose Day. This, one would naturally suppose, is a combination which ought to produce a stayer; though such are the eccentricities of breeding that it would perhaps have been little surprising had it resulted in a brilliant sprinter. It did not, however. Sherburn stayed well, and here gave his stable companion 19 lb. The Ormerod Plate at Liverpool was the only race Osbech won, and there seemed little reason to imagine that he would improve in course of time as he did.

In 1900 Lord Durham won no fewer than twenty-seven races, which placed him third on the list of winning owners with £17,858, the first position being occupied by the Prince of Wales with £29,385, followed by the late Lord William Beresford with £24,523; and Osbech was the principal contributor. He ran ten times, and was only once out of the first two, when, with 8 st. 12 lb., he was unplaced to Innocence for the Derby Cup. Osbech led off with the Liverpool Spring Cup and, carrying 7 st. 12 lb., won by half a dozen lengths from Lackford, also a five-year-old, carrying 8 st. 3 lb. John Reiff rode the second, and it is rather peculiar that throughout the season he or some other American jockey was always just before or behind Osbech. It was John Reiff who rode Chevening when he beat Lord Durham's horse a couple of lengths for the Queen's Prize at Kempton, Sloan on Solitaire being on the third; and seeing that Chevening not long afterwards ran Diamond Jubilee to a head for the Newmarket Stakes, this was a good performance for the bearer of the purple, straw sleeves. Osbech, backed at 9 to 4, beat the favourite Manners, 6 to 4, by a couple of lengths for the short-lived Century Stakes at Sandown, worth that year £8,950. Here Sloan was on the third, Le Blazon. Osbech then won the Mildenhall Plate, and was then second for the Ascot Stakes, beaten a neck—by Sloan on Baldur, in receipt of 22 lb. Osbech was second again, half a length behind Jiffy II, ridden by J. Reiff, for the great Ebor Handicap, Osbech giving 10 lb., his usual jockey, F. Rickaby, in the saddle.

He won the Great Yorkshire Handicap from Ameer, giving 16 lb., J. Reiff this time on the third, Gadfly; the Jockey Club Cup he took by a head from Jolly Tar, J. Reiff, and then cantered in for the Park Plate at Liverpool with 7 to 1 on him, L. Reiff this time second on the Scotchman.

Osbech, whose promise had seemed so slight, thus succeeded in taking half a dozen prizes worth only £70 short of £12,000;



OSBECH—F. RICKABY UP

(*Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket*)

indeed, counting second money, the ignoring of which from the calculation always seems so strange, he considerably exceeded that amount, a fact which shows that one can never tell what will happen! This is the more true because now there seemed good reason to suppose that Osbech would go on winning, and it was small discredit to him to get no nearer than third for the Queen's Prize, giving the winner, Hulcot, 22 lb., and his old opponent Blackford 8 lb. It will

be seen that he and Blackford reproduced their Liverpool Cup form with much exactitude. Osbeck, however, came out four times subsequently that year without even making his way into the first three, and there was little else in the stable to repair his failures. Lord Durham's place in the list of winning owners was a low one, £1,914; and it took ten races to win it.

In the appended list of winnings it will be seen that Lord Durham had a good year in 1908, when he took the exceptional number of forty-one races. This is an astonishing figure, rarely approached. But Lord Durham's success was in a great measure due to the fact that in consequence of the death of the late Lord



HARRATON HOUSE, LORD DURHAM'S HOUSE AT NEWMARKET

(Photograph by the Sport and General Illustrations Co.)

Derby the present Earl leased the horses to his friend. These included Cocksure II, the son of Count Schomberg and Be Sure, who himself scored eight times in the ten races he ran that season. Bardolph, another who comes into the "useful" category, helped the total by nearly £1,300 in the Northern Derby, after having missed the £1,000 Hurst Park Yearling Plate by a head, and also the Craven Three-Year-Old Handicap at York by another head, which is specially described as "short." Another contributor in 1908 was Miesko, a son of Lesterlin and Mia. He won six races, though they were small ones.

At the time of writing it is not known whether Lord Durham

has a good colt in Rochester, though some light may perhaps be thrown on the subject before these pages are in the hands of the reader. Rochester, a son of Rock Sand and Caparison, had been vaguely talked about from an early period of the season. He came slowly to hand, and Lord Durham and his trainer probably did not know quite what to expect. He did not appear until the First October Meeting at Newmarket, when he was one of half a dozen who went to the post for the Rous Memorial. One of these was Lemberg, and that seemed decisively to settle the question what would win. If Lemberg were beaten and the layers of 2 to 1 on him lost their



MIESKO

(Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket)

money, Yellow Slave was regarded as the only one with any chance of upsetting the good thing. She was backed at 3 to 1; Catrail, in receipt of 7 lb., is quoted as 100 to 7; 20 to 1 others. Maher rode Rochester, and got away none too well; the colt, moreover, seemed to run green; nevertheless he got Lemberg's neck, with Yellow Slave three lengths behind him. Lemberg was giving him 7 lb., and the neck might no doubt have been increased; still, even so, it was a highly promising performance, for though there are some good judges of racing who decline to make any allowance for "first time

out," and though, furthermore, we find every season that a number of horses do give their running perfectly when they first begin, there are unquestionably occasions, as we likewise perceive, when want of experience on the part of a young horse is obvious and we feel assured that he can do better than he has done. If Rochester had not been in the same stable as so remarkable a colt as Neil Gow much more doubtless would have been heard of him, but Lord Rosebery's extraordinarily brilliant son of Marco and Chelândry naturally overshadowed his companion.

Rochester was entered for the Column Produce Stakes on the 13th of last April, and on the previous afternoon, happening to meet



LORD DURHAM WATCHING A PRACTICE START WHEN THE GATE WAS FIRST INTRODUCED AT NEWMARKET

(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

his trainer in the Birdcage, I asked if the colt were going to run. He unhesitatingly replied in the negative. Rochester was still backward, he said, he "wanted the sun on his own back," and Peck scarcely knew when he would be ready. My surprise was great therefore] when the numbers went up next day and I saw that Rochester's was amongst them. There were ten starters—one of them, King Edward's Orellius, a much-talked-of colt, and known to be a favourite of His Majesty, here making his first appearance, but not at all "expected." Sunningdale was regarded as almost a good thing, his breeding allowance reducing his weight to 7 st. 13 lb., Rochester carrying 8 st. 6 lb., and this latter was at first backed by

not a few men who knew nothing more about him than what they had seen in his race with Lemberg six months before. Gradually it became evident that he was not fancied, and he drifted out in the market, more than 4 to 1, the price at which he is returned, having been laid. To the general astonishment he won in a canter by five lengths from Mr. John Dawson's Roedean, whose chance his owner had told me he considered a good one. If when untrained—that is to say, so distinctly backward—Rochester could run so well, it seemed evident that when really fit he must do a very great deal better. He came out again, however, for the Two Thousand Guineas, and did



BARDOLPH

(*Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket*)

not make much show, finishing seventh to Neil Gow, Lemberg, Whisk Broom, Tressady, Placidus, and Admiral Hawke, with half a dozen behind him.

Lord Durham, I must not omit to mention, has been seen in his own colours; this was at the Stockbridge Meeting of 1900. On the second day he had run a four-year-old named Bondager, a son of Glendale, in the Andover Stakes. Ridden by Mr. George Lambton it had been unplaced to Sir William Throckmorton's Balderdash. Lord H. Vane-Tempest had at this time another son of

Glendale, Brooklyn, a five-year-old, and a match was made between the two, owners up. Odds of 7 to 4 were laid on Bondager, and the judgment proved correct. Lord Durham shaped in decidedly workmanlike fashion, but evidently had no desire to run things close, and won in a canter by twenty lengths.

It may be interesting to give the list of Lord Durham's winnings as showing what may reasonably be expected as the result of racing in the style which the owner of the purple, straw sleeves has adopted. The figures for the past two years I have not been able to ascertain quite correctly—I make the total rather under £1,000; the others run:—

	£		£
1883 . . .	908 $\frac{3}{4}$	1897 . . .	4.278
1884 . . .	2,449	1898 . . .	5.000 $\frac{1}{2}$
1885 . . .	1,572 $\frac{3}{4}$	1899 . . .	5.916
1886 . . .	2,124 $\frac{1}{4}$	1900 . . .	17,858
1887 . . .	3,049 $\frac{1}{4}$	1901 . . .	1,914
1888 . . .	5,135 $\frac{1}{4}$	1902 . . .	5,117
1889 . . .	4,118 $\frac{3}{4}$	1903 . . .	657
1890 . . .	4,776 $\frac{3}{4}$	1904 . . .	3,652
1891 . . .	5,910 $\frac{3}{4}$	1905 . . .	1,366
1892 . . .	3,695	1906 . . .	1,334
1893 . . .	5,275	1907 . . .	649
1894 . . .	536	1908 . . .	8,116 $\frac{1}{2}$
1895 . . .	3,371	1909 . . .	4,083
1896 . . .	6,694		

That is £109,571 10s. It is to be feared that the expenses at least balance this, and Lord Durham has never found a source of income in a popular sire. As a Steward of the Jockey Club his services are of special value, for he is extremely discerning, and being a terror to evildoers, owners and trainers of dubious character hesitate to run risks.



THE APPROACH TO THE SIMPLON PASS, ITALIAN SIDE

A SAUNTER OVER THE SIMPLON

BY C. L. FREESTON, F.R.G.S.

A TRULY fearsome thing is the motor car in the eyes of the Swiss! To this day—and alone among the nations of Europe—they appear to palpitate with terror at the sight of these devil-born machines, and this awe is deep-planted enough to withstand the shafts of ridicule that are hurled thereat from every side. Humour finds no place in the temperament of the Swiss villager, and he sees nothing of the farcical in the spectacle of motor cars being allowed on the Italian side of a pass and barred from the corresponding Swiss side, albeit the road is identical throughout as regards width, surface, gradients, and traffic conditions. Perhaps the finest piece of comedy that the Swiss dread of automobilism has produced is that which concerns the Great St. Bernard road. As a carriage route this used to start at Martigny and end at the Grand St. Bernard summit; but the journey on the Italian side was a combination of mule-riding on one section and the use of *chars* for another. In recent years, however, the Italian Government completed a proper carriage road

on their side of the mountain. Naturally they offered no obstacle to automobile locomotion, and the monks at the famed hospice were enterprising enough to set up a motor lorry on which to convey their food supplies "with expedition and dispatch." They saw no reason, of course, why they should not also be allowed to use this vehicle between the hospice and Martigny, and applied to the cantonal authorities for formal permission to that effect. After much correspondence and delay the official answer was at length received to the effect that the use of the motor lorry would be sanctioned on the Swiss side of the pass, for the carrying of goods, "provided it were drawn up and down by horses"!

There are three passes, however, in Switzerland on which motor cars are graciously allowed to circulate under restrictions of mingled severity and comicality. At first there were only two, namely, the Brunig and the St. Gotthard; but when the Simplon railway came to be completed the Swiss at length yielded to pressure from the Italians to allow cars on the Simplon pass itself. Now the Simplon, as every schoolboy knows, is one of Napoleon's great highways, and has a reputation for picturesqueness and masterly construction alike. I have made a long detour in order to enjoy the felicity of driving over the Simplon by automobile, and to ascertain by direct experience the extent to which the official regulations are enforced or winked at, irksome or immaterial; and for the benefit of touring readers of the *Badminton Magazine* I venture to state the outcome herewith.

Let us first consider the official regulations themselves. A decree was issued in May of last year in which it was stated that the Simplon road would be open to motor cars on every day of the week except on Thursdays, but with a stipulation against night riding except in cases of actual necessity. The expression "every day," however, was materially whittled down by the further proviso that no motorist could embark on the journey later than four o'clock in the afternoon during nine months of the year, and five o'clock in June, July, and August. Further conditions may be summarised as follows:—"Circulation" is forbidden to anyone not in possession of an official driving licence. All drivers of motor vehicles proposing to cross the Simplon must give notification to that effect to the gendarmerie depot at one end of the pass or the other—that is to say, either at Brigue or Gondo. The notification must state the number of the motor, the name and residence of the driver, those also of the owner, and the date and hour of departure. For a payment of five francs one is handed a duplicate of the document, and this duplicate serves as an authorisation to cross the pass. The paper must be shown on request to all the police agents and road-menders encoun-

tered on the road! It must also be given up at the gendarmerie depot on finishing the journey at either Brigue or Gondo.

The provisos as to speed are intensely amusing. Ten kilometres an hour must not be exceeded, and at corners the speed must be reduced to three kilometres an hour, while the approach of a motor vehicle must be heralded by the driver by means of a horn, all other warnings being forbidden. When meeting pedestrians, cattle, or other vehicles, the drivers of motor cars must always take the outer edge of the road, and in the case of frightened animals must stop



RAIN-CLOUDS ON THE ALPS—A VIEW TAKEN JUST BELOW THE SIMPLON SUMMIT

the car and engine alike. Fines ranging from twenty to five hundred francs may be summarily imposed, for infringements of any of the regulations, by the Prefect of Brigue.

I may say at once that in some ways the regulations prove less inconvenient than might be supposed, but in others they are distinctly awkward. Through stress of weather, for example, a tourist might be delayed *en route*, and arrive at one end of the pass or the other just too late in the afternoon to be able to cross, although, minus the official embargo, he had ample sufficiency of daylight before him to enable him to make the journey in comfort and safety.

If the delay were of a kind which brought him to the pass on Wednesday afternoon, and after the closing hour, he would be stranded for forty hours or more, and, at either end, at an unattractive spot which he would gladly quit at the earliest possible moment. In fact, this *dies non* of Thursday is the most irksome item in the regulations.

As regards the certificates and speed-limits, these are less dreadful than they sound. In the first place, the possession of a driving licence appears to be taken for granted; at all events, I for one was not asked to produce mine. In the second place, the formalities are very slight. Switzerland is peculiar in many ways, and one of its idiosyncrasies is the fact that its officials are almost uniformly civil. When touring in other countries, one expects and receives civility from the people everywhere; but fears, and often receives, incivility from Jacks-in-office. In Switzerland the position is exactly reversed; indeed, almost one might say that Swiss custom-house officers and Swiss gendarmes are almost the only civil people among a nation of boors. I am not including, of course, in the comparison the polyglot hotel proprietors and waiters who have a direct interest in meeting one's requirements.

As for the matter of speed, it is easy to conjure up beforehand an appalling vision of crawling up and down the pass at a pace never exceeding six miles an hour, varied by the delirious delights of slowing down to one and three-quarter miles an hour at corners. One may even imagine the possibility, moreover, of being caught in police traps, *à la* Surrey constable who lurks in ditches and drain-pipes on the straight stretches of road, where even the Swiss would admit the possibility of a motor-car driver being able to go faster than six miles an hour without fear of breaking his neck. Whether any trapping has ever been practised or not I cannot say, but take leave to doubt it. The simple facts of the matter are that you go as you please, always provided that you do not arrive at the opposite end of the pass from that at which you started before the time limit has expired; nor need you be apprehensive on the score of being a few minutes too soon. The actual time allowed is four hours for the $41\frac{1}{2}$ kilometres, or 25 miles, but if you take out your permit at, say, 10.15, the gendarme will probably tell you that you may finish at two o'clock.

There is a universally adopted expedient, however, which is perfectly well understood by the officials and all concerned. On the summit of the pass is a nice little hotel, and if you time your departure accordingly you may arrive there at a suitable hour for luncheon, and enjoy your meal and the surrounding scenery to your heart's content for a couple of hours; or, if you arrive at the summit

too early for lunch, you may descend the other side and halt at Simplon village or Berisal, as the case may be. Of one thing the motoring tourist may be absolutely assured, and that is that he will not be compelled to observe the statutory crawl of six miles an hour, but may give the car her head to a reasonable degree. I assume, of course, that he will drive like a gentleman through villages—these, however, are very few—and that he will be more than usually wary at corners; but of these one might almost say that there are even fewer.



ON THE SUMMIT OF THE SIMPLON

Herein, in fact, lies the chief absurdity of these wonderfully timorous regulations. So far from being peculiarly dangerous, the Simplon is one of the safest routes on which a man can walk, ride, or drive. Zigzags are almost unknown, and of abrupt gradients there are absolutely none. Compared with a drive from Hyde Park Corner to Guildford, a journey over the Simplon Pass is mere child's play, and anyone who has made it can only shake with merriment at the recollection of the meticulous precautions.

And now we may leave aside all this ridiculous business about permits, speed-limits, and the rest, and consider what the route has

to offer in the way of actual enjoyment. In a word, is the Simplon Pass worth crossing for its own sake? Well, in the first place, it offers one of the most convenient ways of entering or leaving Italy, especially if one's itinerary includes the Italian lakes. In the second place, the pass has a good deal to recommend it in the way of scenic effects. It has less of ravine-like scenery than most, save for the gorge of Gondo at the foot, and less of the tortuous winding that characterises so many Alpine roads, and which serves the purpose, at all events, of affording constant changes of view; indeed, more so than any other, it resembles an ordinary high road,



THE VERANDA OF THE HOTEL BELLEVUE ON THE SIMPLON SUMMIT—
ON THE LEFT IS A GARAGE

but one carried to a considerable altitude. Almost, one might imagine oneself going, for example, over the Hindhead, on the Portsmouth road, but climbing to eight times the altitude. Nevertheless, the pass has great picturesqueness on one particular stage, and that is from a point a few yards below the summit on the Brigue side, and for several kilometres on the descent. Glorious views are unfolded of the snowy peaks of the Bernese Oberland, and, unless you have the misfortune to strike a wet day, for the rest of your life you will be glad that you took the journey. I think the Simplon might be summed up, where picturesqueness is concerned, by saying that there are many more beautiful roads, and certainly many more

wonderful from the engineering point of view ; but there can be no question as to the saving clause that what you do see in the course of a journey over the pass is an ample reward for the undertaking.

To turn now to practical details, I will assume that the tourist proposes to travel from Geneva to the Italian lakes. If he makes Stresa, on Lake Maggiore, his objective, this represents a journey of 322 kilometres, or just 200 miles. From Geneva to Martigny is a distance of $132\frac{1}{2}$ kilometres, of mostly level running, and there is then another $84\frac{1}{2}$ kilometres, also flat, along the Rhone Valley before



THE NEW HOSPICE, SIMPLON PASS

the foot of the Simplon Pass is reached at Brigue. The pass itself, as stated above, represents a journey of $41\frac{1}{2}$ kilometres, and the final stage from Gondo to Stresa is another $63\frac{1}{2}$ kilometres of easy running. If anything, by the way, ought to imbue the Swiss with a recognition of their supreme folly in putting obstacles in the way of free locomotion, it is the journey along the Rhone Valley between Martigny and Brigue. In the pre-railway days, of course, this was a main road for postchaise traffic ; but since the railway was built the Rhone Valley came to be employed only by train travellers desirous of getting through to Brigue as speedily as possible, while now that there is a railway through the Simplon itself there is even

less necessity than ever to halt at any point. As a result, every town and village on the road itself through the valley wears an appearance of extremest desolation, and nothing can possibly revive it but a general encouragement of automobile locomotion, just as English highways have undergone a total change of appearance in recent years, after decades of inactivity since the stage coaches ceased to run.

Having routed out the gendarme at Brigue and obtained the necessary permit in exchange for a five-franc piece, the motor-car driver may address himself to the task of climbing to the summit with an easy mind. The steepest portion of the ascent occurs within the first few kilometres, and amounts to from 10 to 12 per cent. This is a gradient which even voituresses can readily tackle nowadays. The small village of Lauenen is passed on the way, and soon afterwards the gradient begins to moderate, until, at a point ten kilometres from Brigue, one enters upon a level stretch of a kilometre and a half which runs alongside the River Ganter. Swinging to the right, one crosses the river by a bridge and then turns to the right again. The road then rises through a wood, with a couple of sweeping bends, and in one and a half kilometres reaches Berisal. The interesting fact may be mentioned that the Hôtel Berisal employs a smart motor-car to bring up passengers from Brigue, from which it is clear that by people on the pass itself, whatever is thought in official quarters, the alleged dangers of motor locomotion are treated with contempt. After six more kilometres of moderate rise a tunnel is entered, and is one of several which occur between here and the summit.

It is on this stage that the most picturesque views are enjoyed ; but in the case of an ascending car they are retrogressive. The passengers, of course, can turn round in their seats ; but the driver, if a lover of scenery, must needs call more than one halt by the way. Wherever possible, however, it is best to arrange the Simplon in one's itinerary so as to cross from the Italian side. The finest views are within the last kilometre from the summit, and they are among the best than can be enjoyed from any Swiss carriage-road. The Hotel Bellevue at the summit stands on a little plateau, faced by a post-office, and—*mirabile dictu*—a spacious motor-garage. Unless any have been built on other and higher summits since I last crossed them—and I very much doubt the probability—this may rank as the highest motor-garage in Europe and probably in the world, standing as it does at an altitude of 6,594 ft.

The ascent will probably have occupied, in the case of a car of fair power, something like an hour, and the driver may safely allow a couple of hours for refreshment, photographing, the inevitable

buying and writing of picture postcards, and last, but not least, the contemplation of the panorama. Even in August the neighbouring



THE WEATHER-BEATEN OLD HOSPICE, SIMPLON PASS

peaks are high enough to be covered with snow, while a walk of a few hundred yards down towards Brigue again will bring into view

all the majestic glories of the Bernese chain, including the Jungfrau, the Aletschhorn, and other famous peaks.

A kilometre below the summit, on the Gondo side, is the New Hospice. The term is relative, however, for its erection was begun by Napoleon in 1802, and it was completed in 1825. Of all the hospices on Alpine passes this is perhaps the most attractive in appearance, for they are mostly barrack-like structures, and that on the Mont Cenis is actually used as a barracks in part. The word "new" is applied to the Simplon hospice to distinguish it from the old hospice, which is a couple of kilometres lower down the pass, and is now only used as a herdsman's hut. It stands in a bleak, stone-strewn valley, almost devoid of vegetation. Five or six kilometres lower down the road describes a detour, the original line of highway being completely buried below 30 ft. of debris, resultant from a landslide from the neighbouring Rossboden glacier so recently as 1901. Fortunately the villagers were away at the time of the catastrophe, otherwise the loss of life would have been considerable; even as it was, however, the slide swept away chalets and whole forests, and covered an enormous area with huge boulders. A little lower down the village of Simplon is reached, in a somewhat secluded situation, and three kilometres further on another village is encountered, namely, that of Al Gaby, otherwise known as Gstein, which is much more pleasantly situated.

After a few more kilometres of descent the famous Gorge of Gondo is entered. The road runs between high walls of mica slate, which almost touch each other, until finally a tunnel is reached, hewn through the solid rock, of no less than 245 yards in length. The awe-inspiring nature of this portion of the pass does not end here, however, as, after passing a cascade on the left, which dives under the road, and a waterfall on the right, the road runs between rocks which tower to a height of no less than 2,000 ft. Then a couple of sharp turns bring one into Gondo village, where one pays one's compliments to the gendarme and hands in the permit, while the Swiss custom-house has also to be visited. The total descent from the summit to Gondo has been one of 3,773 ft. in $19\frac{1}{2}$ kilometres, and is fairly uniform throughout, being a little over 300 ft. a mile.

Switzerland is left behind a kilometre beyond Gondo, four kilometres further the Italian custom-house is encountered at Iselle, and just beyond the village the mouth of the great tunnel, through which the railway runs right through to Brigue, is seen on the left. Except for a couple of short rises the road is now of a gently descending character to Domo d'Ossola, through pleasant Italian vales. Its surface still shows signs of the rough treatment it

received during the years that the tunnelling operations were in progress; but of the road generally it may be said that, if not exactly perfect, it is still adequate, and need in no sense be feared.

Excellent running may now be looked forward to from Domo d'Ossola to Gravelona, where one may either turn aside and follow the road to the sweetly pretty lake of Orta, or drive along the shore of the ampler Maggiore to Stresa, and there halt in full view of the wonderful Isola Bella and the other far-famed Borromean Isles.



THE KALTWASSER CASCADE AND TUNNEL, SIMPLON PASS



ETON *v.* HARROW

BY SIR HOME GORDON, BART.

“ETON and Harrow”—which is the social abbreviation of the annual cricket match between the college by the river and the school on the hill, beginning this year on July 8th—depends on the point of view. There are half a dozen ways of considering this festival of Young England at Lord’s, and each of these is logical and correct according to the mental outlook of the individual. Probably to the fashionable majority it represents a charming combination of picnic and garden party, a sort of Henley Regatta, with “a stupid game” instead of the river as the *raison d’être*. Remember that the people who are bored by the cricket are equally disgusted with the boat-racing, oblivious of the fact that without the match and the boating there would be no gatherings at all.

Certainly Eton and Harrow is not so much of a picnic as it was thirty years ago. To begin with, society nowadays has many more out-of-door amusements than was then the case, and secondly Lord’s has been so much altered. It has been made more practical and business-like, but this at the cost of much of the old picturesque. Gone is the ivy-clad tennis-court and billiard-room, gone too are the trees at the nursery end and the nursery itself. Permanent stands replace the temporary one annually erected. There is now seating capacity for three times as many as in 1830—

my first Eton and Harrow. In those days carriages and coaches used to be established round the playing space, and the picnicking was public. Now there are the hundred and more tables on the practice ground which offer hospitality on a more formal scale, with literally well-spread *boards*—that is what the tables are composed of, because the cloth is laid on planks supported by trestles.

Another thing that has diminished is the promenade. In the eighties the jostle was something to be remembered. People squashed round inanely and without purpose, moving at a funeral pace because no other was possible, and seeing nothing but their immediate environment. In later days comes a different aspect. May I be permitted to give the feminine opinion from my wife's book, "Comments of a Countess"?

"I hate cricket. The dreariest days I have ever spent in my life have been at Lord's. The only redeeming feature about it is the lawn, or the 'turf,' I believe it is generally called. After sitting on a horrid uncomfortable seat in a sort of draughty tent without any sides for many hours, trying to take an interest in your little brother's school friends, some kind bowler gets them all out, and you rush on to the grass, thankful at last to have an opportunity of displaying your new dress, which is sure to have got streaked with dirt off the backs of the seats. No sooner do you get there than an officious policeman bellows, 'Off the ground, please!' At first you take no notice of him, but by degrees the creature bores you so with his stentorian shouts that you discreetly retire and give yourself up to another hour's painful misery in Block D, conscious of the fact that all your friends are in Block B. Wherever you look something offends your eye; the pavilion reminds you of a railway station, and the mound is calculated to give anyone a fit of the 'blues.'"

That is the anti-cricket point of view. Nowadays a number of ladies tell me they adore cricket. Personally I never perceive many signs of it, except at the Canterbury festival. Still, most of them seem to understand the game, and the "howlers" so dear to comic papers are becoming rare. Therefore, what a friend overheard at Lord's on Whit Monday becomes the more precious. It proceeded from an English lady instructing an American guest:

"You see, my dear, when a ball is caught it's a duck's egg, and when it is missed it's a wide."

Passing to more serious aspects, there is the view of the pavilion. Quite a third of the members of the M.C.C. only seem to come to Lord's for the Oxford and Cambridge or Eton and Harrow. This bears out the opinion of my old friend Mr. O. R. Borradaile, who epigrammatically declares that "cricket is supported by the people who never come near it." It must be con-

fessed that a certain number of the regular habitués (who have nothing to do with either Eton or Harrow) go to see Gentlemen *v.* Players at the Oval, which invariably clashes with it. But the most distinguished crowd of the year certainly gathers to watch the schools play. Politics will send Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton—the best wicket-keeper Eton ever had—Lord Midleton, Lord Crewe, Mr. Walter Long, Lord Cawdor, Lord Harris, and the Speaker. Whilst the Lords are still unvetoes, it is safe to say that only illness would keep away Lord Chesterfield, Lord Lichfield, Lord Cadogan, the Duke of Buccleuch, or the Duke of Rutland. The Law will send Lord Alverstone and Lord Gorell as well as Sir William Grantham. Literature annually contributes Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Hesketh Prichard, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Not all these hail from Eton or Harrow, but they and the more cricket-loving members come to see the keen match and to pick out the heroes of to-morrow's county cricket.

For in cricket the boy is truly father to the man. There have been ten "centurions" since 1884: of these two (Messrs. Bosanquet and Bird) have played in Test Matches, and four more (Messrs. Watson, Stogden, Crawley, and Foley) have played in the University Match; some of the others have entered the Services, and so become lost to cricket. The preceding centurions were Messrs. W. F. Forde and C. J. Ottaway, and they will always be remembered as typically first-class. Gone is the time when success in *the* school match provided a certain passport to the University eleven. Indeed, subsequently there was a period when Eton and Harrow did not seem to be supplying their due quota to University and county teams. Malvern, Marlborough, and Winchester appeared to be providing a larger percentage. But latterly things have improved. In a former volume of the *Badminton Magazine* will be found a tribute to the brilliant school wicket-keeping of Messrs. N. C. Tufnell and Brandt—the pair both wore the gloves for their Universities. Nor are these solitary instances of recent distinction.

Here let me give the complete list of those old Etonians and Harrovians who have played in Test Matches at home and the colonies:—

IN ENGLAND

Etonians

Lord Harris
Hon. Alfred Lyttelton
B. J. T. Bosanquet
C. T. Studd

Harrovians

A. N. Hornby
Hon. F. S. Jackson
A. C. MacLaren

IN AUSTRALIA

Lord Harris	A. N. Hornby
Hon. Ivo Bligh (Lord Darnley)	A. C. MacLaren
B. J. T. Bosanquet	A. J. Webbe
H. Phillipson	
C. T. Studd	
G. B. Studd	

IN SOUTH AFRICA

N. C. Tufnell	M. C. Bird
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Mr. N. C. Tufnell, when he visited New Zealand, was the youngest English cricketer who ever went on an important tour, and is also the youngest who ever kept wicket in a Test Match. To give the list of Old Etonians and Harrovians who passed into the University elevens would take up too much space, but it is permissible to mention those who have obtained centuries when Oxford met Cambridge :—

FOR CAMBRIDGE

<i>Etonians</i>	<i>Harrovians</i>
H. W. Bainbridge	E. Crawley
H. J. Mordaunt	
G. B. Studd	

FOR OXFORD

F. M. Buckland	W. H. Patterson
C. H. B. Marsham	
Lord George Scott	

May I here be permitted to interpolate one happy correction. In the April issue of the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* amongst those cited as having gone over to the great majority was that bright Harrovian hitter Mr. P. J. T. Henery. I received the most good-humoured and cheery letter from this once-brilliant bat, assuring me that he was alive and well, though not quite so active as formerly. It is with sincere pleasure that I amend this mistake, for Harrow never turned out a better sportsman nor a keener cricketer.

The Harrovian point of view is a very serious one. The match at Lord's is *the* big event of the school year, and to win it is not only the fervent hope of the eleven, but of the group of Old Harrovians who go down to look after the school cricket. In this the late

Mr. I. D. Walker was superlative. Of those yet active in the admirable cause everybody best knows Mr. M. C. Kemp, the enthusiastic house master. Everything connected with cricket at Harrow seems to be handled in the most admirable manner. The result is that, broadly speaking, the Harrow eleven seems to field better and more co-operatively than the Etonian. The level of bowling in both schools is much the same. The Harrow batting is splendidly coached; it is steady in character, the back play is particularly sound, and the "Harrow draw" has become a recognised stroke. Somewhat tentatively I would suggest that from the pavilion at Lord's the Harrow eleven usually looks more responsive but less individualistic than the Etonian. At this moment I can think of a couple of score of individualistic batsmen for Eton in the match, but Messrs. A. C. MacLaren, M. C. Bird, P. J. T. Henery, C. S. Rome, and J. St. F. Fair are the only Harrow bats who thus suggest themselves.

At Eton the River is a great rival to Agar's Plough. To win at Henley has always been even more important than to win at Lord's. True there is room for both; but all the same there is not quite the same uniqueness of object. As an enthusiastic Old Etonian commenting sincerely on some shortcomings, last year I was honoured by a letter of censure in a leading journal signed by a pair of past Etonians, who between them could not have witnessed a tithe of the matches I have had the good fortune to watch. So long as the subsequent discussion was to provide suggestions for improving what was amiss all went well, but it was then closed by an editorial comment which will always remain one of my proudest possessions. The old silly argument had been trotted out that no one ought to criticise the Eton eleven who had not played in it; therefore no one should criticise an opera who has not written one, nor object to taxation who has not been a Chancellor of the Exchequer; or, as a witty old Etonian observed one day at Lord's, "One might as well say no one should pass an opinion on an egg who has not been a hen."

Eton cricket in my time—and I have never heard it contradicted since—suffered from far too little coaching until boys reached Upper Club. At private schools small boys were pretty well coached: then in the next three summers they received mighty little attention at Eton, the result being that they bowled too fast, did not play back enough, and had too little fielding practice. Turning to the actual standardisation of Eton batting, it is most attractive. There is no prettier bat to watch than one who displays the typical Eton method of playing forward and of cutting. But is it sound? There certainly is more scope for individuality in a

normal Eton eleven than in a Harrovian one, but rarely the same cohesion. The fielding, too often, has lacked accuracy and animation. I have appreciated all the exceptions and specially rejoiced in the superb display in the second innings of Harrow last year: then the Light Blue fielding actually was comparable to that of the Australians. May history continue repeating this in years to come!

To-day, more than ever before, is perceived the crying need of more amateurs in county cricket. Moreover it is increasingly perceptible that fewer amateurs hailing from the Universities and the larger Public Schools subsequently take part in first-class matches. In two successive county matches just played in London, on the four sides there were seventeen amateurs, and of these only three had been to Oxford or Cambridge. In the last week in May sixty-four amateur names figured among one hundred and eighty-seven names in county sides on cricket cards, and of the sixty-four only thirteen had been up to either University.

I am not for one moment going to suggest that an amateur is any better cricketer because he has worn the Light or Dark Blue than one who has not, but I do assert that he brings to county cricket the tradition of the best spirit in which the game should be played. Given equal ability, one would select the man who had played for a University rather than one that had not, simply because the strain of obtaining his blue and playing in the University match makes him more able to face a crowd and a crisis. It does seem to me that if any amateurs can spare time for county matches, it should be those who have been able to afford to be educated at Eton, Harrow, and Winchester, and subsequently at Oxford or Cambridge. Therefore if the reverse is the fact, there is either a tendency not to be bothered with the severity of county cricket, or else arises the hypothesis that the University amateurs are inferior to the others, which I am decidedly not disposed to admit. I believe in cricket there is not much to choose. Pick the best eleven from the two Universities in the last ten years and pit them against the best amateur eleven of those under thirty-two. The sides might be these—Oxford and Cambridge: Messrs. R. A. Young, S. H. Day, P. R. Johnson, K. G. McLeod, G. G. Napier, P. R. May (Cambridge), E. W. Dillon, W. H. B. Evans, W. Findlay, and H. A. Gilbert, with G. N. Foster or A. J. Evans (Oxford). For the rest: Messrs. K. L. Hutchings, R. N. Spooner, A. Hartley, J. N. Crawford, M. C. Bird, A. P. Day, J. H. Douglas, W. T. Greswell, W. B. Burns, J. Shields, and N. A. Knox.

This may seem to be a digression from my text; but it is not, for the University eleven is the next legitimate aim of the hero of the Eton and Harrow match, or else a place in his county eleven.

And it is important to emphasise how often success as a boy heralds distinction as a first-class cricketer. The backbone of county cricket may be the professional, but a pretty fair proportion of amateurs is necessary for any side. Eton and Harrow should supply their quota, and as the elevens play at Lord's this month, so shall we discern at least some of the tendencies of coming cricket. We desire to see keenness displayed, and that sufficiency of risk taken which characterises the methods of an amateur and differentiates it from the more cautious and laborious play of a professional. The enthusiasm for the old school—be it by the river or on the hill—that is in our hearts, we want reproduced in the way in which the elevens set about their cricket. And then let the better side win; it does not really matter which. The thing is to play the game and play it keenly, and that example is what past Etonians and Harrovians have bequeathed to their successors. It is a trust which the present elevens are sure to hand on in the same spirit to unborn teams. There is nothing quite like a Public School match, and nothing of better augury for the future manhood of the nation. The new enthusiasm that seems to characterise the bright cricket played this summer is not likely to be lost when Eton and Harrow have their welcome annual encounter this month.





ROUGIER FLYING AT MONTE CARLO

(Photograph by Topical Press)

FLYING FOR ALL: THE MODEST MAN'S MONOPLANE

BY MAJOR C. G. MATSON

So much has been written regarding the progress of the flying movement in England that in attempting to commit one's own views to paper the chief point appears to be to attempt to winnow out a few grains of what it is hoped may be termed common sense from the bushels of chaff in which they are hidden. The whole problem of artificial flight has for so long a time been the subject of interminable rhapsodies in a section of the daily press that the public, ever inclined to take in the end the merely practical view, may be said to have begun to get a little weary of the artificial enthusiasm with which the later developments have been surrounded; for it does not follow that the man in the street is equally moved by an account of some perilous flight as is the journalist who welcomes with flowing pen the opportunity of securing what is to him, and the proprietors of his paper, good copy at a minimum of trouble. No one seems to have been able to indite very much on this entrancing topic without "dropping into," not poetry, but prophecy, and prophecy, as all the world knows, is unsatisfactory unless one knows for

certain. I am content, therefore, to accept the dictum of so keen an observer as Lord Montagu, who has recently stated that, after all said and done, mechanical flight is not only in its infancy, but that the machine is in the same stage as regards its approach to perfection as was the motor car of ten years ago compared with its successor of to-day; indeed, we have not yet even arrived at a fitting name to designate the intrepid individual who directs the fortunes of the machine itself, and our bright contemporary *The Aero*, which deals exclusively with the subjects under discussion, somewhat takes exception to the newly-coined word "airman," which it thinks is but base journalese, and in no way superior to the expressions "aviator," "flyer," and "aeronaut," to which we have become accustomed, pointing out with some asperity that if he who manages an aeroplane is to be called an "airman," the journalist who invented the term necessarily becomes an "inkman," the editor a "bluepencilman," and the manager of the paper the "bossman." The public sooner or later will determine the exact expression to be used, and in the meantime we will pass on to consider more exactly what the man is doing than what he is called.

During the last few months, as readers are aware, extraordinary happenings have occurred, the Channel has been flown, not only by MM. Bleriot and Lesseps, but also by Mr. Rolls, who made the double journey to Calais and back apparently without turning a hair. M. Paulhan has "lifted" the *Daily Mail* prize of £10,000 for flying from London to Manchester. Mr. Curtiss has astounded the Americans by his flight of 150 miles from Albany to New York in a little under three hours, and perhaps before these words are in print something else equally sensational will have been chronicled. The truth is that although the air has not been conquered, it is correct to say that a considerable number of individuals have by the exercise of gifts of tenacity, courage, and determination, been enabled at last to rise from mother earth and to proceed almost whither they would, seated in machines that are themselves very much heavier than air, weighing in a number of instances at least half a ton.

To come, however, from the general to the particular, it is even now impossible to say at all definitely what type of craft is likely to become permanent. The flights of Rolls, Paulhan, Grahame-White, and Curtiss were undertaken on machines built on the biplane principle; that is to say, having two supporting surfaces, one above the other. On the other hand, Bleriot and Lesseps crossed the Channel on monoplanes, in which the supporting surface takes the form of two outstretched wings, so that the whole machine looks somewhat like a gigantic dragon-fly, and the extraordinary feats of Latham

were carried out by means of a craft of this type. Only last month Mr. Neale succeeded in flying at Brooklands in a monoplane fitted only with a two-cylinder engine giving but 9 h.p., the aeroplane itself being at the same time both light and extremely small. It will be seen, therefore, that both monoplane and biplane have enthusiastic adherents. Of the two the former appears to be distinctly the more dangerous, chiefly on account of the fact that the outspread wings are sustained in their position by wire braces or struts, on the fracturing of any one of which a wing may become useless and the whole machine then topples swiftly to earth. If one looks back to the already long roll of men who have sacrificed their lives in the exploitation of the new means of locomotion, it will be found that a large proportion of these pioneers have perished in con-



CURTISS TILTING ON A TURN

(Photograph by Topical Press)

nection with the monoplane. The biplane, as can be seen by reference to any illustration, is a much "stiffer" affair, as one would say in yachting parlance, being built up on a rigid frame in connection with which a broken wire need not necessarily spell absolute disaster.

The biplane may and frequently does carry several passengers. Compared with the monoplane it is cumbersome, heavy, and takes up a great deal of room; but on the other hand, in the Farman and Wright models especially, it seems to be a fairly safe vessel, and would not have been adopted by our two best British exponents of the art, namely Messrs. Grahame-White and Rolls, without very good reason. The latter, in his now historic trip to Calais and back, used a

machine of the Wright type having the addition of a tail, and as its pilot was modestly content to remark that "he did not see that there was anything at all extraordinary in sitting still until he got to the French Coast, only to turn round and come back again," he has probably hit on perhaps the best type that is now before the public. I imagine, however, that people who are, as the term goes, "interested in flight," will soon cease to have any particular concern about it if they consider that they themselves are to be permanently barred from any personal participation in its delights, and for the ordinary man the question which comes uppermost is, "Can it be possible for me to fly?" The answer to which in most cases would be, "Yes, at a price."

I do not propose in this paper to make any excursus into the region of technics—every bookstall is stocked with works more or less scientific dealing with the whole subject and from all points of view; but I will here enunciate a few truisms that the potential airman or aviator, or whatever the Press chooses to call him, might cut out and paste in his hat. First, the weight to be carried must be proportionate (as long as the law of gravity remains with us) to the area of the surface which is called upon to support that weight, and it is laid down that for every pound weight (which includes the weight of the machine in addition to the person to be carried upon it) there should roughly be a square foot of supporting surface. This, on being reduced to ordinary terms of speech, means that a 15 st. man would require a good deal bigger aeroplane to get about in than does his less weighty brother who turns the scale at 10 st. only. I am mentioning these facts for the information of individuals who may propose to build their own machine; for the beginner, if he is well advised, will not dream for an instant of purchasing a ready-made aeroplane, which of any practical make may cost some hundreds of sovereigns, and which may, and probably will, be crumpled up during the first five minutes in which it is attempted to put it to any use; but he will endeavour to construct for himself, or have constructed, a "glider," which is in effect an aeroplane without the motor, in which he may, by being towed against the wind, perform noble feats to his own entire satisfaction, and by degrees gain a very considerable knowledge of balance, steering, and the maintenance of stability.

Almost anybody who has a reasonable idea of carpentering could rig up a very practical glider, but if he has not the requisite knowledge for this he might well apply to the makers of very light racing canoes, who are fully acquainted with the fitting of hollow spars and piano-wire stays in the construction of these frail craft. Hollow spars are now chiefly used; they only weigh about 30 per

cent. of those that are solid, and yet possess 75 per cent. of the strength; next in value comes the bamboo, which is nearly everywhere available, possessing as it does both strength and lightness. Bamboo, however, is not so strong as a hollow spar properly made. The wire must be of the quality used in pianos, and silver-plated, and this again is useless unless suitable thimbles or eyes are adopted



WRIGHT AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT

(Photograph by Topical Press)

for tying the ends of it, and patent tighteners are also necessary in order to maintain each wire at its proper tension. Wire must never be heated in any way, or it may break, and should this occur when the flying man is soaring over the dome of St. Paul's the result would be disastrous.

Those familiar with yachts will recognise the necessity of some tautening arrangement, which may take the form of a turnbuckle or rigging-screw. The turnbuckles adopted should resist at least twice the strain which it is proposed that they shall be called upon to bear, as they sometimes break. Finally the question of material with which the frame is to be covered has to be decided. By far the best is the rubber-proof cloth made both by the Dunlop and Continental tyre firms, which costs from 3s. to 5s. per yard. Ordinary canvas, which is used for the manufacture of sails for small boats, is unsatisfactory, as it gets slack in the wet, and if treated with boiled oil becomes heavy. The planes of some aeroplanes now in existence, which have actually flown, are made of a particular sort of parchment-paper, backed with muslin, and this is extremely light. Armed then with a bundle of bamboo rods, a roll of rubber-proof cloth, piano-wire, and the necessary materials for securing this wire to the frame, there is no reason why the scientifically-minded amateur should not commence building after careful study of any of the books on the subject (and among these I think the *Aero Manual*, published at 1s. 6d., is quite as good as any, and better than most), and he could then go ahead on his own account. There is, of course, the difficulty of the patent laws, but in making a glider for myself, purely for experimental purposes and not for profit, I should not bother too much about patents, neither are any of the companies owning such patents at all likely to object to any modest proceedings on the part of the pure amateur.

From the time that the ordinary man begins to think about making a simple glider till the happy day when he is convinced that he no longer desires to flap about at the end of a tow-rope, and decides that the time is ripe for acquiring a complete aeroplane, probably a year will elapse; and then, and not till then, should he begin to think of the motor, the propeller, and the gearing which connects the two. The making of propellers is perhaps the finest of all the engineering arts, and it is absolutely impossible for an amateur to manufacture for himself a screw that will be of any value whatever. The general consensus of opinion in this direction certainly is that a large propeller running at a low speed is preferable to a small one which is very rapidly driven. As Professor Chatley remarks in an admirable preface to the current issue of the *Aero Manual* aforesaid, "No good results can be expected unless the motor, propeller, and aeroplane are in harmony; if the propeller is driven through gearing, then the twist and revolutions at the driving shaft should be the same as those of the propeller." I will not go into any deeper technicalities of this, which is but a simple proposition and easy to be understood, being as it is of the very first

importance. There is, I fear, no royal road to the management of an aeroplane. Proficiency is only arrived at, as in all other sports, after considerable inconvenience, stress, and struggle. It is in my humble opinion suitable for young fellows who are at their very best in the matter of bodily training; and although paterfamilias may well bear a hand at the tow-rope of the glider, what time his son (or even his daughter, in these feminist days) is acquiring the gentle art of flight, it is well for him to recognise that quitting terra firma is at any rate not for him.

Quoting from a speech by Mr. Wilbur Wright in 1901, one notes the apt remark: "If you are looking for perfect safety, you



DURAY FLYING OVER THE SEA AT NICE

(Photograph by Topical Press)

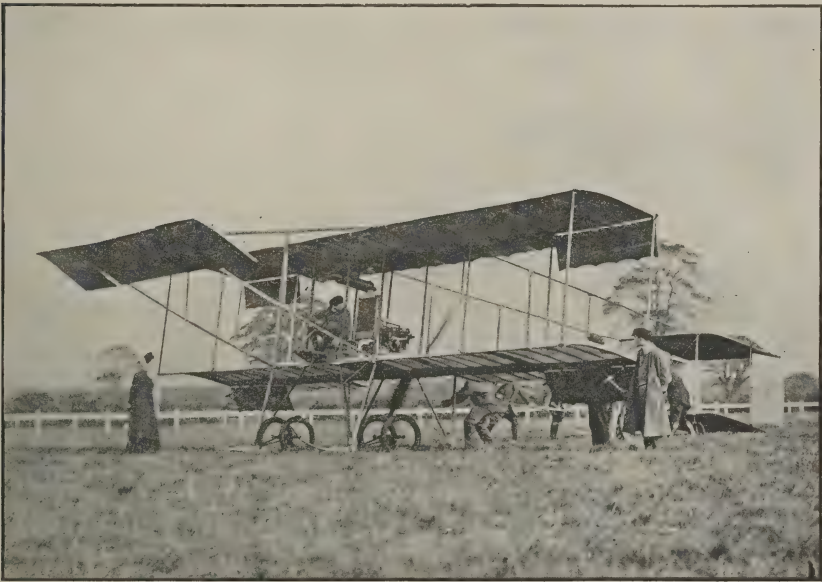
will do well to sit on a fence and watch the birds; but if you really wish to learn, you must mount a machine (that is to say, a glider) and become acquainted with its tricks by actual trial." "Balancing," says Wright, "is the first instead of the last of the great problems in connection with human flight"; but balancing is defined by the same authority as "causing the centre of pressure to coincide with the centre of gravity." This, however, is not as easy as it seems. What the Wrights did almost everybody can accomplish, and that is to find a locality having a good surface, where winds are common at the rate of at least eighteen miles an hour; under such conditions, cords attached to the aeroplane perform many of the

functions of the motor, and the acquisition of balance, and the general manipulation of the movable parts of the machine, become a possibility. In order, however, to become an aviator, or airman, or whatever the proper term may be, it is not necessary to be an inventor, as was each of the Wright brothers. The results of countless experiments are now at the disposal of all and sundry. It does not follow that he who buys even a Stradivarius violin will promptly be able to play airs upon it with any credit to himself, or at all to the satisfaction of his immediate neighbours. The owner of a hundred-guinea grand piano has a painful experience, extending over many years, of five-finger exercises and the like; so the future flying-man, like a baby bear, has all his troubles in front of him, and can only attain to perfection, and claim substantial cheques from the *Daily Mail*, after undergoing nerve-racking vicissitudes.

For popular use, it is not unlikely that the small monoplanes, when further perfected, may "fill a long-felt want"; they take up but little space, and their wings can easily be detached, whereas the huge biplanes, being of entirely rigid structure, can only be housed by those who are able to command ample space in the way of sheds or other accommodation.

Having said all this, one cannot aver that flight, as we know it to-day, is anything else than a popular spectacle, and the great number of individuals who are at the present moment in the public eye are there for the simple reason that cash is to be had, and they are out after it. So long as what are called aviation meetings are got up, where prizes to the amount of £10,000 and upwards are offered, so long will professionalism be rampant. If a man has taken much trouble and expended a great deal of money in acquiring the art of flight, he will doubtless take advantage of any opportunity offered to him of getting some of his own back by winning one or more of the large prizes which are nowadays almost thrown at his head. In fact, at some of the meetings abroad, "appearance money," to the amount of £1,000, was paid in various instances to mere owners of aeroplanes in order to attract the public to the towns that were exploiting meetings, believing that the public would flock in such numbers that the promoters would easily recoup themselves. Flock the public certainly did, but for the most part in motor cars, which, more often than not, were halted at some little distance from the start, where, armed with good field-glasses, the canny automobilists were able to see as much of the flying as they wanted to without paying anything at all, departing whence they came when satiated with the new sensation of watching a man piloting a huge kite-looking object in the air—a period which in my own case lasted about an hour.

I cannot believe in the permanency of aviation meetings as money-drawing shows. If you have attended one you have attended them all; if the weather is bad there will be no flying, and straining one's neck by looking upwards soon becomes tiring. Just at present, however, the public are all agog for the spectacle; but one soon gets used to it, and people who have seen aeroplanes about half a dozen times pay no more attention to them than if they were bicycles. Only the other day, in the neighbourhood of a Submarine Naval Depot, I met, out in the country, what would have been considered not long ago the remarkable spectacle of a large aeroplane, balanced on a cart, proceeding for its evening experi-



SOMMER ON HIS FARMAN BIPLANE AT DONCASTER

(Photograph by Topical Press)

ments, which were being carried out by men who, of all others, would be likely to be successful, namely, naval officers employed in the submarine service. No one, however, was particularly agitated—the aeroplane “went that way most evenings”—half a dozen small boys followed it: so quickly is the British public accustomed to any new thing.

An excellent point in connection with racing in the air now is that no people are allowed to compete who have not succeeded in winning what are termed “pilot certificates.” This is a great advance on the old condition of things, where many airmen appeared on the ground with aeroplanes so grotesque in design

that it was evident that they never could be put to any practical use whatever. The owners of these craft, however, were paid the appearance-money, which suited them very well, as they themselves had nothing to do all day but walk about and smoke cigarettes; while the public—the great silly, stupid public, that always likes to have something new to gape at—was not only satisfied but elated.

There is, in fact, a pretty strong commercial element overshadowing the movement as a whole. The promoter wants the airman to put as much money as possible into his (the promoter's) pocket by means of gate-money; the airman wants to get as much as he possibly can in the way of prizes out of the promoter, having in view especially the fact that damage running into perhaps hundreds of pounds may accrue to his machine; and the inkman or journalist not merely spreads butter indifferently on promoter and airman alike with a trowel, but metaphorically flings it on to them both with a shovel during his description of the wonders that occur.

I read in a publication devoted to the interests of mechanical flight a suggestion that at future meetings aviators should "perform certain feats at so much per feat" (if they come off); on the other hand, should a machine be smashed up, the promoters pay for it to be put in running order again, or the widow to be compensated, as the case may be; but one is inclined to deprecate the exploitation of feats involving excessive danger, on the ground of public policy, the mere watching of a man unnecessarily risking his life being repugnant to the majority of decent-minded people. By specially dangerous feats I mean swooping down from great altitudes to within a few yards of the ground, when the angles of the planes are altered and the machine comes to rest and alights like a bird—if all goes well. This is termed a *vol plané*. At present, however, we must take aviation as we find it, or else leave it alone until it becomes more practical. It is mainly now in the hands of professionals, although the sporting element is rapidly coming to the front.

But my object is not unduly to moralise over general principles, but to endeavour to place before would-be flying-men a few simple suggestions that may possibly assist them to attain their object. Perhaps the easiest plan is to attend as pupil at one of the recognised aviation schools, which are to be found in considerable numbers both abroad and in our own country. Of the former, the establishments at Étampes and Mourmelon have been very successful, pupils having rapidly learnt the manipulation of machines of the well-known Farman type, which at the present time hold all the world's records, including the £10,000 London to Manchester prize.

There are also other schools, both at Issy and at Rheims ; but it is not necessary to seek for instruction outside one's own country, as the McArdle School, which is now established at Wallisdown in the New Forest, not far from Bournemouth, is rapidly turning out men who are proficient both with monoplanes and biplanes.



LATHAM'S ANTOINETTE
(Photograph by Topical Press)

Tuition at a flying school is usually accompanied by heavy fees, in addition to which there is always the probability of further liabilities occurring on account of damage to the aeroplanes ; but at the McArdle School an inclusive charge of £50 per annum is made for the use of sheds, practice on the ground of about 500 acres

being free, and there is a workshop on the spot in order to carry out any necessary repairs. Grahame-White, who was such a splendid runner-up in the London to Manchester race, is also in a position to give advice and practical instruction to beginners.

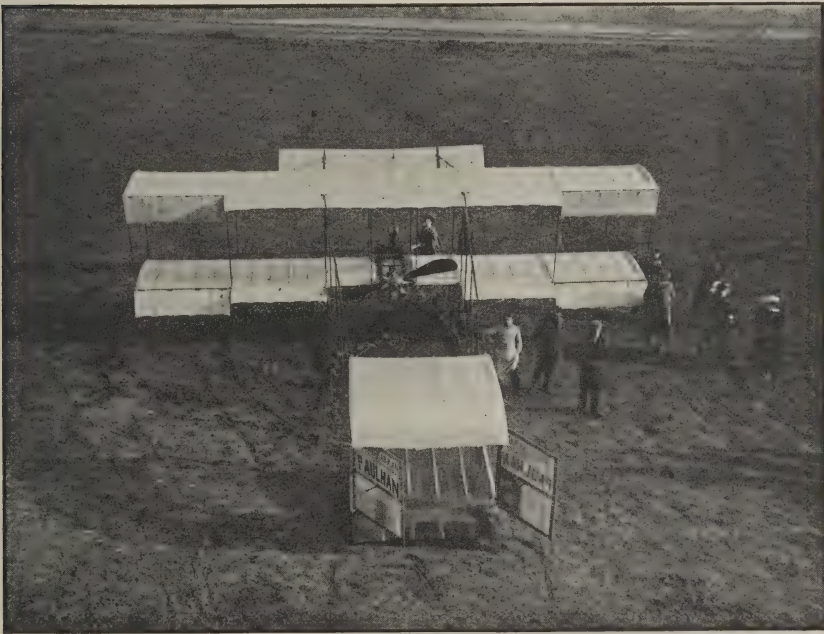
The first step, however, of a practical nature is to associate oneself with those already in the forefront of the movement by joining the Royal Aero Club. Here all literature now extant on the subject may be consulted, and the new member finds himself in an atmosphere which will stimulate him to future efforts. This club is the only authority for regulating the various flying events which take place in this country, and has the sole right to grant the aviator's certificate, the possession of which is an indispensable preliminary to competing at any race-meeting. In the world of flight indeed the Royal Aero Club exercises the same control as does the Jockey Club over the Turf. The certificate in question is granted after three separate flights have been made, each of three miles, around a circular course without coming to the ground; on the completion of each flight the engine must be stopped in the air and a landing effected within 150 yards of a given spot which has previously been decided on; and before competing at all the candidate must satisfy the committee that he can fly 500 yards and make a gliding descent without the engine. This means that before the certificate is obtained the candidate must have had considerable experience.

To a man of leisure to whom money is no object, attendance at an aviation school will, as suggested above, probably prove the most rapid method of becoming efficient; but if access can be obtained either to some private park or other sequestered spot, which should be as far as possible from the madding and interfering crowd, the best way to proceed is by constructing a glider, as previously suggested. Such a machine, for the most part home-made, should cost but little; but its building should not be proceeded with on novel or experimental lines, but should embody all available modern knowledge as to curve of planes and other technical details.

Miss Bland has for some time given considerable attention to the manufacture of gliders and has secured most successful results. Although it is asserted that gliders can be constructed to carry more weight per square foot than laid down in the text-books, it is not desirable to make one on too diminutive a scale. I do not think that very much is learnt by the study of the behaviour of toy models, but materials for the construction of these are now offered at a cost of but a few shillings; they are accompanied by scale drawings of about a dozen of the most celebrated aeroplanes, and these would be a great help in building a glider.

It must not be forgotten that a glider takes up a good deal more room than does a motor car, having a span or width roughly of about 18 ft., a height and depth of 5 ft., a total length of about 15 ft. Moreover, it has to be mounted on skids to minimise the shock of landing. It is not generally recognised that merely gliding through the air without either engine or propeller is a most exhilarating sport, to say nothing of its being the initial and practical first step towards the management of an aeroplane proper.

Gliding in calm weather is carried out from the top of a hill and depends entirely on the force of gravity. It is not suggested that



PAULHAN'S FARMAN BIPLANE

(Photograph by Topical Press)

one's first lesson should take the form of a glide from any great eminence, but before venturing on aeroplaning a course of gliding should certainly be undertaken. The Wright brothers began in this way, as have most of the other successful men who followed in their footsteps. The *sine qua non* is that the slope should not be greater than from one in ten to one in seven, nor longer than about 300 or 400 ft., and without any gorse or bushes, but the presence of heather is rather an advantage. Full plans of constructing a glider will be found in the *Aero Manual*, and the total cost of a full-sized

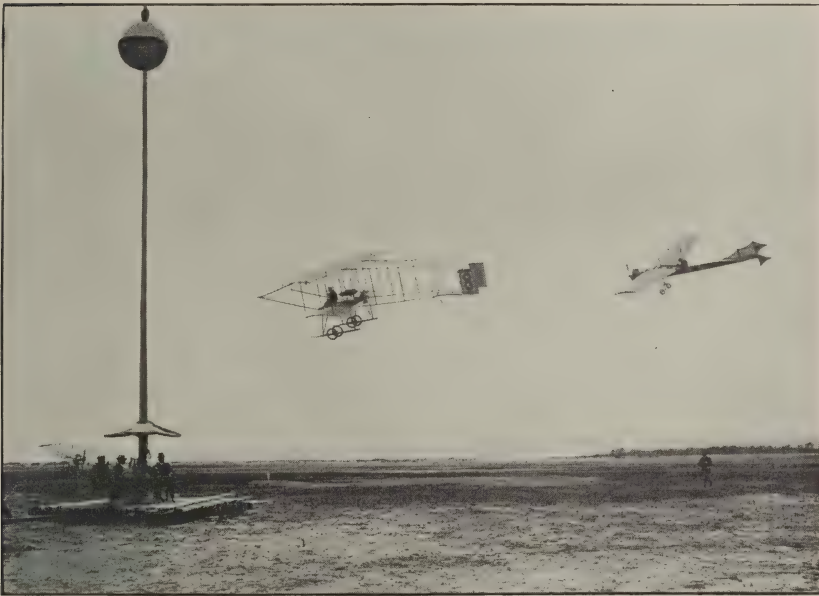
gliding craft, if bamboo is used in its construction, will not exceed £4. But in this case the plane material is only calico.

Gliding is divided into two sections, namely, "captive," where two men run on ahead holding light cords which are attached to the extremities of the lower main plane; and "free gliding," where the experimenter goes off on his own, manages the balance as best he can, and comes to earth without experiencing unduly rude shocks. It must be remembered that, with the exception of the engine, gearing, and propeller, which must be purchased ready-made, there is nothing else in the construction even of an aeroplane which is outside the scope of many men who are clever with their fingers; and it will, indeed, come fairly easy to those who are accustomed to the fitting out of yachts and small boats. Specialists in the construction of aeroplanes nowadays demand heavy fees, but in the majority of cases their services can be dispensed with; and I have been recently observing the behaviour of an aeroplane built entirely by Naval officers in their spare time, which is likely to have a promising future. All over the country, in fact, amateurs are busy building their own machines, and in this they are but imitating the example of the Wright Brothers, who carried out all constructive work for several years entirely with their own hands.

The chief invention in connection with the modern aeroplane is the warping of the tips of the wings of planes in order to preserve the balance when turning, or to overcome the action of gusts of wind; and here valuable patents might possibly be infringed. No actions have, however, been fought at present on these matters, and for one's own private use a licence to utilise one of these devices will probably be granted for a reasonable fee. At the present time the "Gnome" engine seems to be the most satisfactory for aerial propulsion, but there are considerable difficulties connected with its lubrication. The chief point about it is that it forms its own fly-wheel, as the cylinders revolve about a stationary crankshaft, and it requires, of course, no water-cooling arrangement. It is extremely light in proportion to the power developed. There are various other engines on the market, both water and air cooled, of all conceivable types, and it is at present impossible even to surmise which of them will become stereotyped. For the dirigible airship a large and very powerful water-cooled engine is a necessity. British engines, notably the Wolseley and Green, are at least holding their own against any others.

However, everybody interested in the subject will be enabled to witness the most remarkable exhibitions of flight which have taken place in this country at the Bournemouth fêtes, which are being held from the 11th to the 16th July. All sorts of prizes will

be awarded, and for these aviators of every nationality will compete. There will be two prizes of £1,000, namely, for speed, for a distance of about nine miles, and a similar sum for the machine which attains the greatest altitude. Substantial prizes are also to be awarded for competitors who make the longest flight, carry the greatest weight, fly a circuit at the slowest pace, and who fly out to sea, rounding a mark near the Needles lightship and back to the course. These spectacles will no doubt help to stimulate the growth, already very rapid, of mechanical flight in this country.



ROUNDING A PYLON AT NICE AVIATION MEETING

(Photograph by Topical Press)



A NEW USE FOR BLANKETS

BY JOHN BARNETT

PERSONALLY I should never have dreamed of entering the *Terror* for a race. She had her points—oh, undeniably she had her points—but somehow Providence and her builder did not seem to have designed her as a racing craft. Just to begin with, I have always fancied that some slight measure of speed was almost an essential for racing purposes; but my friend Horatio was a man with whom such trifles as fact and common sense had little weight.

And I will admit at once that it was no mere ordinary race for which he entered his boat and his devoted followers. It had its unique qualities. (Almost everything that Horatio touched was like that.) It all began one Saturday evening. A little cutter had dived under Westminster Bridge, and had made fast to a buoy within hail of where we lay. I noticed that Horatio was regarding her with a kind of triumph.

"That is my friend Herrick's boat," he informed me. "By the way, it was partly on Herrick's account that I bought the *Terror*. He has rather wearied me for some time with his chatter about the Lower Thames and his own exploits thereon. To hear him talk you would imagine that that little boat of his was equal to lifting the America Cup!" He lifted up his voice. "Come aboard and have

supper, Herrick!" he hailed, and then in a low despairing voice he added, "Good Heavens! I had clean forgotten that it was the Boy's turn to cook!"

I may say that the Boy's cooking was a wild unhallowed crime. We saw the man Herrick turn sharply on hearing his own name. Horatio's gaunt figure was clearly outlined in the soft grey summer dusk. There could be no mistaking it. We heard Mr. Herrick remark, with a fine disregard for the sound-carrying qualities of water, "By Jove! it's that utter lunatic Horatio!"

I and the Boy chuckled rather raucously; Horatio frowned slightly. There were moments, rare moments, when he took himself almost seriously. He dropped into the dinghy, and I conceived it the duty of a true friend to accompany him. A few strokes took us to where the little cutter lay. Mr. Herrick was leaning over the gunwale.

"What on earth are you doing on the river, Horatio?" he asked, and then, without waiting for an answer, he went on, "My word, you ought to have been with us to-day! We've run up from Canvey Island in six hours. The little boat went through it like a steamer!"

"Talking of steamers," drawled Horatio, "I've just bought one!" (Mr. Herrick gasped.) "Or rather, a steam launch," Horatio continued with some complacency. "Sailing, I have always thought, Herrick, must be slow work at best. Now with steam you are independent of any wind that blows—or doesn't blow. We are going to make things hum a bit, I fancy. Have you ever heard of a boat called the *Lydia*, that used to lie at Rotten Row?"

Mr. Herrick had been gazing curiously at the *Terror*. Now his face slowly grew purple, and then a wild high laugh escaped him. "I thought I recognised her!" he roared. "I thought there could not be two cabins so marvellously like a bathing machine! So you've actually bought her—the old *Lydia* that has been through a dozen hands at least since the Government people sold her—the old *Lydia* that has never done more than four miles an hour in her long life! Oh, Horatio, Horatio, life will be worth living now that you and the old *Lydia* have joined forces!"

Horatio, to my surprise, had paled a trifle. I had thought the man incapable of emotion.

"You are needlessly offensive, Herrick," he said, coldly.

"Not at all," Herrick answered. "I am merely filled with pure artistic joy. By the way, I have been hearing distorted and joyful rumours of a weird craft that made a triumphant progress down the Pool a Sunday or two ago. Tell me, Horatio, my dear friend, was that your trial trip upon the *Lydia*?"

Horatio ignored the question—as I think, wisely.

“Look here, Herrick,” he said, calmly, “I have heard unlimited braggings about that boat of yours. She, it appears, is the highest form of sailing boat, and mine the lowest form of steamer. Well, I will make a sporting match with you. To-morrow morning as ever is, I will give you half an hour’s start upon the tide, and race you down to Canvey Island for a fiver. Are you game?”

Herrick began to dance a species of hornpipe.

“Game? I should think I was!” he cried. “Oh, Horatio, Horatio, you have still much to learn about the old *Lydia* and the Lower Thames!”

Horatio shrugged his shoulders.

“Then it is a match?” he said.

“Of course,” Herrick answered, emphatically. “It will be a game; oh, it will undoubtedly be a game! I only regret that I shall be in front—a long way in front—and so shall not be able to watch your progress!”

Horatio regarded him fixedly.

“There are several things that I do not like about your conversation, Herrick,” he said, icily. “Upon reflection, it will be better that you should not sup with us to-night. I am not sure that I could conduct myself towards you with due restraint. But I promise to stand you a dinner out of that fiver!”

Then we pushed off and returned to the *Terror*, striving, I fear unconvincingly, to appear unconscious of Mr. Herrick’s final pleasantries.

Horatio seldom wore his heart upon his sleeve, but that evening it was possible for an extraordinarily keen observer like myself to see that he was slightly nervous. We reclined upon the deck after our simple, ill-cooked meal (the Boy had insisted upon attempting a poisonous compound that he called damper) and watched with dreamy indigestion the long double line of twinkling lights that jewelled the flanks of the dark shadowy river. At least *I* did. (I was not very sure that I was not dying.) And the magic of the night and my own sufferings might even have turned my mind to sad romantic thoughts—had it not been for Horatio and the Boy. Where the Boy is, thence dreamy Peace takes instant flight. I cannot blame her. One lives in constant expectation of a splash or an explosion. But for one’s great natural humanity one might be almost tempted to *hope* for the former; but I suppose the inevitable rescue would be damp and exhausting work. Horatio, that evening, seemed to have been infected by his ward’s maddening example. He wandered about the narrow deck, a long gaunt figure in the gloom of the soft summer night, obviously brooding upon

the morrow's race. Every now and then I caught scraps of muttered calculations. "If the tide gives us six miles an hour, and we can knock four out of her with the engine. . . . It ought to be good enough. . . . They'll have to do some tacking with luck. . . . Of course, Bulter's steering will be all against us. . . ."

I was a little wounded by the last argument.

"It is a pity, Horatio," I observed, with studied calm, "that you cannot both run that egregious engine and steer!"

To my annoyance he agreed with me.

"It is, Bulter, it really is!" he said, quite warmly. "But you must just do your best. Don't, I beg you, run her ashore, if you can avoid it. Oh, we must manage to win to-morrow! We must beat Herrick, if we have to burn the cabin!"

I breathed a silent aspiration that victory might be less dangerously purchased. And I persuaded Horatio to turn in at last, soothing him as though he had been a little child. I don't suppose that he was aware of the process. Strong, silent natures like mine do their work almost imperceptibly, and Horatio had been conducting a sustained monologue for hours, as it seemed to me, before he yielded to my methods. The Boy, thank goodness, had his sleeping quarters in the forepeak.

We were early afoot. One generally was—on the *Terror*. How the Boy fared in his den I do not know, but in the after-cabin sleep did not willingly spread her drowsy pinions. I blame Horatio largely for this. He was what I should call a musical sleeper, and the cabin was not really long enough for him. He was also inclined to violent irritation if aroused by his victim to be told that he really must stop playing football in his sleep.

The tide began to run down at eleven. Sharp upon the hour the cutter slid from her moorings and vanished beneath the bridge with one last ironical farewell from her skipper. The Boy and I, pausing mechanically from our labours of washing-up, watched her go, drawn momentarily together by a common hatred for our greasy task. Horatio was invisible, crooning incantations above his engine. It should be said that in the last fortnight he had attained to some painful knowledge of the *Terror's* eccentric boiler and machinery. But they still retained unknown potentialities for mischief.

The Boy, momentarily awed by a stern word from our leader, cast off our mooring rope without mishap, and held us by a boat-hook until the half-hour should strike. It was a moment of some excitement. Then the clock chimed, there was a noise from the *Terror's* interior suggestive of a gigantic coffee-grinder being started much against its will, and we were off!

All went well at first. I give no explanation of this incredible

phenomenon, I merely state the fact. The tide was strong beneath us, and the elderly engine appeared to be doing its part gallantly, if with occasional raucous protests. As we shot London Bridge, Horatio protruded his blackened, perspiring face from the engine-room, and spoke with a cheery gleam of his white teeth.

"I'm not often an optimist, Bulter, but I think we shall catch them," he observed. "If only the engine doesn't start some unexpected devilry—it's capable of anything. But with this wind Herrick will have to do a lot of tacking. Who are those people guying? Is it us?"

It was us. The idlers upon the bridge above, the rude, light-hearted souls engaged in loading a steamer upon our left, the barbarians manning several barges, were all gazing at us with a rapt interest. And they were not confining themselves to gazing. Their remarks were plentiful, unstudied, and most personal.

"The Boy has been up to something, for a dollar!" Horatio opined, climbing upon deck. "Yes, he has! Look at the colours on the mast!"

Have I told you that the *Terror* boasted a mast? I certainly ought to have done so. It was a slender, unassuming stick about eight feet in height. I gazed at it now, and at the huge sombre flag that was fluttering from it. That flag was black, and upon it there gleamed an unmistakable skull and crossbones. The Boy had secretly yielded to his abominable piratical yearnings, and had made us the derision of the Pool!

He was forward now, obviously gloating over his crime, and cunningly prepared to dodge if his outraged guardian meditated punishment. Horatio gazed at him with menace, and then he glanced at two jeering bargees and his expression changed.

"Let 'em laugh if they want to!" he exclaimed. "By gad, we'll sail under those colours, and we'll beat Herrick under them, in spite of every giggling gorilla that ever mishandled a monkey barge!"

And he fixed his nearest tormentors with a gleaming eye before he dived below once more. I might have argued with him (my nature being essentially retiring in its dislike for ribald notoriety), but the Tower Bridge was looming before us, and the respective commanders of a tug, a penny steamboat, and a hoy were telling me, quite frankly, exactly what they thought of my steering, so I had something else to think about.

Greenwich, Woolwich, and Barking were left behind, and you will hardly believe it, but we caught and passed Herrick's cutter in the long Erith Reach! I cannot hope to make you realise the nature of the feat, you who have never had dealings with the

Terror's engine. But we did it; or rather Horatio, a grimed, heroic figure, slaving in a tropical atmosphere with occasional eccentric help from the Boy, did it. The wind had chopped round until it was behind the cutter, but it had fallen light. It was a great moment when we sighted her, when we realised that we were gaining upon her inch by inch. But it was a still greater one when we ground and wallowed past her. Herrick called from his post at the tiller—

"You've not beaten us yet. We're going to have more wind. And there's still a long way to go. That engine of yours simply can't keep it up. It's against nature!"

Horatio, ever chivalrous, spoke no word to wound a humiliated foe; but the Boy, a frank savage at best, held out a rope and made generous offer of a tow. Then we were past them.

"We're going to do it, Bulter," Horatio hissed. "We might go to the Carlton for that dinner . . . If only this engine doesn't throw up its malevolent hands!"

But it was not the engine that caused our first mishap. Alas that I must own it! it was I—I who tell this tale. But my motives were admirable, that I will maintain. Even Horatio admitted that much, when he had cooled down. We came to a long bend where it seemed that much ground might be gained by hugging the point. I did not yet know the lurking treachery of the Lower Thames. There was a sudden hateful thrill, a boiling whirl of mud, and we were fast upon the ground. And the tide was dropping fast beneath us!

Horatio rose to the occasion. He made one desperate, sustained effort to cause that engine to reverse that was worthy to rank with many more famous deeds. But the feat was beyond human power. Where a professional engineer might well have failed, Horatio failed also. He came on deck with bleeding hands and a wild light in his eye, and faced the situation. The cutter was not yet in sight, but she could not be far behind.

"We shall have to try to tow her off," Horatio decided. "Come in the dinghy with me, Bulter."

Even as I obeyed him, it struck me forcibly that it was a mistake to leave the Boy at large and uncontrolled upon the *Terror*. But it was no moment for argument. We dropped into the dinghy, made fast a rope astern, and strained like madmen at the oars. Heavier, more furious work I have seldom known. I began to realise some of the sufferings of a galley slave—and then the *Terror* moved! Even as she did so the tow-rope perversely parted with a horrid jerk, and Horatio and I collapsed very forcibly in the bottom of the dinghy. As we struggled there I heard a familiar raucous

sound—the Boy had slipped into the engine-room, and had contrived to start the engine! The *Terror*, steering herself, went past us with a rush! That was one of the few times when she really seemed to travel.

We attempted pursuit, but she moved two feet to our one. Then Horatio stood up to his full height in the rocking dinghy, and raved threats and supplications after the Boy. But she was two hundred yards away . . . and now in the distance Herrick's cutter hove in sight! Horatio glanced at me. "If I ever get aboard again, the Boy shall pay for this!" he moaned through his clenched teeth, and as he spoke the words we saw the Boy's head peer from the engine-room.

That young criminal appeared to realise the situation for the first time. He looked back at us, and to our horror we plainly saw him hesitate. I honestly believe that he contemplated abandoning us to our fate, and going off upon some desperate single-handed cruise. And then either his better feelings prevailed, or else he had a sudden qualm of fear. You can take your choice of motives. Personally, I have made a somewhat close study of the Boy's nature, and, without heat or rancour, I must give my vote for the latter. Anyhow, he climbed up to the wheel, brought the *Terror* round in a wallowing circle, and in another minute Horatio had gripped the rail, and we were scrambling aboard.

The scene that followed was impressive. The engines were never suffered to stop. Horatio motioned to me to take the wheel, and I put the *Terror* upon her course again. Then Horatio, still in deadly silence, and with an impassive face, took the Boy by the collar in one hand, and a stout rope's-end in the other. . . . The punishment was not excessive, and was borne by the Boy with stoical courage. After which Horatio, with one glance astern at the cutter, went down to his fires.

It really began to look as though we were going to win quite comfortably. The engine had held out nobly, and we had wallowed past grey, dingy Gravesend in fine style. The low, muddy banks were far away on either hand, and the ever-broadening river was flecked with white-capped waves of a quite respectable size. The wind had freshened behind us, and the *Terror* was proving emphatically that she was a poor and even dangerous sea-boat. She was too narrow for her length, and the way she bucked and rolled at those short, choppy waves was positively alarming. She gave the impression that she might roll clean over at any moment. Also, other consequences followed naturally from her uneasy motion. The Boy, who had lunched generously, had been curiously quiet for some little while. He had gone forward, seeming to have a positive

hatred for human companionship. I noticed that his face was turning a dull, greenish tinge. . . . There came a moment when he collapsed entirely. . . . I have reason to believe that in that dreary hour he turned definitely and with loathing from all thought of a piratical life. Indeed, he said as much in a shaky voice. He said something about the joyful lot of a bushranger who never left dry land.

"Buck up!" Horatio said, optimistically. "You're not the first to be sea-sick. Nelson always was for one, and Bulter is on the verge of it for another!" (Here I gurgled a protest.) "And we're nearly there. Do you see that white flagstaff to the left? Judging by the chart, and by what Herrick said, that's Canvey Island!"

The Boy and I (although Horatio had slandered me grossly) both cheered up. Victory, yes, and smooth water, were within a mile of us! And then—and then—oh! it is painful even now to remember it!—there was a sound from the engine-room resembling a rhinoceros running amuck among old iron, and after that—dead silence! The *Terror's* single engine had thrown up its treacherous hands!

And the breakdown was definite. For five agonising minutes Horatio toiled distractedly with the blind, futile endeavour of a man thwarted by strange and mocking demons. Then he reappeared on deck. His long, gaunt, blackened face was calm, as far as I could judge, but I still think that it was white beneath the coal-dust.

"It's no go!" he said, coolly. "The piston rod appears to have tied itself into a double bow! At least, that's the impression it gives me. I can't do anything to it. And we're less than a mile from port!"

I was sorry for Horatio, and for myself. Besides the vexation of defeat, now that the engine had stopped, the motion of the *Terror* was simply appalling.

"We've got the tide beneath us, and the wind's behind," I began, with some vague idea that we might yet win by drifting; and then I was interrupted by a simultaneous yell from Horatio and the Boy. "A sail!" they howled, and the Boy bounded to his feet forgetful of his qualms.

"But we haven't got one!" I objected, unpractically.

"There are blankets," Horatio retorted, pregnantly, and disappeared below in search of them.

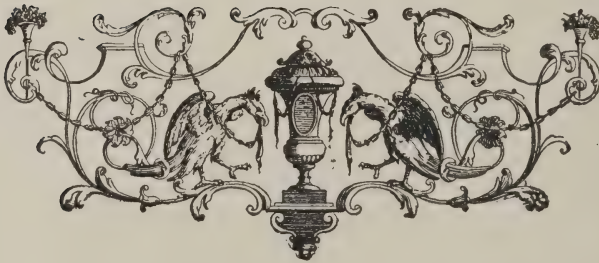
I can still see, and the picture is not unpleasing, Horatio and the Boy roughly sewing two blankets together, and lashing them to the boat-hook that was to act as gaff. I can still hear their hopeful yell as that weird-looking sail swelled out before the wind, and the

Terror gathered sluggish steerage way. But I glanced behind us and knew that the victory was not yet won. For the sun gleamed upon the cutter's sails, and she was gaining on us fast!

For pure excitement the half-hour that followed has not often been beaten in my experience. The cutter was coming up hand-over-fist, and it was soon apparent that the finish would be extremely close, despite our lead. There was silence, a tense silence, upon the *Terror*, as we drew yard by yard towards our goal. Horatio and the Boy were huddled together at the stern, and seasickness and everything else except the race was clean forgotten. It was agonising to note how Herrick's cutter ate up the water between her sharp bows and our stern!

But there were still twenty yards between us when I ported the helm (or something of the sort), and headed the *Terror* with a threefold yell for the streak of smooth water that ran inland beyond the signal station. And what did it matter that we were blissfully ignorant of the bar that lies across the entrance into Holehaven, and that we struck heavily for the second time that day? Or that on the falling tide it took much toil and effort to get us off again? We had won, and gloriously, by ten bare yards!

Herrick paid up like a gentleman, and that dinner at the Carlton was an exceedingly jovial affair.





JAY

(*Photograph by Topical Press*)

STRAY NOTES ON SOME OF OUR LESS COMMON BIRDS

BY MAJOR ARTHUR HUGHES-ONSLOW

TAKING England all over, carrion crows, jays, and magpies are not common birds, and in many districts they do not exist at all. But this is not the case in High Leicestershire, where, owing to the fact that little or no game is preserved there, egg-stealers have a grand time and fairly swarm. Many of the most famous fox-coverts, such as Priors Coppice, Ladywood, etc., are their strongholds; the carrion crows often build their large and well-lined nests in the hedge-row timber, and the magpies are fond of using the high bullfinch fences for the same purpose.

Both these birds are early nesters, the majority of their eggs being laid in the first fortnight of April; consequently their nests are very conspicuous, for at that time there is no leaf on tree or hedge. The carrion-crow's nest is a large and solid structure built of sticks and mud, and well lined with wool, horse- and cow-hair. In nearly every nest in this district which I have examined, I have found a piece of rope or cord about 4 ft. long worked into the structure.

I do not know whether this is an unusual item in the list of building materials, but I have not noticed it mentioned in any book on birds' nests. So strongly are these nests built that it is often impossible to tell whether they are this year's or last without climbing up to see; and placed as they are high up in tall and solitary trees, they must get the full force of the winter's gales. The effect of preservation on the habits of wild animals is clearly shown by the behaviour of the carrion crow. In a game-preserving country any keeper will tell you that the crow is one of the wariest birds that flies, and that it is almost impossible to get near enough to shoot the hen as she leaves



MAGPIE

(*Photograph by Topical Press*)

the nest. In this district, on the contrary, I have often seen her sit on the nest till a climber was half-way up the tree in which it was situated. In districts where there are many ground-nesting birds, such as grouse, black-game, plover, wild duck, etc., the amount of damage which a pair of carrion crows will do is something enormous, and literally I have seen scores of broken eggshells near one of their nests. Hereabouts they have to do without such luxuries, for carrion crows are many and their victims few.

Magpies may be obnoxious to the game-preserver, but they add greatly to the pleasure of a ramble in the country: their handsome

plumage, their brisk and busy ways, and their constant chatter, give life and animation to what would otherwise be a bleak and dismal winter scene. No matter how bad the weather, they never seem to be oppressed by it, and they never look better than when hopping about over the snow-covered fields, busily searching for something to keep the cold out—and I fancy that very little comes amiss to them. Their nests are large, untidy-looking structures, and differ from those of any other of the larger British birds in being roofed over.



WOODPECKER

(*Photograph by Topical Press*)

Like the carrion crows, they generally nest quite close to where they did the year before, and I have often seen the nests of three separate years in twenty yards of a high thorn fence.

The brightly coloured jay keeps more to covert than the two preceding species, and is seldom seen more than a field or two from some wood or copse. His harsh and scolding cry is very noticeable, and except in the breeding season he is one of the noisiest of birds. Families of jays keep together all the winter, and are loud in their

expressions of annoyance when the covert in which they live is being shot over or otherwise disturbed. They are clever enough at keeping out of harm's way, and generally manage to slip from one beat to another without being shot at. If one gets safely out of the quarter of the wood that is being shot, the others do not lose much time in following him, and before they make up their minds which way to break out they generally hop about among the highest trees and carefully reconnoitre the position. Jays are late nesters, waiting till the leaf is pretty well out; and as they generally choose a situation



LITTLE OWL

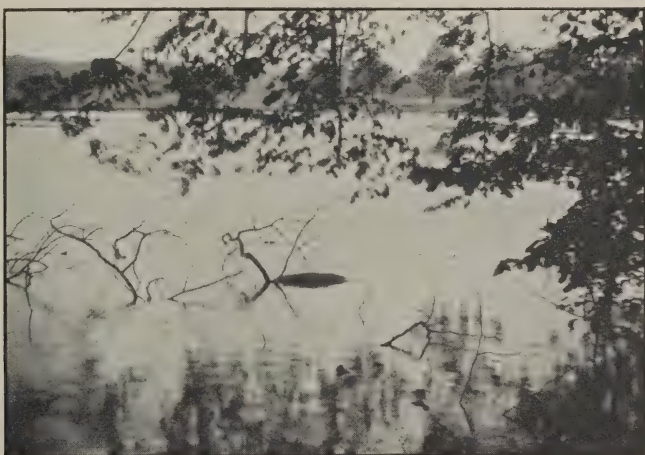
(*Photograph by Topical Press*)

about 15 to 20 ft. from the ground among low trees or high bushes their nests are by no means easy to find.

WOODPECKERS

There is no bird that brings himself more to one's notice than the green woodpecker; for not only is he about the most brilliantly coloured of British birds, but his loud "laugh," as his peculiar cry is well called, is quite unlike the note of any other bird, and is almost startling when heard unexpectedly, it is so loud and abrupt. He has also several other notes, and makes frequent use of them. So brilliant is the crimson of the woodpecker's crown and the green

and yellow of his body that he always seems to me more like the gorgeous denizens of the tropics than one of our sober-coloured birds. When flying in the sunlight he looks like a flash of gold with a bright-red head, and is even more brilliant than the kingfisher. In the course of ages woodpeckers have become very highly specialised for the life they lead ; their strong, sharp, and wedge-like beak, their enormously long tongue, and their stiff, strong tail with which they support themselves while climbing tree-trunks, are all good examples of great developments to meet special circumstances. Their beak is so excellent a tool that they carve out their nesting-hole to a depth of from 10 to 20 in. ; and though I believe they never attack a tree that is thoroughly sound all through, I have often seen their holes bored in trees the outside two inches of which is quite strong



NEST OF GREAT CRESTED GREBE IN WHICH FOUR CHICKS WERE HATCHED AND REARED THIS YEAR. MOST UNUSUAL SITUATION, AS THIS BIRD GENERALLY BUILDS HER NEST AMONG THICK REEDS

and hard. The long thin tongue is admirably adapted for catching the insects which the bird frightens from their hiding-places by tapping on the bark of the tree, and the green woodpecker often uses his upon the ground for exactly the same purpose, as does that curious animal the ant-eater, who has a tongue of just the same pattern.

The great spotted woodpecker is of a much more retiring habit than his green cousin. In addition to being rarer he keeps more closely to the woods, seldom shows himself in the open fields or on hedgerow timber, and is nothing like so noisy. He is also a handsome bird, mainly black and white, with the back of the head and parts about the vent and under-tail coverts bright red. Many birds

take advantage of the industry of the woodpecker—starlings, tits, and redstarts all using the old borings in which to make their nests. The pugnacious starling indeed often drives the poor woodpecker away from a nesting hole only just completed, and having taken possession forces him to begin all over again.

The lesser spotted woodpecker is also an inhabitant of our Midland woods; he is a small edition of the greater, being about half the size and of very much the same colouring. In habits they are almost similar, except that the nesting hole is only from six to twelve inches long.

None of the woodpeckers line their nest with any material



GREAT CRESTED GREBE'S NEST—EGGS UNCOVERED

except what they chip out of the tree in boring the hole, which begins in a horizontal direction and then turns downwards. The mouth of the hole being from two to three inches across is never large enough to admit the hand.

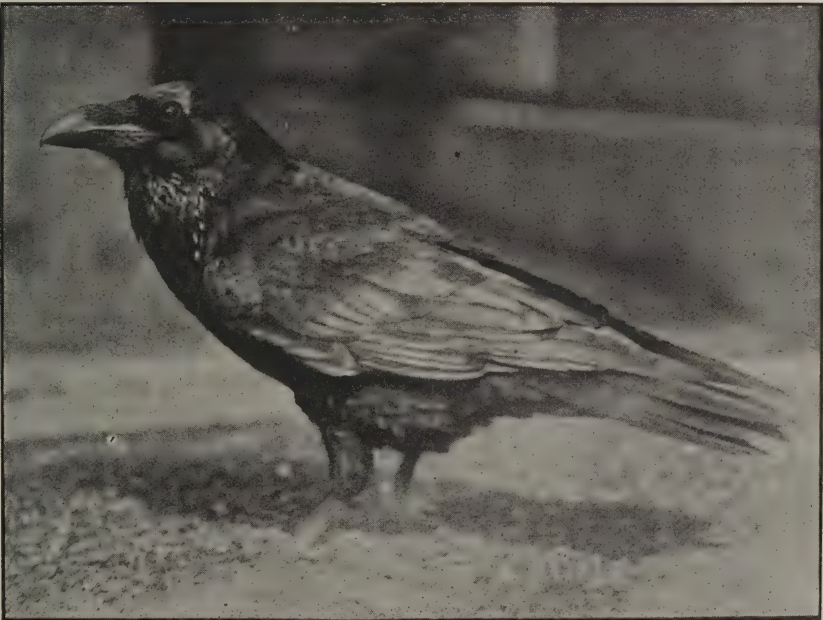
OWLS

Owls form another very interesting group of birds whose noiseless flight and wonderful eyes are perfectly adapted to their nocturnal habits. Four varieties are found in the midlands, namely, the barn, the wood or tawny, sometimes called the brown owl, the long-eared, and the little owl.

Owls do not build nests, but use hollow trees, holes in walls,



GREAT CRESTED GREBE'S NEST—EGGS COVERED



RAVEN

(Photograph by Topical Press)

clefts in cliffs, and old nests of carrion crows, magpies, etc., and even deserted squirrels' dreys, in which to lay their round white eggs. Sometimes they add a little material, but as a rule they are contented with the place as they find it. The long-eared owl generally uses an old nest and is a very close sitter. There is a colony of these owls in some large disused quarries not far from Stamford. A thick thorn-bush grows out of the side of one of these pits, and the nest in it is so placed that the owl is just about level with one's head, and only four or five yards from the edge of the pit; she looks very comical as she sits staring at one with her great yellow eyes and her long ears erected.

The little owl is not a native of England. The late Lord

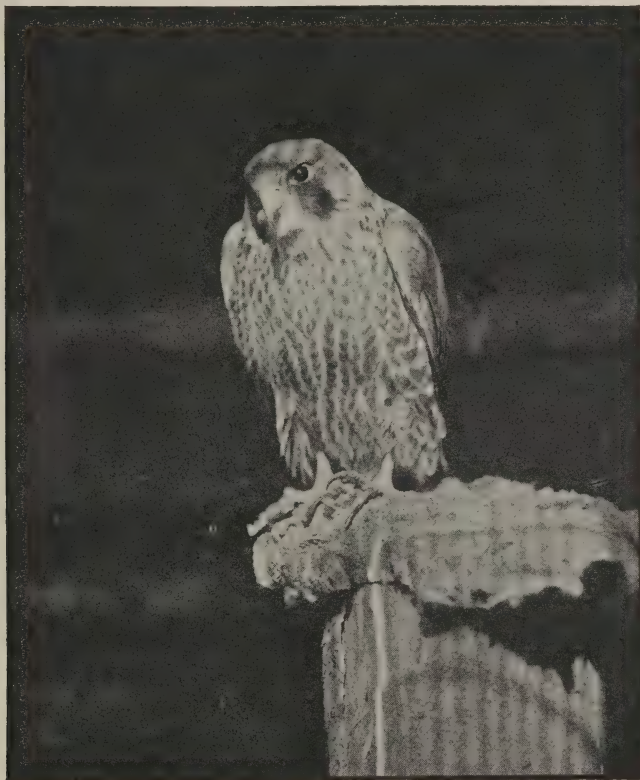


CLEFT IN WELSH MOUNTAINS WHERE THE NESTS OF THE RAVEN AND PEREGRINE WERE FOUND

Lilford turned down a few pairs in his park in Northamptonshire about thirty years ago, and they have spread and increased in a remarkable manner; they are wonderfully tame birds, and even closer sitters than their long-eared relations. I have known several cases in which they have allowed an egg to be taken from under them without moving. If their eggs are taken they will lay another clutch in the same hole, which I have always found in a hollow tree, generally a pollard; and they return to the same spot year after year.

They are far more diurnal in their habits than other owls, and may be seen flying about at all hours of the day. I think their

extraordinary tameness has helped them in establishing themselves in England, for hardly anyone will molest so confiding a bird. A good deal of controversy has arisen as to whether they will kill young partridge and pheasant chicks. The evidence of their castings goes to show that their chief diet is beetles and such small fry, but I believe cases have occurred in which they have been seen to take pheasant chicks from the breeding-coops. I think that these are probably exceptional criminals, such as man-eating tigers and



PEREGRINE FALCON
(*Photograph by Topical Press*)

lamb-killing foxes, who commit crimes of which the great majority of their kind are quite innocent.

There is no doubt that owls destroy an enormous number of rats, mice, and such-like vermin. I am glad to say that keepers now realise the good they do, and are much more friendly to the owl in consequence. I have no hesitation in saying that rats are the greatest enemies that exist to game and poultry, and that there is nothing like owls and foxes for keeping them down.

GREAT CRESTED GREBE

The great crested grebe is another of our rarer birds which I am glad to say seems to be holding its own in the Midlands. Grebes are large and handsome birds, and being by no means shy are a great ornament to any lake. The authorities describe them as "resident" and "migratory" in England; but as far as I am aware they leave the Midlands for warmer climes in winter.

As a rule they build their nests in a thicket of reeds, but the one of which I give a photograph was in an open and conspicuous position. The south bank of this Midland lake is overshadowed by a fine avenue of limes and other trees, some of the lower branches



DIPPER'S NEST

The dipper had her first clutch of eggs taken on April 10; it laid again in the same nest and successfully reared a brood. The nest is just above the big white stone at the bottom to the left of centre

being partially submerged, and this nest was built at the end of one of these branches, with a coot's nest on the next one. The nest is a large one, made of all sorts of water plants; it does not stand high out of water, and has only a shallow depression to hold the eggs. When the bird leaves the nest she covers over the eggs with some of the materials of the nest.

Like most other waterfowl, the young leave the nest and can swim well soon after they are hatched. While they are small they spend a good deal of their time on their mothers' backs, which seems a wise precaution in view of the number of pike that inhabit

most of the lakes on which they are hatched. Four eggs, sometimes five, is the usual number of the clutch. In a dense thicket of reeds on a South Wales lake I found a nest last year with eight eggs, and this year within thirty yards of the same spot a nest with seven. Either this bird must be an altogether abnormal layer or two birds must have shared a nest two years running—an unusual happening in either case.

RAVENS

During a visit to Wales this spring I was delighted to find that, in some districts of the Principality, at any rate, that grand old bird



REED WARBLER'S NEST

Suspended among reeds about two feet above the water, which is about three feet deep. The nest is made very deep, so that the eggs may not fall out when the reeds are swayed by the wind

the raven is still going strong. I had the pleasure of observing three nests within a few miles of each other in the last week of April, one contained four or five young birds which were almost able to fly. In another the nestlings were about a fortnight younger. I was unable to see into the third, but judging from the amount of droppings on the outside of the nest I have no doubt that it also contained a vigorous brood.

Ravens nest early; their eggs have been found in February, though March is the more usual time for them to lay. The nest is large and made of sticks, and is usually placed on a ledge or in a crevice of some steep cliff, either on the seashore or among wild

mountains. The old birds will return year after year to the same cliff to breed, and will often use the same nest again.

The nests of the raven and peregrine in the accompanying photograph have quite a history. A friend of mine found the raven's nest this March; it contained four eggs, of which he took two. He returned in about a fortnight to see how they were getting on, when he found that they had deserted the nest, and that a peregrine falcon had laid two eggs on the ledge about two feet below the nest. He took the falcon's eggs, and discovered that the ravens had built another nest a few hundred yards away along the cliff. When we visited the cliff in the end of April the peregrine had laid three



YELLOW WAGTAIL

(*Photograph by Topical Press*)

more eggs on the same spot and was sitting hard. We did not interfere with her, and I hope to hear that the young were safely reared. The young ravens in the new nest were about half-fledged.

It was a fine sight watching the old ravens and peregrines circling about on high, and occasionally sweeping past the face of the cliff in their anxiety for their young and eggs, and I wish it were one that could be more commonly enjoyed. Our larger birds of prey are few in number, but I am happy to think that many land-owners and others are doing their best to give them asylum and save them from extinction. The deer forests and wild sea-cliffs of

the north and west of Scotland are their chief stronghold, but it is good to know that they can live and rear their young in safety in other and more get-at-able localities.

DIPPERS

Though common enough in the localities which suit his style of life, the dipper is altogether absent from the greater part of England. He loves fast-running streams and rivers, and keeps close to them; I have never seen one by a sluggish stream, nor on a lake, even when he haunts the stream close to its exit from the lake.

The dipper is a brisk and jolly little bird who spends most of



YELLOW WAGTAIL'S NEST, CLEARLY SHOWING THE DIFFICULTY OF FINDING THE
BIRD'S NEST

his time taking short rapid flights up and down the stream, and lighting on the stones which stand out of the water, where he makes the funny little bobbing bows from which he gets his name. The nest is a large one for the size of the bird, and is covered over, with the entrance at the side. The outside is made of river mosses which match the surroundings extremely well, and the inside is warmly lined with layers of dead leaves. The young birds require a warm and comfortable home, for the nest is often so placed that water is constantly splashing over it, the back of a waterfall being a favourite situation. They also like the arches of a bridge, and I have found their nest under both stone and wooden bridges.

WAGTAILS

The grey wagtail is a close neighbour of the dipper, both liking the same sort of surroundings, and haunting a stretch of a mountain stream in much the same way. All the upper parts and back of this handsome bird are a beautiful steel-grey, and the under parts bright yellow. His tail also makes him conspicuous, for it is fully an inch longer than that of the other wagtails. The nest is never far from running water, and in much the same situations as the dipper's, though not absolutely in the splash of the water as the



RINGED PLOVER

(Photograph by Topical Press)

latter's often is. The ledge of a rock or a crevice in a wall or rough bank is a favourite spot.

The cock yellow wagtail is even more showy than his grey cousin, for he is almost as yellow as a canary, but the hen bird is of a much quieter hue. Unlike the grey and the common pied wagtail, these birds are only with us in spring and summer; they frequent meadows and pastures and rough marshy fields. Their nests are on the ground, and are so carefully hidden under tussocks of grass, coarse herbage, etc., that they are about the most difficult of all nests to find.

These notes of course only deal with a very few of our less common birds. There are plenty more to interest and amuse the

dweller in the country. Every kind of bird lives a somewhat different life from his neighbour, and it is most interesting to observe how nature in the course of ages has adapted each to his particular mode of life.

The nesting season is the most interesting time of the year, and many curious facts and problems may be studied and possibly solved. It is curious to note how wonderfully similar to their surroundings, and therefore protective, are the markings and colouring of some eggs, such as those of the oyster-catcher and ringed



BLACK OYSTER-CATCHER

(*Photograph by Topical Press*)

plover, though others, such as the nightjar's, are very different from theirs, and are quite conspicuous as they lie on the bare ground on which they are laid.

Again, why should some birds make most elaborate nests, while others are content with none at all, or use the old nests of other species? But even the idlest of these is a fool to that champion of socialism, the cuckoo, who shifts all his parental duties on to the state at the earliest possible moment. How and when the cuckoo learnt the dodge of popping its eggs into the small birds' nests and leaving all further trouble to them I should much like to know!



REGIMENTAL CRICKET

BY A. P. HATTON

THE official mind is usually hard to fathom, though one often suspects its leading motive to be the very commonplace one of self-interest. What else will account for its attitude towards regimental cricket? Football is considered the game *par excellence* for developing the essential military attributes of muscular flexibility, stamina, quickness of mind, resource, perseverance, and co-operation for the common good, making no great demand on either the time or finances of the players, being accessible under almost any circumstances, and not ensuring an excuse for leave to too great a proportion of officers; this is officially preferred to cricket, and the result of War Office encouragement is seen in the success of the numerous military football leagues and cup competitions. This view is supported by the official approval of hockey (which offers, perhaps, the nearest approach to football's characteristics) that has at last produced an Army Hockey Tournament. The lack of stimulus in Army cricket is exemplified in the obsolescence, after a short life, of the chief cricket competition of any dimensions at home stations, namely, the Aldershot Army Corps Inter-Regimental Cricket Tournament. In the case of Association football the authorities might have excuse for their favouritism in the private's pronounced preference for that game (though in many cases he merely pursues what he is encouraged to pursue); but it is morally certain that cricket fills the next place in his affections, and not Rugby football or hockey. The truth is there is too much individualism in cricket, which is a quality not desired in the private soldier; and the first-class counties' never-failing and notorious allurements for skilful officer-players, necessitating at the least three days' absence from duty, is objected to by the authorities.

Nevertheless, regimental cricket is the very champagne of the game; and its continued widespread worship, in spite of its comparative cost, the lack or imperfections of pitches, and official cold water, is evidence enough of the soldier's love of the game for the game's sake. That it retains all the fire, sparkle, and exhilaration of the best club cricket, despite distinctions of rank and the keenness of regimental rivalry, is a fine tribute to the soldier's intrinsic sportsman-

ship. Regimental glory is the inspiring motive—not individual *kudos* or averages; and victory is only valued when achieved in dashing, devil-may-care, heroic style. And does it implant no virtues of military utility? The keenness of vision, the supple wrist, the alert brain and swift sure-footedness—are not these essential in the ideal soldier, be he Horse Artillery driver or Cavalry scout or Infantry marksman? And then there is the moral and physical value of so clean and wholesome an occupation for the young soldier, for whom there are worse attractions in garrison towns on sunny summer afternoons and evenings. One would like to bottle the spontaneous and unalloyed enthusiasm with which regimental cricket is played and witnessed, for use among some of our too stolid, hyper-serious, average-hunting county players.

In inter-company games one sees exhilarating instances of aboriginal cricket—the tall and angular subaltern affectionately mothering his men; a too portly major gallantly turning out, perhaps to be bowled at by irreverential “demons” of the lower ranks, “all for the honour of the old company, sir, damme”; a gunner being “bailed out” of the guard-room to save the reputation of the battery; orderly-sergeant whisking about with note-book warning men to play to complete the team, the game to count in the duty roster as a “fatigue”; the most surprising “dark horses,” grim, scraggy, and jacketless, turning out from the canteen to knock the cover off the ball in most unorthodox style, to the dismay of pet regimental bowlers; the young officer candidate for county honours despairingly leading ten “rabbits” in fatigue dress on to the field, mere dummies all, and complacently “mopping up” the opposing company team off his own bat—the applause being always of the most unbridled, infectious, invigorating type. Most fruitful in pleasing recollections is regimental cricket.

It is pre-eminently the officer’s game, of course; and while some might think the preponderance of officers in regimental teams a discouragement of rank-and-file talent, it is by no means certain that soldiers would be half as keen and skilful as they are were it not for the shining example and incentive of disinterested amateurism set by their officers. Nevertheless, the desideratum is to preserve the proper regimental flavour in the big contests, and not let them become Officers *v.* Officers, with only a private or two making an occasional appearance for the sake of decency—and performance of odd jobs. If the soldier fights shy of participation in regimental cricket one can excuse it on the score of his secretly-vaunted superiority over the officer at football; jealous of his sporting reputation, he is likely to have misgivings other than those engendered by the thought of being suspected a superiors’ pet by his

comrades, if he be the only rank-and-file player in a team, and too obviously picked for his bowling or wicket-keeping. Perhaps it would be as well if the limit of six officers in each team, as laid down in the rules for the Army Rugby Cup Competition, were adhered to. But the soldier's unsurpassed sportsmanship does not usually admit of petty envy or malice, and thus military discipline and class distinctions rarely mar the democracy of the game.

It is in the best spirit that the private perpetuates an officer's cricketing peculiarities in a nickname. Thus, for example, there is a Major "Ironsides" Ward of the Middlesex Regiment, so named because of his hard-hitting propensities; Captain "Quicksilver" Lawrence, of the Scottish Rifles, the sobriquet marking a nimbleness in all departments of the game, and a fondness on the chief Aldershot ground for sending the ball over the pavilion into the stables or breaking tiles on the new club house by mighty hits; Captain J. S. Bostock, whose geniality has earned him the nickname of "Beaming Bozzie"; and Lieutenant "Policeman" Priestman of the Lincolns, probably so called because his sprightly attitude when bowling his special fast "expresses" suggests the opposite. Again, even if a private who is a demon fast bowler indulges a secret longing to be revenged on some martinet officer in an opposing company team it is all in the game—and the latter would be the first to acknowledge it. At any rate, a Major Thornton of the Middlesex Regiment displayed this fine spirit under somewhat trying circumstances a few years ago. The wicket was bumpy, and a terrific but erratic bowler of the usual barrack-room type was sending the balls down pretty hot. "No ball!" suddenly shrieked the umpire, as the bowler delivered one of his deadliest unerringly on the "Little Mary" of the major. "No ball be blazed," screamed the latter. "You wouldn't have said 'No ball' if you had stopped it!" And the major resumed in the best of spirits possible under the circumstances.

There is rarely any deliberate intent, however, to make a target of an officer; it is the unpopular non-commissioned officer who is more frequently made the victim of the private's desire to emphasise the fact that cricket is the great leveller of all ranks and distinctions. The following story is illustrative of this. Private Murphy was being treated right royally in the regimental canteen, and his comrade Jones watched the proceedings with a jealous eye. He inquired the reason. "Why, Murphy's the regimental hero," was the reply. "There was a company cricket match this afternoon and Murphy was one of the bowlers. He's a great bowler is Murphy!"

"Ho! He got 'em out quick—did the trick, eh?"

"No, he didn't; he never hit the wicket once."

"Thought you said he could bowl?"

"So he can! Why, man alive, he knocked out four of the provost-sergeant's teeth first ball! The bouncer won't be able to yell 'Shun! As you were! 'Shun!' till he gets a new set!"

On the other hand, one might suppose the popular officer batsman of rank might resent being specially favoured by the bowlers; though this is a temptation to which soldiers frequently succumb, being their only opportunity of marking their appreciation of considerate superiors. Of this a good story is told. A match was being played for the benefit of a local charity—Headquarters Staff *v.* Rest of the Garrison—and the general, who was deservedly popular, was prevailed upon to represent the former. But he was a conscientious cricketer, and, fearing favouritism when he went in to bat, surreptitiously announced that a sovereign would go to the bowler who took his wicket. Perhaps the presence on the other side of the garrison crack fast bowler, combined with the allurements of society in the pavilion, also prompted the general's action. At any rate, when batting, despite all his self-sacrificing resolves, he was astonished to find himself outliving the first few overs. Next he became aware, from his own cricketing sense and the exhortations emanating from the officers' mess-tent, that he was letting "long-hops" and "half-volleys" go untouched. There was no alternative: he simply *had* to make runs. In fact, he made just a hundred—to the huge delight of all present—and then was too easily bowled. After the match the A.D.C. playfully remonstrated with the incompetent bowlers: "General's knocked up—keeping him from his friends for nearly three hours—making him work like that—after offering a sovereign." "Sorry, sir," said the crack bowler, "but I got *two* sovereigns from the organiser of the charity for letting the general make his century!"

This reminds one of the remarkable number of generals who have been distinguished devotees of the game of games. Prominent among these are Major-General James Spens, C.B., who at one time played for Hampshire, and when a captain, in 1882, scored 386 runs for the United Service Club against the Nondescripts; Brigadier-General C. J. Mackenzie, C.B., who has proved, as batsman, a tower of strength to the Aldershot Command eleven; Lieut.-General Sir E. T. H. Hutton, K.C.M.G.; Major-General T. E. Stephenson, C.B., who frequently seized the opportunity for a game on the veldt during the late war, even when the Boers were within shooting distance; Major-General Sir Harry Rawlinson, C.V.O.; Major-General Eardley-Wilmot, C.B.; and General the Hon. Sir Neville Lyttelton, K.C.B., of a famous cricketing family, Commander-in-

Chief in Ireland, and a member of the M.C.C., I Zingari, and Free Foresters' cricket clubs.

It is difficult to imagine first-class cricket without the welcome addition to the amateur ranks of Army officers; they have become an almost essential part of the game; and parlous would be the state of some counties without them. Hampshire's debt to the Army has long been notorious, and it would be no difficult matter for it to turn out a first-rate team composed exclusively of military or ex-military players. The following eleven, for instance, would be well equipped at all points: Major R. M. Poore, D.S.O. (7th Hussars), Captain E. G. Wynyard, D.S.O. (Welsh Regiment), Captain J. G. Greig (Indian Army), Captain F. J. Wyatt (R.E.), Captain W. N. White (A. S. Corps), Captain T. W. Sheppard (2nd, The King's), E. M. Sprot (late King's Shropshire L. I.), Lieut. A. C. Johnston (3rd Worcesters), Captain M. D. Wood (West Yorkshire Regiment), Major E. R. Bradford (Seaforth Highlanders), and either Lieutenant A. W. Lupton (West Yorkshire Regiment), Sergeant-Major F. McLaren (A. S. Corps), Lieutenant O. C. Mordaunt or V. H. B. Majendie (both of the Somerset L. I.) Of these either Johnston or Majendie could keep wicket, with Mordaunt, Lupton, McLaren, Wyatt the leading bowlers, and Greig and Poore as change bowlers. In addition, Hampshire's leading professional a few seasons back, the late Victor Barton, was an ex-Bombardier of the Royal Artillery. The county owes its unique record in this respect to the fact that it embraces two of the greatest military stations in the kingdom, Aldershot and Portsmouth, thus both affording the county officials an opportunity to study the performances of leading regimental players and the latter the chance of qualifying by residence.

More necessary than an increase of inter-garrison games for the furtherance of Army cricket is the meeting of the best Army teams with first-class combinations. The Army, which has been called the second eleven of Hampshire (though first would be nearer the mark), could easily hold its own in the Minor Counties Competition, and if the M.C.C. could arrange a series of matches, to be played at the principal military centres, Aldershot, Portsmouth, Chatham, London, and the Curragh, incalculable good to regimental cricket would result. As a sporting writer very aptly said a short time ago: "The M.C.C. sends teams to conquer Australia, South Africa, West Indies, America, and Canada, but they have not conquered the Army!" The M.C.C. certainly sends teams to test the Aldershot C.C.C., but the utility of the contest the season before last (as well as the ubiquity of the cricket-playing officer) may be gauged from the fact that the former team contained seven officers! Some of these latter, too, were members or ex-members of the

Aldershot C.C.C. ! There have been times when an eleven capable of testing England's best might have been formed of military or ex-military players. The names of Captain the Hon. F. S. Jackson, Rev. F. Gillingham, Majors R. M. Poore, A. J. Turner, and E. R. Bradford, Brigadier-General Spens, Captains du Boulay, E. G. Wynyard, H. S. Bush, W. N. White, H. S. Poyntz, W. L. Foster, J. G. Greig, and F. J. Wyatt ; Lieutenants Mordaunt, Edwards, Majendie, and Kaye, Nourse, the South African (late of the West Riding Regiment), and Dennett, of Gloucestershire (late of the Somerset L. I.) readily occur to the memory. Of officers of the regular army, however, Captain Wynyard appears to be the only one who has had the honour of being selected to represent England against Australia ; but the claims of military duties have alone prevented many possibly equal players from achieving the highest prominence in public cricket. Many, of course, have represented the Gentlemen in the classic game at Lord's.

The discontinuance of the Aldershot Cricket Tournament the year before last gave rise to many conjectures, and the causes generally advanced—the ill-feeling engendered between units, the enormous advantages that corps possess over battalions, the practice in some teams of drawing men from other stations—would not redound to the credit of the cleanest of all games if they could be substantiated. It seems obvious, however, that pretexts such as the above will not hold water for an instant ; for if they are put forward in all seriousness then we must be content with a very low estimate of the officer's sportsmanship—which is absolutely unthinkable—since similar complaints have never been advanced as an excuse for discontinuing Army football competitions, the more boisterous game, in which the proportion of officers to men is in inverse ratio to that obtaining at cricket. Rather is the reason to be found in the unpopularity of the game with the home authorities, as suggested at the beginning of this paper. In India, Gibraltar, Malta, and other overseas stations, where garrisons are more compact, the need for open-air exercise more urgent, county cricket allurements for officers non-existent, and War Office supervision less penetrating, competitions for garrison cricket cups have flourished with great success for many years.

The finals for the Aldershot Cup were always productive of splendidly-contested games, and one of the most memorable was that of 1905, when the Army Service Corps were defeated by the 3rd Worcestershire Regiment after a most exciting match that lasted well into the third day. On this occasion centuries were scored by Captain R. A. de B. Rose and Lieutenants T. H. Hughes and A. C. Johnson (the Hampshire player) for the winning team, the

4th Battalion of which carried off the Malta Cup in grand style. Again the following year did the Army Service Corps reach the final, only to be overcome by the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, when splendid dashing centuries were compiled by Major E. R. Bradford (of Hampshire), Major A. B. Ritchie, and Lieutenant Gascoigne. At their third attempt, however, the persevering Army Service Corps won the cup, defeating the 1st Welsh Regiment by an innings and 92 runs. This result was greatly owing to Sergeant-Major McLaren, who took in all twelve wickets for 62 runs, and scored 57 not out, and to Captain A. U. Udal (a Dorset player), who scored 51, and in the second innings of the losers took three wickets for 13.

Nevertheless, the 1st Welsh Regiment (with Captain C. L. Veal, the M.C.C. and Middlesex player, in the team) is to be numbered amongst the most renowned of regimental teams; and others worthy of mention are the Royal Army Medical Corps and 2nd West Yorkshire Regiment (both semi-finalists in the Aldershot Tournament, 1907), the latter possessing Lieutenant A. W. Lupton (a very fast bowler who is likely to play for Yorkshire soon), Captain M. D. Wood (the Hampshire player), Captain G. L. Crossman, and Lieutenant A. M. Ross. Then there is the 2nd Somerset Light Infantry (with quite first-class players in Lieutenants Mordaunt and Majendie); the 2nd Lincolns; the Royal Engineers; the 2nd Bedford (with Captain H. S. Poyntz, of Somerset C.C.C.); the Royal Artillery (with Major A. J. Turner, the Essex county player), Colonel E. Phipps-Hornby, V.C. (who plays for the M.C.C.), and Lieutenant K. R. McCloughin (who scored 292 not out against the Royal Navy at Portsmouth two years ago); the 2nd K. O. Yorkshire L. I. (who own Captain A. C. G. Luther, of Sussex, and Lieutenant H. S. Kaye, of Yorkshire); and the 1st Gordon Highlanders (who have in Lieutenant H. K. Longman a talented batsman who scored over 200 when at Cambridge in a match against Yorkshire).

The Household Brigade, with headquarters at Burton's Court, is, of course, the most famous of military teams in the metropolis, Lord E. Gordon-Lennox, the Hon. J. Coke, Captain A. Stephen, and the Hon. A. E. Mulholland being the batting mainstays of the team. The 1st Yorkshire Regiment had some years ago a team of much distinction. The leading batsman was Colonel E. A. Bruce (now secretary of the Sussex C.C.C.), who had played for Gloucester as a bowler in his early Army days, and also represented the Gentlemen against the Players; he captained the regimental team almost up to the last day of his thirty years of service. Other players who were almost first-class were Majors M. H. Orr and E. L. Vans Agnew, Captains C. H. Bunbury and H. V. Bastow, and Private

Whaley, who was, perhaps, the most skilful all-round rank-and-file player the Army ever possessed.

Inborn cricketing talent has never manifested itself more unquestionably than in the ranks of our Army; for in too many cases the private has neither the requisite leisure nor opportunities to acquire skill as a batsman. Yet rank and file players are the backbone of many teams, and, but for patent military limitations, they might have represented counties with something of the frequency with which men are bought from the ranks to recruit professional football teams. Excluding the ex-soldiers mentioned above, this is a distinction, however, which seems to have been enjoyed by only one soldier under commissioned rank, namely, Sergeant-Major F. McLaren, of the Army Service Corps, whose fine fast bowling has won him trials for Hampshire. Others who have proved capable of doing justice to almost any county are: Private Whaley (alluded to above), who won, by scoring 177 not out on one afternoon, a prize bat offered by a newspaper, and scored a century in each innings of a match at Gibraltar, beside being a very skilful medium-pace bowler and fielder; Corporal Vernon, of the 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, who made four or five centuries in Aldershot cricket in 1907; Sergeant Ridewood, of the 1st Welsh Regiment, who has proved an almost indispensable player of the Aldershot Command Eleven, scoring 185 at Aldershot in 1907, and 184 the following season against the bowling of Captains Wood and Crossman and Lieutenant Lupton; Sergeant Sanderson, of the Army Service Corps, who has been asked to play for Kent second eleven, and enjoys the enviable record of having kept wicket for South Africa against the 1906 M.C.C. team; Private Fitzgerald, who helped to make a remarkable record (mentioned below); Sergeant Rogers, who has scored centuries for the 2nd Grenadier Guards; and Private Cross, of the Royal Army Medical Corps at Cairo, who in 1908 headed both the bowling and batting averages of his team, taking 87 wickets for a trifle over 5 runs apiece. The late Victor Barton (Hampshire), Dennett (Gloucester), and Nourse (South Africa), must be numbered amongst the rank-and-file players whose chief fame has come after leaving the service.

Some of the most noteworthy records in cricket have been achieved by military players. The longest partnership in the history of the game, for instance, is the 623 for the second wicket scored by Captain Oates (313 not out) and Private Fitzgerald (287 not out) for the 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers against the Army Service Corps at the Curragh in 1893. The biggest partnership on record for the fourth wicket is the 464 made by Captain C. L. Young (204) and Lieutenant H. N. Dumbleton (325) for Royal Engineers *v.* Royal

Marines, at Portsmouth, in August 1884; also Major Poore and Captain Wynyard together scored 411 (a little short of the record) for the sixth wicket of Hants *v.* Somerset at Taunton, in 1899. Another score of over 400 for one wicket was made by Captain Tarver and Sergeant-Major (now Lieutenant) Bamford twelve years ago. Major Poore holds the honour of having attained the highest average in first-class cricket (91); Lieutenant K. R. McCloughin (mentioned above) made over 1,000 runs in the month of July two years ago; the mammoth score of 628 was made by a Clifton College boy (A. E. J. Collins), who is now a second lieutenant in the Royal Engineers; and Captain du Boulay made 402 for the Royal Engineers at Chatham in 1907. At least six Army players have achieved the feat of scoring centuries in each innings of a match, namely, Sergeant Green, Captains C. H. Palmer and Wynyard (in India), Captain A. C. Richards (in South Africa), Private Whaley (at Gibraltar), and Lieutenant W. M. Parker (at Trensham Hill); but a more interesting record, perhaps, was that accomplished in 1908, when two officers of the same regiment captained opposing counties, Captain A. G. Luther (a cricketer rejected by Yorkshire, through his not having been born in the county) leading Sussex against Yorkshire (captained by Lieutenant H. S. Kaye) at Huddersfield. The regiment owning both officers is the Yorkshire Light Infantry. Yet another record which soldiers are fond of claiming is that of having scored the most runs from a single hit. The tale of this is amusing. A match was being played in Burma, and a burly son of Mars made a tremendous drive, sending the ball to the foot of a tree which bordered the jungle. Before the fielders could reach it a monkey swung down from the tree, seized the ball, and leapt back into the trees with it. A troop of chattering friends joined it, snatching and passing the ball from hand to hand, while the fielders, hot and angry, looked on in impotent wrath below. At last the ball was dropped, and a fielder seizing it, rushed off to the pitch. But by this time the exhausted batsmen had scored no fewer than 153 runs!

Army cricket is assuredly deserving of every support and encouragement; for the soldier is the most cosmopolitan of cricketers, with the most varied practice procurable, playing as he does in all climes and countries, scoring his centuries with as much ease on matting, concrete, boards, or sun-baked earth, as on our perfect English wickets. He is the true cricket missionary, carrying the game into the outermost corners of the Empire; and he shares with the best amateur clubs the onus of preserving from extinction the full pristine cricket flavour of clean, vigorous, unadulterated, boyish enthusiasm.



PLOUGHING

SHOOTING TRIPS IN NORTH CHINA

BY LIEUTENANT SEIGNE

FOR those who do not object to a certain amount of roughing it, plenty of hard walking, and often very poor shooting, there is a great deal of charm and interest attached to a trip in North China.

Well away from beaten tracks the traveller can yet find many places, undisturbed by railways and Western progress, where the people still lead the same primitive lives and employ the same primitive methods of agriculture as they did in the days of that wise old philosopher Confucius.

To me one of the most agreeable features of travel in the country is that one generally finds the natives courteous, kindly, and well disposed, in very pleasant contrast to the sometimes rather objectionable type of Chinese to be met with at the Treaty Ports and places where there is much intercourse with foreigners.

In summer the country is in most parts covered with waving fields of millet and Indian corn; but in the winter, after the crops have been harvested, it becomes a bare and monotonous plain whose ugliness is redeemed to some extent by the frequent villages. Nestling generally in some sheltered spot and surrounded by the only trees in the neighbourhood, these latter are often very picturesque. The thatched cottages, the pigs roaming at will

through the streets and houses, and lastly, I'm afraid, the dirt, remind one strongly of many villages in the south of Ireland.

The village inns are both dirty and noisy, and the traveller would often do well to seek out a temple, where the priests will as a rule be glad to take him in for a consideration. Here at any rate he will find less noisy and decidedly cleaner quarters. A Chinese apartment does not, more especially in the cold weather, strike one as the essence of comfort. The badly fitting doors and shutters, and the paper, generally in shreds, in lieu of glass on the windows, are by no means effective in keeping out either wind or rain. At one end of the room is the "Kang," or stove-bed built of bricks with

fireplaces running underneath, on top of which the bedding is spread. In the winter the fires are lighted as a rule with dried grass, and as many Chinese as possible huddle together on top, very often getting nearly suffocated by the smoke—this is practically their only means of keeping warm.

Owing to the various noises of the night, sleep is often a matter of extreme difficulty

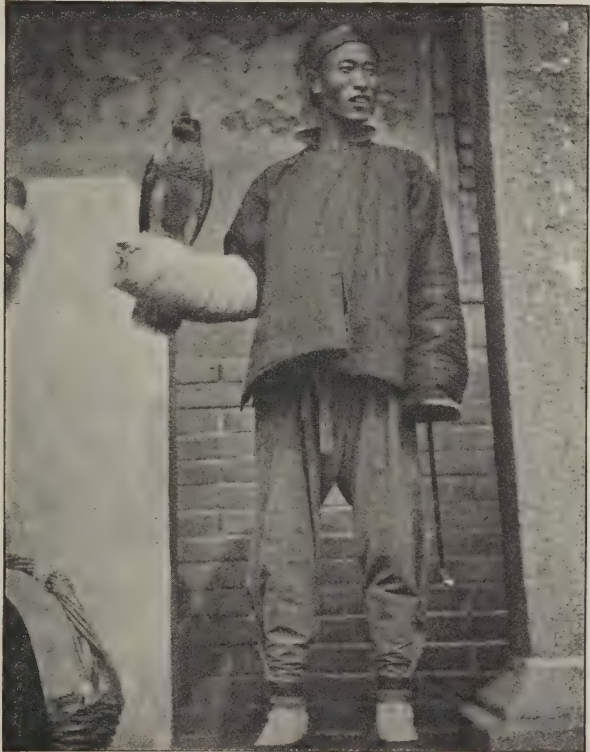


CHINESE SPORTSMAN WITH CRANE

to the weary traveller. The village dogs show their resentment at the appearance of the "Foreign Devil" in their midst by incessant howling, and another disturbing element is the watchman who patrols the streets, banging a brass gong in order, I was told, to frighten away thieves. On one occasion my fellow traveller, an officer fresh from India, incensed by several sleepless nights, with the aid of our Chinese servant wrote out and posted a proclamation in the village square to the effect that the watchman was not to perform that night, as it disturbed the repose of the great "Foreign Lord," and, further, that all dogs found barking after a certain hour would be summarily shot. This was proclaiming

martial law with a vengeance; it had, however, the desired result, for that night comparative peace and quiet reigned in our part of the village and we secured a much-needed sleep.

As a rule in the spring and autumn excellent snipe shooting is to be obtained in many parts of the country, but during the winter months wild-fowl form the principal attraction to the sportsman. Wild geese of the "greylag" species abound on the plains and young wheat fields, and vast quantities of duck, teal, and widgeon can be seen circling round the lakes and inland lagoons; the extreme bareness of the country in most places, however, prevents any large bags being obtained. Although not much shot at, the geese are terribly wild, and tax all one's ingenuity to get a chance at them. One of the best methods, I found, was to organise a screen of small Chinese boys, who are to be met with everywhere on the plains gathering grass for the winter fuel, unheeded by the geese, and to creep up behind them. By this means, provided nothing suspicious



CHINESE FALCONER

is detected, one can often obtain a shot. Another good plan is to dig a pit and conceal oneself in it, then sending coolies round to drive the birds.

When stationed at Wei-hai-wei I often made trips into the surrounding country. Taking my Chinese servant, provisions and bedding, I proceeded with coolies and mules for transport to various places in search of sport. Some inland lagoons down the Shantung promontory were my favourite haunt. Here, principally in the

months of November and December, wild-fowl were to be found in wonderful and bewildering variety; indeed, the naturalist would find it hard to classify the many species of duck to be met with, and a strong argument would be provided for the man who asserts that the different species very often interbreed.

One of the lagoons under the old Chinese walled city of Yuen-Chêng was often covered with wild swan, and the noise they made fighting and playing was deafening. In short, the place seemed at first sight a veritable sportsman's paradise; but experience went to



THE INN AND "MINE HOSTS" AT YUEN-CHÊNG

prove the reverse. Seldom could a good bag be obtained except on very windy days, when the fowl were unsettled and would not leave the lagoons for the sea, as they often did on a still day after the first few shots, leaving the sportsman to bewail or curse their absence till flighting time.

Snipe and wild-fowl, in their season, are perhaps the most evenly distributed throughout North China; but I have also shot, chiefly in the provinces of Shan-

tung and Chili, bustard, pheasant, partridge (of several kinds), woodcock, sandgrouse, quail, and hares; so it will be seen that the small-game shooting of the country does not lack variety.

Although generally armed with the most primitive weapons, the Chinese are sometimes very good shots, and their methods of shooting and snaring wild-fowl are often clever and original. I remember one old sportsman in particular whom I met when on a shooting expedition in Shantung. He was possessed of a wooden affair constructed to resemble a plough with a screen of brushwood

attached to the front; lashed on to this was an old gingall nearly twelve feet in length, and loaded with a big charge of black powder and old bits of iron, etc. Flint and tinder and a slowly-burning incense or "joss stick" completed his equipment. In order to see him at work I waited till some geese settled in a wheat-field close by. Keeping under cover of the screen, and shoving the arrangement in front of him, he approached the unsuspecting birds with great caution. When within about forty yards he applied the joss-stick to the touch-hole. Shortly after a tremendous explosion rent the air, and when the smoke cleared off he picked up five geese as the result of the shot.

Although I have sometimes, in the course of my rambles, met Chinese who were really keen sportsmen, the majority of them look on shooting merely as a means of making a living, and, away from places where there is a foreign market for game, but rarely molest anything. How anyone can be so mad as to walk all day, or wait for hours in a ditch, for the sake of a few shots at duck



A VILLAGE SCENE

or geese, when they have sufficient money to buy the birds in the market, altogether passes their comprehension.

Falconry has from time immemorial been one of the greatest and most important of Eastern sports, and it is therefore not surprising to find it still practised in China to some extent, and in Manchuria.

The Chinese as a rule employ peregrine falcons to kill small game, but the Manchus in their native wilds fly much larger falcons at deer, antelope, bustard, etc. A curious old custom still prevails at the funerals of Manchus of rank, and, more than anything, shows what a sporting race they must have been in the old days. A

prominent place in the long funeral cortège is allotted to men with falcons, hounds, and old sporting guns. When I first saw this at the funeral of a Manchu official at Peking I thought that probably the old chap was a great sportsman and wished that his favourite falcons, etc., should follow him to the grave; but on inquiry I learned that it was customary at all Manchu funerals of any importance, and that there is actually a shop in Peking which supplies at a modest hire all the necessary paraphernalia of the chase for this purpose.

The traveller frequently meets with most amusing experiences, and the fact that much of the country is very little known to



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

foreigners adds considerably to its interest. Once when after pheasant, about a hundred miles from Peking, I arrived at a pretty little village situated at the foot of some very steep hills. To my usual question as to whether there were any pheasants in the neighbourhood, one of the villagers replied that there were no pheasants, but that living in caves in the hills there were plenty of "wild men," and the whole village would be delighted if the "Foreign Teacher" would shoot a few of them. As may be imagined, this reply rather astonished me, and in answer to my further questions

I elicited the fact that the so-called "wild men" were a band of outlaws and robbers living principally on goat's flesh and on the results of periodical raids by night on the neighbouring villagers' crops, pigs, fowls, etc. This state of affairs had been going on for many years. One or two were occasionally shot by the local gendarmerie; but, owing to the fact that they lived scattered about in the most inaccessible places, they had so far baffled all attempts made at capture. Needless to say I did not avail myself of this unique opportunity of adding a brace of "wild men" to the bag.



AN INTERESTED AUDIENCE

The late autumn is undoubtedly the best time of the year for trips of this sort. The weather is then delightful, not too hot or too cold. To the sportsman, too, this season will appeal, as the snipe have not yet all fled before the approach of winter, and the wild-fowl are just beginning to arrive, so he can combine the two.

Looked at from a purely sporting point of view, these expeditions are not often a success; but to the traveller who wishes to see the country, and to obtain some insight into the lives and customs of the people, they may be strongly recommended.



TIGHT PLACES

THE BULL YAK

BY "A BIG-GAME SHOOTER"

THE incident described below occurred in 1896 when I was shooting in Ladakh. In the August of that year I had crossed the Marsemik La, going north from the Pangong Lake, and was encamped in the Kugrang valley—one of those opening into Changchenmo. The camp must have been at an elevation of nearly 17,000 ft., as we were much higher than the Changchenmo River, which flows in a valley 15,000 ft. above the sea. It was miserably cold, and there was nothing to burn except the small shrub known as bortza, which appears to manage to subsist on granite dust and without rain. The morning after reaching the Kugrang nala my shikaris and I started off to look for the yak which were believed to be in the valley, and before noon that day had sighted the herd a long way up towards the head. In that valley, and probably in others similarly situated, the wind is generally upwards till noon, and then turns and blows down towards the mouth. Consequently, when we made out our quarry it was impossible to try to approach, and as the creatures were a long way off we sat down and had our lunch, waiting for the wind to change. This it did shortly after noon, and then, with it in our faces, we continued up the valley.

The herd had spread itself out over the one patch of grass that the nala possessed, and when we came near enough to distinguish bulls from cows we found it covering a considerable area, many animals grazing about, others lying down and chewing the cud. There was only one big bull, and as he was in the middle of the herd the question arose, how was I to get within shot without disturbing the others?

The stretch of grass lay for the most part on the far bank of the small stream that flowed down the middle of the nala, and nearly all the yak were therefore on the far bank. But there were one or two

on the near bank, and I saw it would be necessary to keep out of sight or smell of these, whatever happened. Between me and the stream, and also luckily between me and the yak on the near bank, was a low ridge running parallel to the river, very little higher than the ridge behind which we were all hiding. Besides the two shikaris I had a couple of Tibetans with me, but they with the ponies had been left some distance behind. These ridges were unfortunately but very little higher than the ground on which the yak were feeding and resting, and I did not feel at all certain that I could crawl to the top of the ridge looking over the river without being seen. However, after waiting for an hour or so, and not finding the position of the bull much better, I determined to make the attempt. My puttoo clothing was practically the same colour as the rocks and shale around, and I hoped that with its aid and with the irregularities in the ground I might succeed.

Leaving the shikaris behind, with strict injunctions not to show themselves, I set off *ventre à terre*. As soon as I had left shelter I saw I was in full view of several yak, but being then about five hundred yards off I thought I might escape notice. Pushing my rifle in front, and keenly watching those members of the herd who had their heads towards me, I crept on. Every now and then I lay still, with my face to the ground, especially whenever I saw a yak look up. After a few yards I found a depression leading in the direction I wanted, and keeping along it, I was able to advance with fewer stops. Bit by bit I got over the ground without arousing the attention of any of the herd, till finally I began the ascent towards the top of the ridge looking right over the grass. From the edge of this I hoped to be within two hundred yards of the big bull, and if he remained where he was I knew he was mine. How the herd came not to notice me I find it difficult to explain, for I was then well within three hundred yards and in full view of many of the cows and calves. I suppose the colour of my clothes, and the fact that I moved so slowly and lay so still between times, was the reason. Whatever the cause may have been, they did not see me till, with a sudden jump that sent the heart into my mouth, I saw one of the cows get up, rouse herself, and stand staring fixedly at me.

No rock around lay stiller than I did, as, with dripping face pressed on the granite dust, I watched that accursed cow. I was ready if she gave the alarm to jump up, run to the edge of the ridge, and let fly at once at the bull. But after watching me for what seemed an hour, though it was only a few minutes, she turned round quietly and began to graze, and I breathed once more. Gradually I worked my way on, finally got to a good position with reference to the bull, and then leaning on my elbows took a careful sight.

The bull was walking very slowly up the valley after one of the cows, and was therefore broadside on to me as I touched the trigger. On receiving the shot the big beast whisked round with a flick of his tail and stood facing down the stream; my second bullet therefore went in behind his left shoulder. As the echoes rolled up the hills around the herd sprang to its feet, and for several seconds did not seem to know whence the danger was to be apprehended. But my two shikaris running up showed them the group of human beings, and, rushing together into a compact mass, the herd started for the upper end of the valley.

Seeing the bull lie down I knew he was safe, so I went after the rest, in the hope of cutting off another. But I was unsuccessful, and after a long chase returned to where I had left the animal first hit. I saw him still lying where he had gone down, with his face looking down the valley and his tail towards me. The ground all round was as bare as the palm of my hand, for the grass lay farther down. As I walked up, the Kashmiri was with me, the Ladakh man being behind. I knew there was one cartridge in the '303 I was using, but I did not know that there was only one. As a matter of fact the magazine was empty, whereas I believed it was, as usual, full. When we were about sixty or seventy yards off the bull turned his head and saw us, then giving a grunt, rose to his feet, swung round, and came for us at a lumbering canter. The shikari was unarmed, and there being no shelter anywhere near, he naturally bolted. The bull looked exceedingly fine as he came on, jet black except for his grey muzzle, with the long hair from his sides sweeping the ground. I felt perfectly confident I could drop him in his tracks, and so watched him admiringly, wishing I had a camera to photograph him as he came. I waited till he was about twenty yards off, and then raised the rifle. For the fraction of a second the white bead gleamed on his broad forehead, and the next moment the sharp crack of the cordite was followed by the heavy fall of the bull, who went down with a bullet in the centre of his brain. Instinctively I opened the breach, and as the empty case flew out I looked down and perceived for the first time that the magazine was empty! If that cartridge had missed fire, or if I had not caught the bull in the brain, I should not have had another shot, and on that bare stretch of granite dust there could not have been a chance of escape. I thought of this as I put my tape over the horns, which proved to be a fine, massive pair, and each $28\frac{1}{2}$ in. in length. The bull stood just 15 hands at the shoulder.



CLUB-HOUSE, CHANTILLY

THE GROWTH OF GOLF AMONG THE FRENCH

BY F. KINLOCH

THE writer of this article proposed at first to designate it, "The Growth of Golf in France"; but on second thoughts he realised that this might be a misleading title, for the object of it is to show the reader how popular the Royal and Ancient game is becoming among the actual French themselves. Golf itself has been played in France for very many years. It was as far back as 1856 that an Anstruther and a Hutchinson (good golfing names these) made a few holes in the Plaine de Billières, and founded the well-known Pau Golf Club, which now possesses one of the best inland links in the world, one of the few courses which can boast of almost perpetual calm. The Pau Golf Club indeed is among the oldest in the world, for at the time of its birth there were but twenty-four golf clubs in existence.

In 1888 Biarritz took the cue from its neighbour, and in 1891 Cannes was infected by the craze so popular among its English visitors. But for years the French as a nation took absolutely no notice of golf. True, the Municipality of Pau, early recognising the value of the game as an asset to the town's prosperity, smiled on it and presented an annual valuable prize to be played for by the members of the club; but golf, *quoad* the Frenchman whom one came across in society, did not exist. The writer was at Pau in

1896 and again in 1899; from recollection he can state that certainly there were not more than three French members of the golf club, and these joined because they were personal friends of Englishmen in the club, and because it was the right thing to do. A great change has come over the French attitude towards golf, and indeed to all athletic games, since then. Possibly this is due to the *Entente cordiale*, that mystic phrase which has enabled both countries to discover pleasing qualities in each other of which neither previously had the least idea.

Whatever the reason of the change, the fact is indisputable that athletic games are daily growing in popularity in France, and already there are signs that in a few years she will be able to send over representatives capable of holding their own in every kind of sport. Already there are lawn-tennis players competent to extend the best in this country. It was the writer's fortune last summer to act as temporary secretary, or rather as golf adviser, to a golf club in Normandy, Étretat (of which more anon). During his stay, there took place a great lawn-tennis week, when prizes both valuable and numerous were played for. Many good players were attracted by the programme, including the French champion M. Décugis, and the English champion Mr. A. W. Gore, and the play throughout the week was of a really high class, many of the French ladies especially showing form which was a revelation to the English visitors. The titbit was the final for the chief prize (worth 5,000 francs) between the English and French champions. The courts consisted of fine red gravel rolled very hard, and they played extraordinarily fast, so much so that many of the services, especially of M. Décugis, were absolutely unplayable; but there can be little doubt that he has command of a service which is tremendous. Mr. Gore, in virtue of his proud position of champion, claimed his right to owe fifteen every game, with the result that he lost by three sets to love. On level terms the game would have been most interesting and exciting, the Frenchman depending on his service and volleying, which was at times wonderful, and Mr. Gore on his well-known drives. But what impressed one most was the keenness and enthusiasm of the gallery of quite 2,000 people, drawn from all distances, who sweltered patiently in an August sun such as we seldom get in England, and who applauded every stroke with the utmost impartiality. They are sportsmen, these French, whom we are just beginning to know.

It is, however, not with tennis, but with the growth of golf among them that we are primarily concerned, and it may be said at once that they are taking to the game seriously. There are, of course, as is only natural and national, many golfers among them,

men, and especially ladies, who regard the whole thing as a gigantic joke, who roar with laughter when they miss the ball, who run after it when they hit it, and who take pot shots at each other at twenty yards and less (one day someone will be badly hit), and who will persist in playing in high heels, thereby doing incalculable damage to the greens. It is not to this butterfly class that we would devote attention. It is to the large and ever-increasing class of Frenchmen who devote themselves heart and soul to golf. Possibly some of their notions may be wrong; for instance, they worship the cult of the card and pencil, and grovel before "Colonel Bogey." But time, experience, and



THE FRONT OF THE CLUB-HOUSE, CHANTILLY

above all further expansion of the *Entente cordiale*, will remedy these misapprehensions of the true and inner meaning of the game of golf.

The fact remains that they are setting to work to learn it thoroughly; and inasmuch as the average Frenchman has not been an athlete from his babyhood, as few have cultivated athletic games till quite recently, their progress is slow. Day after day you may see them laboriously trying to acquire a full swing, spending hours with a professional, seldom venturing to play a match, but rather going out with a card and religiously jotting down every stroke. But this perseverance has, as it must have, its ultimate reward, and the writer knows of more than one case where a man who seemed to all

intents a hopeless golfer improved quite ten strokes a round in one week. Pity the poor handicapper! As in lawn-tennis so in golf the majority of the terms used are either English or a direct translation of the English equivalent; but inasmuch as in the first-mentioned game, which of course has been played a great deal longer by French people than golf, they are evolving a vocabulary of their own, so we may expect soon to hear some original French golfing phrases. Though this article does not profess to deal with lawn-tennis, some of the terms in common use may be of interest.

"Love" is either *love* (pronounced "lof," and very charming the word sounds from the lips of a pretty French girl),



CHANTILLY—THE CROWD FOLLOWING MASSY AND GUSSIAT

rien, or *zéro*. A "let" is *deux balles*. When the game is level, e.g. "thirty all," they call out *trente partout*. "Vantage in" and "vantage out" are respectively *vantage dedans* and *vantage dehors*. To "serve" is *mener*. "Outside" and "deuce" remain as in English.

It will be seen therefore that a French lawn-tennis language is in the process of forming. In golf this has barely started. It is true that some enterprising French journalist in reporting the championship last year evolved one or two phrases, calling a putt, for instance, *un coup roulé*, and a bad shot *un coup manqué*; but as a rule the words used in playing are English, even more so than those that have been in common use at Pau for many years. One reason for this is that almost every French golfer has some knowledge of

English, and there is nothing they like more than airing it. At the same time the rules of golf have been translated into French, and very odd and quaint reading they make, especially those dealing with the etiquette of golf, in which department it must be said the French have still a great deal to learn. Thus, the rule dealing with the impropriety of playing till the parties in front are out of range reads thus: "Nul joueur ne doit ni jouer d'un tee jusqu'à ce que les joueurs qui le précèdent aient joué leur second coup, et soient hors de portée (out of distance), ni jouer vers le putting-green jusqu'à ce que les joueurs qui le précèdent aient fini le trou et se soient retirés."



TEA ON THE TERRACE OF THE GOLF CLUB

Again, the rule about a three-ball match having to allow a single or foursome to pass on being asked to is as follows: "Sur simple appel, un match à trois balles doit laisser passer un match à deux balles. Un match jouant le tour complet peut passer un match faisant un plus petit parcours."

There is a remarkably good equivalent for "Bogey," that name which still stinks in the nostrils of old golfers and which has contrived to render comparatively unpopular a variation of golf which has distinct merits. In France playing against a set figure for every hole is called playing against *La Normale*, and very stiff do they make *La Normale*.

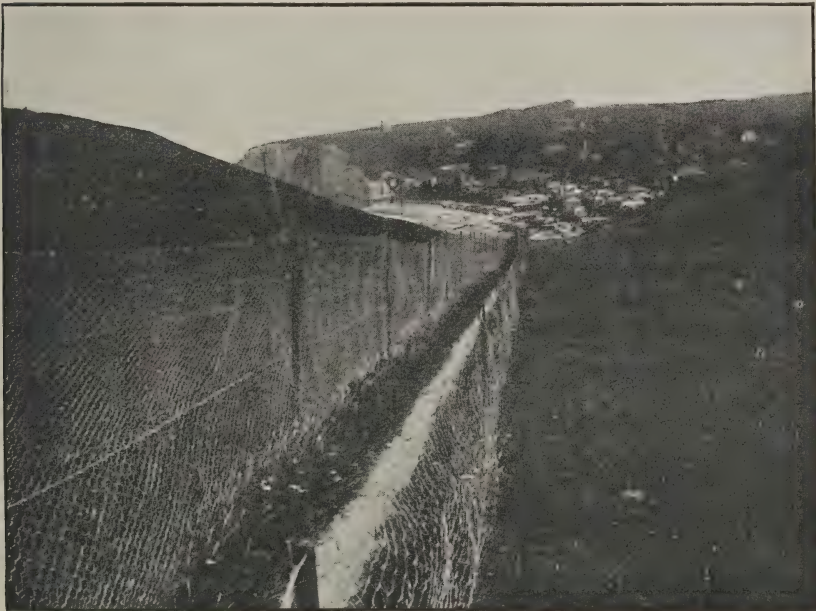
I have already alluded to Étretat in connection with lawn-tennis; but as it was in virtue of a ten weeks' visit that I became fairly intimate with French golf I propose to give some idea of the golfing life there. As a matter of fact if anyone wants a holiday abroad, but not too far away, and is not *too* particular about his golf, there is no better place than this little town nestling down between great horseshoe cliffs on the coast of Normandy. It is exquisitely pretty, the bathing (mixed, of course) is delightful, and the air like champagne. Golf is not the whole life of the place, rather is it a complement to lawn-tennis, bathing, and



THE BEACH AT ÉTRETAT

the casino. Comparatively few people play golf in the morning, which is devoted to lawn-tennis and the sea; but from 2 p.m. to 7 p.m. the links are busy, the more serious golfers starting soon after the midday *déjeuner* and playing two rounds, while the butterflies come up for an hour's frivolling before tea on the club terrace, and incidentally get very much in the way. The drawback to the links is the getting there. They are situated on cliffs quite 200 or 250 ft. above the town, and one has to walk—a serious undertaking in an August sun, though the actual distance is only half a mile. There are at present only thirteen holes, but it is hoped that this year more ground will be taken in and the full number of eighteen holes played.

Negotiations are proceeding, and if successful the course in a year or two should be a very good one. At present the holes are short, and on paper the round should be done in very few strokes; but the greens, or many of them, are on considerable slopes, and putting is the reverse of easy. Every week there is a competition for a prize presented by the casino authorities, who at present run the golf there, and the season ends with a *Grande Semaine de Golf*, which includes team matches with the neighbouring clubs of Le Havre and Dieppe. Étretat is reached by crossing over from Southampton to Le Havre and motoring fifteen miles in a public motor-bus.



HOW THE PUBLIC IS PROTECTED IN FRANCE—NOTE THE WIRE FENCE ON EACH SIDE OF THE PATH—THE TOWN OF ÉTRETAT IN THE DISTANCE

There is an ingenious contrivance for the safety of the public at Étretat which deserves a passing notice. A public footpath about six feet wide runs through part of the links. Naturally it would be hopeless to expect French people to get out of the way by shouting "Fore!" in the good old-fashioned way, so the committee hit upon the happy idea of erecting a high wire-fence with narrow meshes all along the sides of the path. There is one hole where the tee is only twenty yards from this path, and it is quite common to see golfers taking a full shot off the tee with a row of spectators just in front staring at them through the wire netting.

Étretat, however, is of mushroom growth compared with what may be called the father (or mother) of really native French golf-courses, viz, La Boulie, and the father of La Boulie is M. Pierre Deschamps, the president of the Golf Club. La Boulie, which is on the outskirts of Versailles, about forty minutes' motor drive from Paris, was laid out by Willie Park in 1901. It is over hilly undulating ground, and is improving as a test of golf every year. At first naturally the holes were short and simple, so as not to discourage the beginners; but it has been gradually lengthened and bunkered till it now compares very well with any of our inland courses, the



A DRIVING COMPETITION IN FRANCE

full length of it being 6,165 yards. The club has grown wonderfully in prosperity of late years; perhaps the fact that a Frenchman, Massy, actually won the open championship has given an extra stimulus to the game. Massy is now the resident professional at La Boulie, and has one or two very capable subordinates, one of whom, Maurice Daugé by name, is said to be the longest driver in the world. Whatever be the cause, the increase of membership during the last few years has been remarkable, and the club now numbers 700. A French open championship and a French amateur championship are played over the course every year. Last year J. H. Taylor won the open, and M. François de Bellet, a local player, the

amateur. It should be said that M. de Bellet is a really good player and a genuine scratch at St. Andrews.

For some years La Boullie remained the only golf course near Paris, but of late the same enthusiasm for the game which has turned every available space near London into a golf course, good, bad, or indifferent, seems to have infected the Paris sportsmen. (Note: it is always a "Société de Sport" which initiates any such movement in France.) Three courses have been added, at Fontainebleau, Chantilly, and Compiègne. The links at Fontainebleau are carved out of the historic forest, the subsoil being sandy; and though there are at present only nine holes, they are all very sporting. A course was opened at Chantilly last October, and already there are 350 members; the holes are long, and the course said to be somewhat monotonous, but that can easily be remedied. Chantilly is easily reached from Paris. Compiègne is the fourth more or less suburban golf course near Paris, and there is to be a big tournament over the links there, which are very well spoken of, in the third week of September.

Altogether it must be admitted that the game of golf has taken firm hold in France.





BOOKS ON SPORT

LETTERS TO A SALMON FISHER'S SONS. By A. H. Chaytor.
With diagrams and illustrations. London: John Murray,
Albemarle Street. 1910. (9s.)

Whilst Mr. Chaytor was meditating on the advisability of writing this work he became aware of the fact that "in the library of one enthusiastic angler, as Walton says, 'now with God, a noted fisher both for trout and salmon,' there were no less than 2,700 books upon fishing." When Mr. Chaytor says "no less," of course he means "no fewer," and it is a little sad that he should set his sons the example of writing bad English; but that is the only fault we have to find with him. The library of this one enthusiast naturally did not contain all the books that have been written on the subject; nevertheless, the additional one which Mr. Chaytor has added to the innumerable volumes is welcome. He really had an excuse for writing, having learnt the mysteries of the craft which he has practised with success from a grandfather who caught his first salmon at fifteen and his last at eighty-four. We entirely approve of Mr. Chaytor's scorn of records, "that curse of true sport," as he describes them, and they are more absurd when put forward as tests of skill in the matter of angling than in almost any other pursuit; for the most skilful fisherman cannot catch fish which are not in the water he is trying. It is rather surprising to find the author telling his son that "many times—though your books will hardly tell you

this—the playing of the salmon is as dull and uneventful as a thing can be.” We know a number of things which are certainly far duller than the playing of a salmon; for you never know what may happen until the fish is landed on the one hand, or has got the better of you on the other, and while this doubt prevails there must surely be an excitement about the contest? We should, indeed, have supposed that Mr. Chaytor was blasé but that he winds up his Preface by declaring that the very thought of a rod and a salmon-pool makes him feel like a schoolboy going home for holidays.

Should Mr. Chaytor’s sons fail to emulate the achievements of their great-grandfather, to whom reference has been made, it will not be for want of efforts on the part of their parent. If life were long enough, we can imagine an angler reading all the 2,700 books in the enthusiast’s library and closing the last page in a state of abject confusion; for it is inevitable that, perhaps in something like exact proportion, the various authors would have supported diametrically opposite theories, and furthermore have supplied instances to prove that those theories were correct. What is the fisherman to do about flies? The majority of the authors would probably say that if one fly proved ineffectual it was a good thing to try another, and we know men who are continually changing, in complete contradiction to a remark which Mr. Chaytor quotes, made by someone who is not in the habit of throwing a line. “You fish. What patience you must have!” However, the author declares himself to be “a heretic who thinks nothing of fishing for a long day without changing the fly more than once.” It is no doubt a common experience with fishermen to try a certain fly without success, to try another with no better fortune, to revert to the first and land fish after fish; this is one of the charms of angling, that you never know what your luck may be.

Mr. Chaytor naturally devotes himself to the consideration of the subjects which are rarely absent from the works of anglers. Do fish feel pain? He gives a variety of reasons for the belief that they do not. He has taken salmon and trout who had broken from some previous anglers, a 15 lb. salmon with a foot of gut in his mouth, and a 2 lb. trout with six inches of gut hanging to his jaw and the big hook, with a worm still upon it, in his stomach. If the salmon and trout here had been inconvenienced, they would hardly have been seeking another meal. Mr. Chaytor is also inclined to believe that otters do far less damage to fish than is generally supposed; and he gives his reasons. Another point he discusses is as to the desirability of wearing a strap round your waist when wading in dangerous waters. There are those who think that if you are fastened up with a belt and get out of your depth the buoyancy of your legs will be

apt to depress your head and drown you. Mr. Chaytor likes to speak from experience. More than once, he says, he has deliberately upset himself out of a boat in order to test this point. "The buoyancy is enough to keep your legs well up, but it does not bother you at all, and you swim quite easily although the clumsiness of the waders makes you very slow." Of course, too, he devotes space to the much-vexed question: "Do salmon feed in fresh water?" and he quotes the experiences of two investigators who a few years since examined 1,694 salmon taken in the lower reaches of the Dee. "Of the fish caught in the months of March, April, May, and June, 43 per cent., 37 per cent., 16 per cent., and 13 per cent. respectively, were found to have food in their stomachs. In the months of July, August, and September the proportion of fish in the stomachs of which any food was found fell to 1·7 per cent., 3·8 per cent., and 2 per cent. respectively. These records show pretty clearly that in the early months of the year and in cold water salmon do commonly contain some food, and that they eat less and less as the summer comes round, until they reach the minimum in July, after which month there is again a trifling increase." The book is a welcome addition to angling literature.

FROM THE THAMES TO THE SEINE. By Charles Pears. With Thirty Illustrations in colour and monochrome by the Author. London: Chatto & Windus. 1910. (12s. 6d.)

Mr. Pears, an artist whose work has on occasions appeared in this magazine, is an enthusiastic yachtsman. He is the proud owner of the *Marve Rhoe*, a vessel, if that is not too big a description of her, of 2·65 registered tonnage, and of yacht measurement four tons, which means that she is 26 ft. long over all, 19 ft. upon the water line, and 6·6 ft. wide. He occupied last summer in starting from the port of Hammersmith—the name of which he admits sounds somewhat inglorious as a port—sailing down the Thames to Rams-gate, thence to Calais, and so down the coast to Fécamp, putting in at various places—Boulogne, Étaples, St. Valéry sur Somme, Tréport, Dieppe, Havre, Harfleur, Trouville, Honfleur, to Fécamp and so home again; and he gives a chart showing the track he followed.

These are not places in which one is likely to meet with many adventures. But Mr. Pears is always observant, and makes a diverting narrative of his cruise. He did not perhaps meet many very interesting people, but of those he did meet he makes the most. Naturally his costume was not that in which one goes to Long-champs to see the Grand Prix. His seafaring attire caused him to be included in the sweeping condemnation of an English clergyman's

wife, who looking at him and other passengers travelling in a train to Étaples, remarked to her husband, "What an awful-looking lot of men!" The lady was surprised when presently Mr. Pears and an Englishman he had accidentally met began talking in their native language, showing that her criticism on their appearance had been perfectly understood. Even seafaring men appeared to think Mr. Pears's cruise was not without danger. While at Havre he found himself near a yacht of about thirty tons, the skipper of which was sunning himself in a deck chair. "You ought to tell your hand to stop aboard when you're away," the man cautioned. Mr. Pears explained that he had no hand. "What! you come here alone!" was the reply. "'Ere, I'll tell yer what you are. You're one of them suicidal maniacs. I'd have all of you locked up! I suppose you're going to write a book about it? 'All the way from London in a small yacht!' Are you going to have her taken back by steamer?" "No, I am not," Mr. Pears answered, "but I'll tell you this: I should never have got here if I had had you with me." Mr. Pears agreeably describes the various places he visited, and altogether it is pleasant to accompany him on his cruise. His pictures are excellent.

THE MOTOR ROUTES OF FRANCE. By Gordon Home. London: Adam and Charles Black. 1910.

Like Mr. Pears, Mr. Gordon Home, it is perhaps needless to say, is an artist, and to add that he writes as well as he draws is high praise. His expedition was to the Châteaux of Touraine, Biarritz, the Pyrenees, the Riviera, and the Rhone Valley. Sixteen of his pictures are in colour. The frontispiece shows the Cathedral of Chartres towering above the old roofs of the city. We have a glimpse of the old-world Norman town of Caudebec-en-Caux, which can have altered little since the thirteenth century. The towers of St. Rouen, familiar to many Englishmen, are here; and amongst other pictures the extraordinary Château of Chenonceaux—built absolutely over the River Cher, so that if anyone fell out of the window he would run a great risk of being drowned, always of course supposing he were not an expert swimmer; Narbonne, in which houses are also built on the bridge; the famous castle of Tarascon, Cap Martin, the coast of the Estérels, a typical bit of the Mediterranean between Cannes and St. Raphael, and amongst other views one of the ruins of Château Gaillard, Richard Cœur de Lion's great castle built above the Seine to defend the English frontier.

But the book is called "The Motor Routes of France," and its primary object is to supply a guide-book to those who tour in an automobile. For this purpose it answers admirably. The roads

are shown in the margin of various pages, with information as to distances and references to the places passed. Plans are also given of the chief towns and cities, and from various historical works Mr. Gordon Home has culled anecdotes and incidents dealing with events which have occurred in them. Altogether apart from its service as a guide to motorists the book is extremely interesting.

LETTERS OF A MODERN GOLFER TO HIS GRANDFATHER: Being the Correspondence of Richard Allingham, Esq. Arranged by Henry Leach. London: Mills & Boon. 1910. (6s.)

We are always a little doubtful of the eulogies of publishers when they dilate upon the works they issue. But there is an amount of truth in the criticism—not quite impartial, as must necessarily be the case—by which this book is recommended. It is described as ‘a blend of pleasant fiction with a little philosophy and with practical instruction of an unconventional character.’ Mr. Leach is known as a busy journalist who writes continually about the game of golf, an achievement which seems marvellous to that not inconsiderable part of the population who, never having attempted to play, or having attempted with greater or less success, search in vain for any of the fascinations which its devotees claim for it. Considering that, after all, golf is merely the hitting of a stationary ball from one spot to another with a weapon, or rather an elaborate series of weapons, constructed for the purpose, it must always appear phenomenal to those who are not golfers that books should be written and endless columns supplied day after day and week after week to innumerable newspapers. However, Mr. Leach maintains a huge output, and no doubt will continue to do so as long as he can hold a pen—and a club.

In these letters, however, he gets a good deal beyond the game. We have descriptions of the players, for instance, on whose characters and proceedings he dilates; and then there is Kitty, the lady with whom Mr. Leach’s hero, Richard Allingham, falls in love. The art of letter-writing is supposed to be well-nigh extinct, but Mr. Allingham is a phenomenal correspondent, though if his grandfather replied to any of his long letters the answers are not given. Allingham and his friends visited most of the principal links, and of course played on them. The writer was the best golfer of all, having a handicap of 1, which single stroke he declares ‘I find it the hardest of all to cast away.’ Norman Carson has a 4 handicap, Charles Swift a 2, Herbert Watson, far behind his figure, is 9, the handicap of Masters is 10. One of the letters is particularly characteristic of the ardent golfer. “Then came Tuesday,” Mr. Allingham tells his grandfather, “and I was in great form, really wonderful

form! I was hitting the most perfect balls from the tee, and was in that peculiar mood for putting when you seem to know the right line at once almost without looking for it." Most of us have heard players of the Royal and Ancient game make similar comments on their performances. There was, indeed, a cartoon by Mr. Haselden published the other day showing how a golfer who talked thus to three friends by degrees made them yawn piteously, till at length, roused to irrepressible exasperation, they threw him to the ground and jumped on him with extreme violence.

One of Mr. Allingham's friends was curiously affected by the game. He was given to gambling on the Stock Exchange, and declared that the value of the stocks and shares which he held varied in his mind according to the success of his shots. If he had a quantity of Kaffirs which stood at $8\frac{1}{4}$, he having bought them at $8\frac{3}{4}$, when he topped his first tee-shot he felt convinced that his shares had sunk to $8\frac{3}{16}$; another fozzle would send them down an additional sixteenth; if he played a really good round, he would win the last hole with a rooted conviction that the shares must have gone up to at least 9.

THE LADY MOTORIST'S COMPANION. By "A Four-Inch Driver."
London: Mills & Boon. 1910. (2s. 6d.)

This is one of a series of "Companions" which this firm is issuing. We confess that it puzzles us why the lady motorist should require special information, and, indeed, the author in his preface goes so far as to admit that "a motor remains a motor whether driven by a man or a woman." However, the book contains instructions equally suitable to drivers of either sex, with diagrams and illustrations which enable the reader to understand the construction, and so the operation, of the engine.

THE POULTRY-KEEPER'S COMPANION. By Arthur T. Johnson.
Mills & Boon. 1910.

This is another volume of the same series, evidently the work of an authority.

Messrs. Lewis & Sons, the well-known gunmakers, of 32 and 33, Lower Loveday Street, Birmingham, issue an illustrated catalogue which besides containing useful information—and many unsolicited testimonials—gives a long list of new and second-hand guns and rifles actually in stock at their showrooms, a choice which it is asserted is unobtainable elsewhere. The technical terms connected with gunnery in four languages form a useful feature.

BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

An announcement which says "Golf in your parlour, Golf on your lawn, Golf on your tennis-court, and Golf everywhere" will make golfers prick up their ears. The reference is to Johnson's Patent Golf Ball Trap supplied by Johnson's Patents Co., Ltd., Buccleuch Street, Dalkeith. This is an ingenious device to enable players to practise putting. The contrivance can be placed on the carpet or anywhere else. The circular fringe is the size of the hole and you putt towards it. If you hit too strongly the ball passes through, but the right strength keeps it inside the fringe. It is evidently much approved by golfers and costs only 8s. 6d.

* * * * *

Lost balls are one of the annoyances of golf, and the question which frequently arises as to whom the ball belongs is one of the particular nuisances. To obviate this difficulty, Messrs. Andrew Levy & Co., of 80 and 82 Great Junction Street, Leith, Edinburgh, have applied for a patent for their golf-ball marker, by the use of which names or initials can be permanently stamped on balls without in any way injuring them, so that there can be no possible mistake about the ownership.

* * * * *

Many holiday-makers who go abroad miss some interesting sights. They do not see many of the things most worthy of inspection, and it is an excellent idea on the part of Miss Bishop, of 117 Croydon Road, Anerley, to arrange and accompany what she calls "Select private social tours," as she is a perfect guide. One of these tours starts for the Oberammergau Passion Play on July 29. Programmes of these and later tours may be had on application.

* * * * *

One of the effects of the popularity of motoring has been to induce innumerable people who had not the remotest idea of mechanics or engineering to obtain a knowledge of the principles upon which cars are constructed. Motorists are invited to judge for themselves of the benefits derivable from the use of the Hele-Shaw Clutch, supplied by the British Hele-Shaw Patent Clutch Co., Ltd., of Suthers Street, Oldham, for which it is claimed that it quickly saves its cost in tyres and greatly reduces wear and strain on all parts behind the engine.

* * * * *

Several training stables and other establishments have been wisely provided with the fire extinguisher known as "Kyl-Fyre," supplied by Kyl Fyre, Ltd., of Eastbourne, such well-known stables as Escott's at Lewes being among the number. The vessel containing the ingredient can be fixed up anywhere, occupies little space, and is unquestionably thoroughly effective.

* * * * *

Intending visitors to Scotland may have their attention drawn to the Scourie Hotel, Scourie, Suiberland, kept by Mr. M. E. Ross. The scenery in the neighbourhood is peculiarly beautiful, and among the attractions, besides of course bathing, boating, etc., is excellent fishing in about forty lochs, several of which have been stocked and are fished this season for the first time.

* * * * *

This magazine appeals to thousands of amateur photographers, whose attention should be drawn to the Isochromatic Plate, which is one among many aids supplied by Messrs. Wellington and Ward, of Elstree, Herts. A booklet descriptive of their productions may be had free on application.

* * * * *

A pumping plant which has created a great deal of attention of late is the "Lamp Pump." This apparatus is an automatic lift and force pump, the motive power of which is supplied by a paraffin lamp with an ordinary Primus burner. The smallest size pump consumes about one pint of paraffin oil and pumps up to 400 gallons per hour; hence it is claimed to be the cheapest pumping plant in the world. Any boy or servant girl can manage the apparatus, which only occupies a floor space of 2 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in. These pumps are the invention of Mr. E. Baynes Haddock, and are manufactured by the Lamp Pump Syndicate, Ltd., of 12, Carey Street, Westminster, S.W.

* * * * *

Many motorists are now absolutely competent to judge for themselves what they require, and to them may be recommended the free guide entitled "Points in the Choice of a Car," supplied by the British Bariquand & Marre Engine Co., Ltd., 10 Poland Street, Oxford Street, W. The Guide discusses in easy and comprehensible terms practically all subjects of chief interest to motorists.

* * * * *

The use of "Solignum" as a preservative of wood from decay, dry rot, and vermin, is becoming more and more recognised. It is manufactured by Messrs. Major & Co., Ltd., of Hull, in various shades of green and brown, and is picturesque as well as effective. A special kind is made for stone and brickwork, which excludes all dampness from the walls treated with it, and prevents the crumbling away of stones and bricks.



A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the July competition will be announced in the September issue.

THE MAY COMPETITION

The Prize in the May competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge; Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels; Mr. J. G. Crace, Lieutenant R.N., H.M.S. *Inflexible*, First Cruiser Squadron; Captain C. E. Bateman-Champain, 5th Gurkhas, Abbottabad, N.W. Frontier; Surgeon-Major W. Fry, H.M. Indian Army, Kenmore, Maidstone; Mr. A. E. Brown, British Agency, Zanzibar; Mr. Carslake Winter-Wood, Hareston, Paignton, South Devon; Lady Elizabeth Keppel, Quidenham, Attleborough, Norfolk; Mr. J. R. Wall, Wanganui, New Zealand; and Mr. F. Barton, jun., Belmont, Surrey.



OTTER-HUNTING—REED BED DRAWN BLANK

Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, TonbridgeJAMAICA GARRISON ATHLETIC SPORTS—PRIVATES OF THE 1ST WEST INDIA REGIMENT
PILLOW-FIGHTING ON A BEAM OVER WATER*Photograph by Mrs. E. F. Broderip, Constant Spring Hotel, Jamaica*



A HIGH JUMP AT SPA

Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels



MIDSHIPMEN PLAYING HOCKEY ON ROLLER SKATES ON BOARD H.M.S. "INFLEXIBLE"

Photograph by Mr. J. G. Crace, Lieutenant R.N., H.M.S. "Inflexible," First Cruiser Squadron



THE QUEEN MARGARET HURDLE RACE—HEXHAM STEEPLECHASES

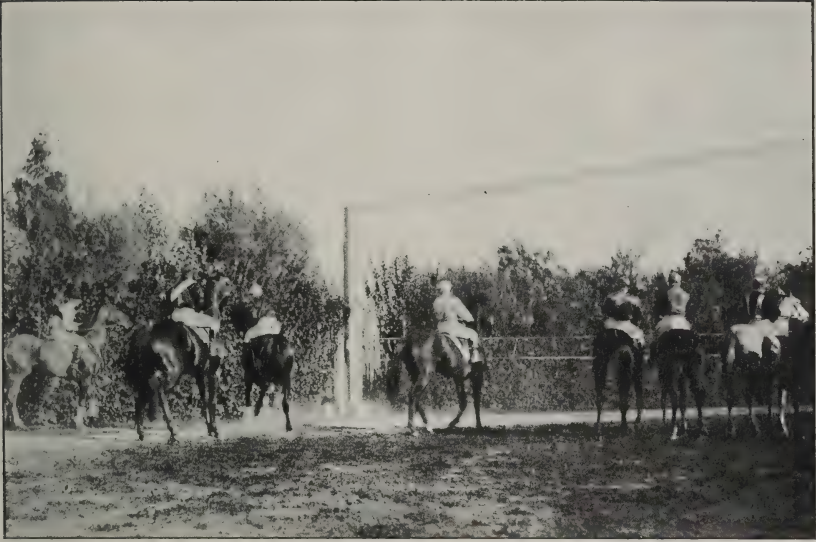
Photograph by Mr. Stanley Sewell, Hexham



5TH GURKHAS' HILL RACE AT ABBOTTABAD, N.W. FRONTIER, INDIA

The photograph shows the stony nature of the country over which these races are run barefooted by the Gurkhas. The actual distance of the course is not known, but the highest point is 2,000 ft. above the starting and finishing points. The time taken by the winner was 26 min. 16 sec., and the time for an ordinary man to walk round the course at an average pace was 1 hr. 36 min.

Photograph by Captain C. E. Bateman-Champain, 5th Gurkhas, Abbottabad, N.W. Frontier



A START AT NICE

Photograph by Surgeon-Major W. Fry, H.M. Indian Army, Kenmore, Maidstone



THE WINNING CREW OF A BOAT-RACE AT ZANZIBAR

Photograph by Mr. A. E. Brown, British Agency, Zanzibar



J. BRAKE, MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY, CLEARS 9 FT. 7 IN. AT THE VICTORIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS, APRIL 1910

Photograph by Mr. A. F. Johnstone, South Yarra, Melbourne, Victoria



A GOOD START AT DURBAN

Photograph by Mr. P. C. Stutfield, High School, Durban, Natal



IN THE AIR

Photograph by Surgeon-Major W. Fry, H.M. Indian Army, Kenmore, Maidstone



AN AWKWARD SPILL—DARTMOOR HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACES AT WRANGATON

Photograph by Mr. Carslake Winter-Wood, Hareston, Paignton, South Devon



THE START FOR THE "DERBY," SHREWSBURY SCHOOL
Photograph by Mr. Arthur D. Ingram, Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W.



ERNEST BARRY, THE ENGLISH CHAMPION, IN TRAINING AT PUTNEY FOR THE
WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP ON THE ZAMBESI

Photograph by Mr. Adolphe Abrahams, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.



THE START FOR THE KING'S CUP, COWES, 1909, "METEOR" IN THE FOREGROUND

Photograph by Lady Elizabeth Keppel, Quidenham, Attleborough, Norfolk



THE CROWD AT CHESTER RACES

Photograph by Miss E. de Trafford, The Elm House, Nantwich



OTTER-HUNTING—IN DIFFICULT WATER

Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge



TAME FOXES

These foxes, a dog and a vixen, are quite tame and follow their owner about anywhere; they are a year old and in splendid condition. When not loose they are kept chained up to a dog kennel in the poultry yard. The dog fox was lost for some months, but was dug out of an earth with a hunted fox and restored to his owner.

Photograph by Miss F. Agg, Cranmore Place, Chislehurst



THE RACE FOR THE MANAWATU CUP, NEW ZEALAND—THE FIELD AT ABOUT
HALF DISTANCE

Photograph by Mr. J. R. Wall, Wanganui, New Zealand



HAULING IN A FISHING NET, ZANZIBAR

Photograph by Mr. A. E. Brown, British Agency, Zanzibar



A LINE OUT—STREATHAM V. WIVELSCOMBE
Photograph by Mr. F. Barton, Junr., Belmont, Surrey



MOP FIGHTING—2ND BATT. LEICESTERSHIRE REGIMENTAL SPORTS, BELGAUM, INDIA
Photograph by Captain F. H. Romilly, 2nd Batt. Leicestershire Regiment, Belgaum, India



EYREFIELD TWO-YEAR-OLDS COMING OUT
(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

The Badminton Magazine

“THE COLOURS”

VIII.—MAJOR EUSTACE LODER

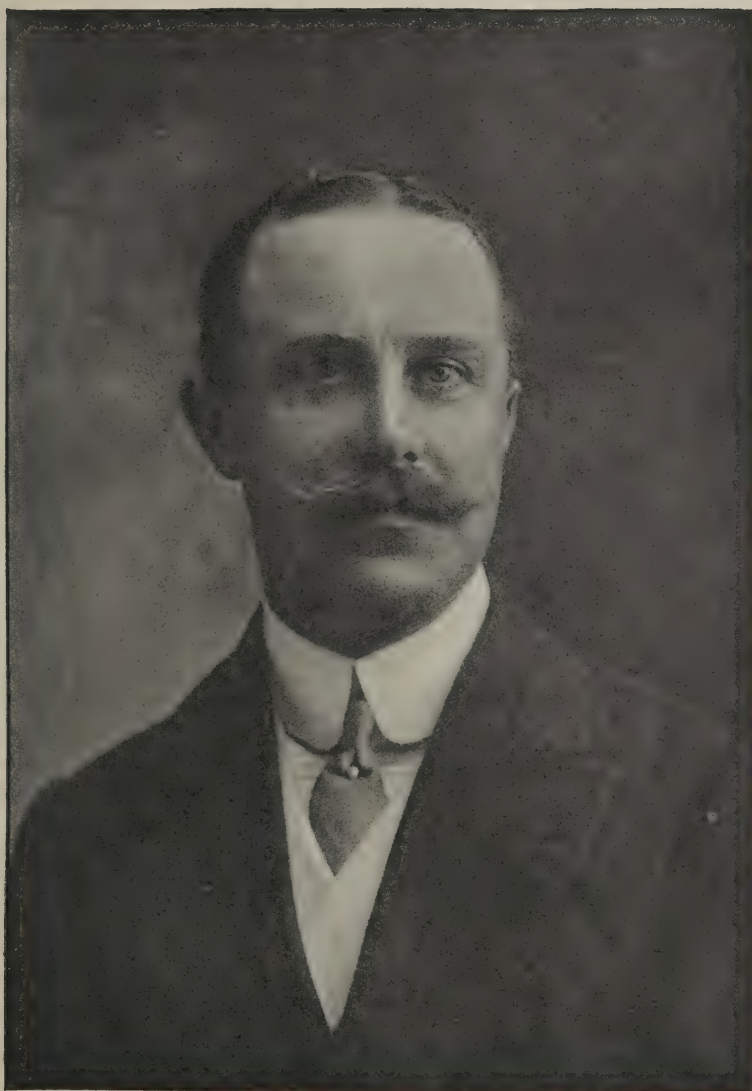
Yellow, Dark Blue Sleeves, Black Cap

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

IF a dozen students of racing were asked to name the luckiest owner now running horses it is probable that more than one of them would make choice of Major Eustace Loder. In a way they would have reason, for in some respects the good fortune which has attended him has been great. He will go down in racing history as the man who bought a Derby winner, one whom there is every reason to regard as well above the average moreover, for 300 gns., which is the more remarkable in his case, as of late years he has scarcely bought anything, his horses coming from his own stud. Furthermore he bred one of the greatest mares the Turf has ever known in Pretty Polly, and for years he has occupied a prominent

place in the list of winning owners. And yet luck has not been consistent. The colours were first registered in 1891. In 1892 he secured one of the principal races in the *Calendar*, and yet for year after year afterwards he won nothing at all, speaking quite literally. His name is continually absent from the list of winning owners; indeed, when he began to race he seemed to be among the unluckiest of those who participate in the sport. During the last decade, however, there have always been animals bred at Eyrefield able to carry the colours with high credit. But luck is treacherous, and no one can say whether another Pretty Polly may be forthcoming, or whether, as has happened so often in other studs which have enjoyed exceptional prosperity, barren years are approaching. Certainly everybody will hope they are not, for there is no owner who more thoroughly deserves the esteem and respect of the racing world.

Major Eustace Loder is the son of the late Sir Edmund Loder, and was born in Sussex. Because his horses are bred in Ireland there seems to be an idea that he is an Irishman, a country with which he has no more connection than comes from his owning a stud farm on the Curragh of Kildare. His father did not race, but I believe he had some thoroughbred mares and had a taste for the Turf as for other sports. Eustace, however, obtained a commission in the 12th Lancers. It is difficult at the present time to find many cavalrymen who do not take an interest in the thoroughbred horse, and a few years ago it was still more exceptional. The young Lancer was certainly not among the exceptions. He was, indeed, keen not only to own, but to ride, and soon after joining distinguished himself at regimental and hunt meetings, in 1891 winning a couple of races on his own horses in the course of the same afternoon. He was also a hard-working soldier, for some five years acting as Adjutant; but he found time, nevertheless, for the sport to which he was devoted. Living in Sussex, it was natural that his horses should be trained there, and the first he owned were under the charge of the late William Goater at Findon, doing their work on the Downs now occupied by Mr. Gwyn Saunders-Davies. A little later he went to Danebury, where he took a fancy to a mare of Tom Cannon's, Billow, a daughter of Ocean Wave and Queen Frederica, and bought her, mainly with a view to winning 'cross-country races, for jumping was then his first fancy, and early in his career he became possessed of a good 'chaser in Field Marshal, who used to win on frequent occasions with his friend and brother officer Mr. Eustace Crawley in the saddle, weight soon preventing the owner himself from riding. Field Marshal was a really good horse, better than Prince Edward, and he in turn was much better than



MAJOR EUSTACE LODER
(*Photograph by Bassano, Ltd.*)

Redpath, who was good enough to win the big Paris steeplechase. Billow had such fine speed and stayed so well that it was determined to see what she could do on the flat, and in 1892 she carried off, amongst other races, the Ascot Stakes, the first event of any importance which fell to the colours, and, moreover, the only one for a long period. The owner secured three other small races worth £1,141 in all.

For having made this little splash Mr. Loder seemed quite out of it. In 1893 he picked up a couple of races worth £372; but he was accomplishing his main object of getting a stud



ADMIRATION, DAM OF 'PRETTY POLLY'
(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

together, and among the yearlings he bought was a daughter of Saraband and Gaze for 510 gns., whom he named Admiration, as also The Tierce for 360 gns. We find them entered for various stakes in 1894, with Wall's Court, a son of Hampton and Jersey Lily, a daughter of Galliard and Carn Bré, and others. But 1894 was an absolutely blank year, as was 1895. In 1896 there was a little move; he won a couple of races worth £242, but then again 1897, 1898, and 1899 were blanks. This is a long spell of unsuccess; but Captain Loder, as he had become, was willing to bide his time. He had, indeed, taken one important step. In 1896, when quar-

tered in Ireland, he visited Eyrefield Lodge, a training establishment which had become famous during the tenancy of Mr. Lindé, who had turned out not a few of the best steeplechase horses of the period. The brothers Beasley were attached to the place, and earned continual successes for the owners who trained there. Eyrefield, on the death of its owner, came into the market; Captain Loder was greatly struck by it, convinced that if good horses could not be bred there it would be hard indeed to find a suitable place. Negotiations were soon completed, and the estate passed into his possession, with the result that his discrimination has been amply rewarded. *Admiration*, *The Tierce*, and the other mares he had purchased were sent to their new quarters, and in 1898 one of them,



EYREFIELD LODGE
(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

Astrology, produced to Isinglass a good-looking chestnut colt, named *Star Shoot*.

Eight years had passed since *Billow* won the Ascot Stakes; during this time the colours had been successfully carried in various 'cross-country events, of no great importance, on both sides of the Irish Channel; but, as we have seen, successes on the flat had been sadly lacking. It was quite a change to send a high-class two-year-old to Manchester for a £1,000 race, and thither in 1900 *Star Shoot* went to take part in the Summer Breeders' Foal Plate. He was not expected to win, for there was a 3 to 1 on favourite in *Princess Melton*, who had taken the *Acorn Stakes*, following on successes at *Liverpool* and *Newmarket*. But *Star Shoot* ran her to a length, and going on to Ascot was a creditable third to *Bay Melton* and *Orchid* for the

New Stakes. Better times were evidently in store. Star Shoot progressed, was an odds-on favourite for the British Dominion Two-year-old Race at Sandown, which he duly won, carried off the Hurst Park Foal Plate worth nearly £1,200, and then went to the post for the most valuable two-year-old race of the season, the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown. Of course he had all the penalties, his weight being 9 st. 9 lb., and it just prevented him from winning outright, a desperate finish with Ian, 9 st., Sloan up, Lester Reiff being on Star Shoot, resulting in a dead-heat. How he must have come on was shown by the position of Bay Melton, who was here third, just in front of the son of Florizel II and Red Enamel, for whom 5,000 gns. was subsequently refused;



ASTROLOGY

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

among the beaten lot being Santa Brigida, who was to make a name for herself in Lord Derby's paddocks. But Captain Loder's luck did not stand to him. The colt started at 7 to 2 for the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby, where his penalties stopped him. He could only get third for the Champagne the following week, and third to Floriform (in receipt of 7 lb.) and Orchid, beaten a neck and a head, for the Middle Park Plate. For the first time, however, Captain Loder took a not inconspicuous place in the list of winning owners, though the £6,848 he was credited with winning did not quite represent that amount. According to the curious custom which prevailed in calculating winnings—Lord Londonderry has

lately brought in a sensible resolution to amend it—Star Shoot and Ian were both recorded as having won £4,779 at Sandown, the fact of course being that they had divided the amount between them. This was the year when Diamond Jubilee raised King Edward to the head of the list with £29,385, Captain Loder coming some distance down with, to be exact, £4,430.

Having once obtained this position he was destined well to maintain it. The horses were at this time in the stable of the American trainer Huggins, and a filly was forthcoming to do considerably better than Star Shoot had done. This was Game



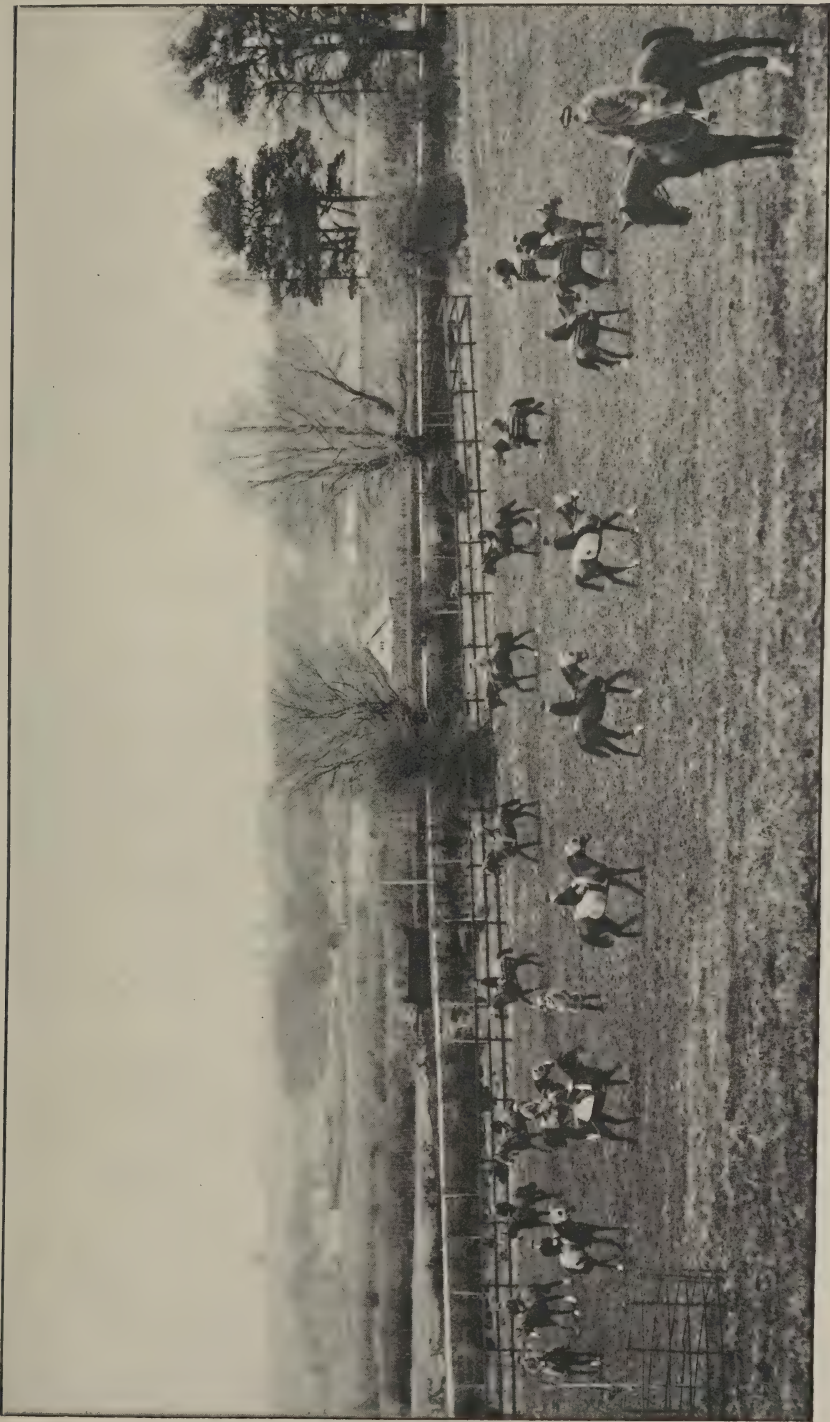
HAMMERKOP—B. DILLON UP
| (Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

Chick, a brown daughter of Gallinule and The Tierce. She came out for the New Stakes against a notable opposition. Flying Lemur, the own brother to Flying Fox, was favourite, Duke of Westminster second, Game Chick next. Flying Lemur was a failure. The second son of Orme and Vampire won nothing, the race falling to Duke of Westminster, with Game Chick three lengths off. A comparatively easy task was then found for her. She was put into the Princess Cup at the Newmarket July and readily landed the odds of 7 to 4 on, after which she went to Sandown to try her luck

in the race for which Star Shoot had dead-heated twelve months previously, and with odds of 6 to 4 on her won easily by a couple of lengths, a satisfactory performance from every point of view, the stakes that year having been worth just over £5,000. It has often happened that after winning the National Breeders' Produce Stakes a failure has followed, and it did so here, Duke of Westminster beating her a head for the Richmond Stakes, and a little disaster also occurred at York, where with 3 to 1 on her she finished second to Colonel E. W. Baird's St. Windeline, who was to become the dam of a Leger winner, Wool Winder; but then Game Chick took to scoring again. She won the Champagne at Doncaster from Czardas and Sceptre, the last-named being an odds-on favourite, won the Autumn Breeders' Foal Plate at Manchester, and the Michaelmas Plate next day. But she could only get fourth for the Middle Park Plate; third for the Great Sapling Plate at Sandown, winding up the season by beating no less redoubtable a colt than Ard Patrick and eight others for the Dewhurst. Without Game Chick Major Eustace Loder would have had a blank year. As it was, the four races she took placed him ninth on the list of winning owners, with £9,320.

This was luck, of course; and yet it was mitigated. Star Shoot had gone wrong in his wind. He was not produced until Ascot, where he was unplaced for a Triennial, and after another failure in the Midsummer Stakes at the Newmarket Second July was seen no more. No one can have things all his own way! It seems a little absurd at the present time to talk about "hard lines" in connection with Major Eustace Loder, but it was hard that Game Chick should have become a roarer also. Presumably the ailment came on slowly, for odds were laid on her at the Craven Meeting, where she was beaten out of a place, and she was second favourite at 11 to 2 to Sceptre (2 to 1 on) for the One Thousand, contriving to get fourth. She ran also for the Oaks; nowhere. Her decline was more evident when Friar Tuck gave her 13 lb. and beat her at Hurst Park. With 7 st. 9 lb., starting at 100 to 6, she was beaten in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, was a bad third with three runners for the Yorkshire Oaks, her only success during the season being the September Stakes at Sandown, which she won from a very poor field.

There never was an owner who did not meet with disappointment, and it frequently happens that the horse of whom most is expected does least. In 1901 Major Eustace Loder had a colt of whom the highest hopes had been formed, a son of Gallinule and Concussion, called Water Chute. Of course he was put into all the best races, and that he would fail to win a share of them seemed improbable in the extreme. But Water Chute could



THE EYREFIELD STRING IN THE HOME PADDOCKS
(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

never be produced in his first season, and coming to a year later it may be briefly said that he only made one appearance then. That was at Ascot. He ran for a Triennial, had no price in the market, there were eight runners, and he was a bad eighth. 1902 indeed would have been a bad year again but for one filly who was to have a long and successful career, Hammerkop, an own sister to Water Chute, whose performances went far to compensate for her brother's inability. She began with a third in the British Dominion Two-year-old race at Sandown, was then second to Greatorex for the Hurst Park Foal Plate, and next time went one better, winning the July Stakes at Newmarket, among those behind her being Colonel Harry McCalmont's Zinfandel, who never gave his running as a two-year-old, for some inexplicable reason. King Edward's Mead, with 8 lb. the best of the weights, beat her in the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood; but she won the Lavant, the International Breeders' Two-year-old Stakes at Kempton, and the Criterion, finishing fourth to Rock Sand, Mead, and Greatorex for the Dewhurst. Hammerkop's four races were worth £4,081, the bulk of the £5,138 won during the year, two trifling events supplementing Game Chick's contribution.

1903 was one of those years which rarely fall to the lot of owners. It is of course every man's ambition to find a great horse who will stand out by himself or by herself, and such a one was now to carry the yellow, dark blue sleeves, black cap. This was, of course, Pretty Polly, the daughter of Gallinule and Admiration, destined to make so deep a mark in racing history. There had seemed no particular reason to hope much from her. Admiration herself, liberally entered, had done little, and my friend and contributor Major Arthur Hughes-Onslow, who rode her on several occasions, pronounces her to have been a hopeless jade. Her two previous foals by Laveno had been practically no good, and during the spring there seemed no reason to suppose that her daughter by Gallinule was out of the common. Pretty Polly had been galloped before being sent to Sandown for the British Dominion Two-year-old race, but she left Newmarket having created the idea that she was still backward, from which it will be gathered that nothing extraordinary was anticipated. When her owner talked to me about her he was out of reach of trial books, and did not remember how she had been galloped; nor indeed would it probably have conveyed much impression. How she won everyone knows. The tale has been often told; indeed, so much has been written about Pretty Polly that I propose to cut short the account of her wonderful career. John o' Gaunt was favourite for this race, and was beyond all doubt a really good colt, though he never did in public what he could do at home.

Before the field had gone far Pretty Polly was a long way in front, and I have never been able to believe that the verdict of ten lengths represented the true state of the case. She seemed to me to have won very much further. The impression prevailed that she had got away by herself.

It was not the case; but her merit could not have been recognised, or she would not have started at 2 to 1 for the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, which she won at her ease; and after this it became hard to back her—which mattered little to her owner, who does not bet—though belief in St. Amant kept her at



PRETTY POLLY

(Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket)

evens for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. It seems strange now that anyone should have failed to realise what Pretty Polly was. Odds of 2 to 1 were laid on her for the Middle Park, though there were still many who believed in St. Amant, and he was backed at 9 to 2. Pretty Polly ran nine times, her nine races being worth £13,502, still greater satisfaction than that derivable from the stakes won being the prospect of those which she seemed bound to win next year—if all went well with her, for, of course, we all know how two-year-old fillies are often found to have lost

their form the following season. Hammerkop contributed, and several times she came near to winning without quite getting home. Her May Three-year-old Plate at Kempton yielded £1,130, which was a nice beginning; but she was second in the Oaks, second in the Nassau at Goodwood, second in the Park Hill (easily beating the Oaks winner Our Lassie, however), and her only other success was in the Yorkshire Oaks. The two mares raised Major Eustace Loder to fourth place in the list of winning owners with £15,738, the first year he had ever been conspicuous, and he had now served a fairly long apprenticeship.

Happily it was found that Pretty Polly was better as a three-year-old than she had been as a two. She came out for the One Thousand and cantered home with odds of 4 to 1 on her. There never was such an Oaks known. Only three others went to the post, and she won at her ease with odds of 100 to 8 on. Three lengths appeared to be the usual measure of her success. Both the classics were won by that distance, and so was the Coronation Stakes at Ascot. It is a reasonable distance to win. Things are not run too fine, and the animal is not needlessly exerted. She won the Nassau by a bit more; if she had not done so Lane would have had hard work to pull back to his horses; but it was a case of three lengths again in the St. Leger, when the ring kindly let us lay 5 to 2, which was really extremely generous of them. Those who cared to do so had to lay 25 to 1 on for the Park Hill Plate, three lengths again, and she wound up the season by carrying 9 st. 7 lb. in the Free Handicap, 7 to 2 on. The judge said this time two lengths, but it looked much about the usual three. Her half-dozen races were worth £18,440. Hammerkop took the Great Yorkshire Handicap and another race, something else won a little race in the colours, I forget what, but Major Loder came second on the list (Sir James Miller heading it by the aid of Rock Sand) with £19,899.

One of the chief sources of interest in 1905 was to see what The Admirable Crichton, Pretty Polly's half-brother by Isinglass, would do, of course to see also what she would continue to do herself, and there was a new three-year-old sister Adula, unable to run as a two-year-old. I forgot to ask Major Loder whether he omitted to enter Pretty Polly for the £10,000 races or whether he struck her out and paid the minor forfeit, as unfortunately she did not appear in any of them, and indeed there were few opportunities for her this year. She won the Coronation Cup at Epsom from Zinfandel and the French-bred Caius, and then met with a slight mishap, sufficient, however, to keep her away from the course until the middle of October, when she won the Champion Stakes, following on with the Limekiln Stakes and the Jockey Club Cup, in which she beat

Bachelor's Button. This meant merely £3,420, which seemed small after the figures of the two previous years.

The Admirable Crichton was some time coming to hand, not being ready to appear until the Chesterfield Stakes at the Second July, and an overwhelming opinion had not been formed of him, for he started at 3 to 1 in a field of five, the favourite being Lord Farquhar's Rayon. Admirable Crichton won easily. Going on to Goodwood, however, it was thought that a smart filly called Sweet Mary would beat him for the Rous Memorial, and odds of 3 to 1 were laid on her, only the two running. The Admirable Crichton showed there was more in



MAJOR EUSTACE LODER LEADING IN PRETTY POLLY AFTER WINNING THE OAKS
(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

him than had been suspected by winning a short head. Here he had been under-estimated, and he was somewhat over-estimated in the Middle Park Plate. He ran against his stable companion—for it should have been said that since 1902 the horses had been trained by Mr. Gilpin—the late Sir Daniel Cooper's Flair. The colt started at even money, 11 to 4 was laid against the filly, the latter winning by a couple of lengths; but in the Dewhurst, where The Admirable Crichton started favourite at 6 to 4 on, he could only get fourth to Picton.

Pretty Polly's own sister Adula began with a miss. She ran nowhere in the Coronation Stakes, though in the course of the race

she was so badly bumped that whatever chance she might have had was effectually destroyed, for she possessed merit, and on her second appearance took the City of London Breeders' Foal Plate at Kempton. She was not another Pretty Polly, but nevertheless decidedly a good mare. Her penalty prevented her from winning the Hurst Park Lennox Plate, in which she finished third, giving the winner, Amitie, 13 lb.; but she won the Park Hill, the Great Foal Stakes, this time beating Amitie four lengths and giving 19 lb. Her contribution was £3,080, The Admirable Crichton's £1,595; their owner showed well up in the list—fifth—with £11,584.

So far we have been discussing Eyrefield-bred horses. Major Loder seldom bought yearlings, but he had looked over some young ones in the summer, and had been particularly struck by a son of Carbine and Maid of the Mint who was sent up with others from the stud to Doncaster. The one he had admired actually hung fire at 200 guineas, and he was inclined to believe that there must be some defect which had escaped his notice. Bids continued slowly. He determined to chance it, nodded at 300 guineas, and so obtained, not only a Derby winner, but a winner of the Grand Prix, one of the best classic colts of modern times, and so far as can at present be judged, a most valuable sire.

Spearmint, as the colt was called, progressed at Clarehaven, made his first appearance in the Great Foal Plate at Lingfield, and won, though only by a head. Next time out, at Derby, he ran up against Black Arrow, whose reputation was so high that 4 to 1 was laid on him; Black Arrow landed the odds, Spearmint beating all the others. He only tried once again as a two-year-old, when with 9 st. he was beaten little more than a length for a Nursery at Newmarket. Evidently he had been an extraordinarily good bargain, though how good was not then guessed, for The Admirable Crichton, partly by reason of his relationship to Pretty Polly, was the hope of the stable when the season ended.

The year 1906 therefore opened with excellent prospects. Pretty Polly was fit and well, The Admirable Crichton was being backed for the Derby, in such betting as there was, and when the season had a little advanced, a son of Laveno and Gallinaria—Galvani—began to create hopes that another really good two-year-old had come from Eyrefield. Pretty Polly was out early, winning the March Stakes with odds of 1,000 to 35 on her; but The Admirable Crichton ran moderately in the Two Thousand behind Gorgos, Sancy, Ramrod, Beppo, and Black Arrow.

Before the Derby a new condition of affairs had arisen. There had been an idea that Flair, after winning the One Thousand Guineas, would be the fourth filly since the Derby was started in

1780 to take the great race. She had broken down, and it had become apparent that a better than Admirable Crichton was in the stable. This was Spearmint, and, indeed, notwithstanding the Middle Park Plate, I have a strong impression that Major Eustace Loder believes that Spearmint would have won the Derby had Flair been able to run. He does not express himself strongly on this point, and indeed would no doubt hesitate to give a decided opinion if pressed to do so. If he were disposed to speak frankly, however, I am convinced that this is his belief, for Spearmint, according to more than one gallop, was just about as good as Pretty Polly at weight-for-age.

Lally started favourite for the Derby, having been a brilliant



PRETTY POLLY IN THE PRELIMINARY CANTER BEFORE THE OAKS

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

two-year-old and beaten the winner of the Two Thousand in the Newmarket Stakes. He proved unable to stay, and Spearmint, second favourite at 6 to 1, beat a field which was not supposed to be a good one at the time, an impression which had to be amended. There were really remarkably good horses in it. Picton, it is confidently asserted by his friends, would have done great things had he stood, but he never ran again. Troutbeck, who was third, won the Leger; Radium, fourth, was a Cup horse; and behind them were three winners of £10,000 races in Beppo, Sancy, and Lally; Black Arrow; The White Knight, winner of two Ascot Cups; Plum Tree, a Goodwood Cup winner; and others who made names. I

began this article by talking of Major Eustace Loder's luck, and it was certainly an amazing stroke of it to buy a Derby winner, whose subscription is now full at 250 guineas, for no more than three hundred. He went to Paris a fortnight later and won the Grand Prix, starting at odds on, a feat no English horse had performed for twenty years. But he was never able to run again.

For the second year Pretty Polly took the Coronation Cup, and then a check to her triumphant career was forthcoming, the second which had befallen her, for she and Zinfandel had both been beaten in the Prix du Conseil Municipal as three-year-olds, a disaster probably attributable to the heavy state of the course. She was regarded as a certainty for the Ascot Gold Cup, odds of 11 to 4 being laid on her; but she could not quite last home, and was most unexpectedly beaten a length by Bachelor's Button. Hammerkop's second Alexandra Plate was the only success the stable achieved at Ascot, Galvani not running. He had not done what was anticipated at Hurst Park the previous week, starting favourite and finishing fourth for the Foal Stakes. But this was a question of "first time out," as he obviously ought to have won without difficulty. He took the Chesterfield, the International Two-year-old Plate at Kempton, failed by a neck to give Bezonian 10 lb. in the Breeders' Foal Plate at Kempton, but won the Imperial Produce Plate there in October, and then distinguished himself by beating Slieve Gallion, who started 4 to 1 on, for the Middle Park Plate. I certainly did not think he could do this, for in the Birdcage prior to the race he looked particularly tucked up and unhappy. He was a colt, indeed, who, as his owner admits, constantly "seemed to be feeling sorry for himself." If anything was wrong with him he would make it as plain as if he were able to speak; still, he was undoubtedly a good one at his best, and considering what Polar Star could do it was little discredit to Galvani to go down before him in the Criterion. Major Eustace Loder, however, had enjoyed a highly prosperous year; for the £17,489 which placed him second on the list according to the record omits the £10,008 which the Grand Prix yielded, and there were also some useful seconds. The Admirable Crichton, who was expected to do so much, only won a single race, the Cleveland Handicap worth £440. Pretty Polly's winnings were small, £1,935; but the cheap yearling added £16,458 to the total, and Galvani's four races were worth £6,139.

Interest in 1907 centred chiefly round Galvani, about whom there were great possibilities. He did not run for the Two Thousand, his first appearance of the year being in the Derby, for which he was second favourite at 7 to 1 to Slieve Gallion, on whom 13 to 8 was laid. There will always be difference of opinion as to what ought to

have won at Epsom that year. Higgs and Madden are accused of riding bad races on Slieve Gallion and Wool Winder, and it is quite probable that if the race could have been run over again Orby would not have won. But there was no reason for supposing that Galvani would have been in the first three. He performed very disappointingly, and his appearance at Ascot in a Biennial was by no means impressive. Probably he had not been himself so far, but he came to hand in mid-July, easily won the Midsummer Stakes, as also the other three races in which he took part during the season, the Gordon Stakes at Goodwood, the Kingsclere Stakes at Newbury, and the Champion Stakes at the Newmarket Second October, beating here Bridge of Canny, Malua, Sancy, and Keystone II. This was all



YEARLINGS AT EYREFIELD LODGE

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

excellent as far as it went ; it had been hoped, however, that he was a classic colt, and it will be seen that he did not " behave as such." Baltinglass, a son of Isinglass and Sibola, wound up the season with a couple of late wins, the Sandown Three-year-old Stakes and the Manchester November Handicap. Yearly there was a son or daughter of Admiration to carry the colours. This year it was an own sister to Pretty Polly called Miranda, but she only won a single race, a Plate at the Newmarket First October. French Partridge, a daughter of Gallinule and Lutetia, took the Criterion and the Moulton Stakes next day, and Weathercock, a son of Gallinule and Chinook, of whom his owner got tired, perhaps a little prematurely, won the Newmarket St. Leger. The result of it all seemed poor

after the Pretty-Polly-Spearmint episodes, and it was a worse season than Major Loder had had for a long time, the ten races adding up to £7,647.

The drop next year, however, was heavy. Galvani went to Chester for the Chester Vase, only two turning out to oppose him, a couple whose chances are shown by the fact that odds of 11 to 4 were laid on the yellow, dark-blue sleeves; and he won, though only by a head from Lord Derby's Glacis. There seemed every reason to believe that he would win the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot; but it happened that amongst visitors to the course was a specimen of that delightful creature, the practical joker. A friend who was with him, also apparently a humorist, jumped up to sit on the rails by the turn into the straight just as the horses were approaching; and when they were close at hand the joker pushed his friend over on to the course. There was no fear of his brains being knocked out, but there was of course imminent risk of his being killed. The jockeys pulled out of the way to avoid doing him injury, a scrimmage occurred, in the course of which Galvani, who had started at 7 to 4 on, lamed himself. The only other race Major Loder won during the year was the Kennett Plate with Miranda. This was another case of a short head, so that if these two heads had been the other way the owner would have had an absolutely blank year. As it was he only took £1,775.

In 1909 Admiration's two-year-old was Admiral Hawke, an own brother to Pretty Polly. Admiration's children were constantly doing the unexpected, and he furnished another case in point. No idea was entertained of his winning the Coventry Stakes, in which he made his first appearance. Yellow Slave stood at even-money, Neil Gow at 4 to 1. There were eighteen starters, Admiral Hawke, known as the Admiration colt, figuring among the "20 to 1 others"; but he beat Yellow Slave by three lengths, Neil Gow, who did not get off, three parts of a length behind. At the Newmarket July the Fulbourne Stakes was supposed to be a good thing for him. Odds of 3 to 1 were laid on; but another surprise was almost forthcoming, Dillon having to ride his very hardest to get home by a head. In the National Breeders' Produce Stakes Admiral Hawke was set to give 11 lb. to Neil Gow, and did not come near to doing it. The unexpected happened again in the Lavant. Mistrella was favourite at 11 to 10, and starting at 5 to 2 he beat her. In the Champagne he split Neil Gow and Lemberg, was third to Lemberg and Whisk Broom, giving the latter 3 lb., in the Middle Park Plate, and wound up the season by winning the Criterion, in which Maid of Corinth was the better favourite, and the Moulton Stakes. His five races were worth almost an average

of £1,000 each, £4,993 10s. in all. Galvani, whom we have seen was not the animal he was expected to turn out, won the Drayton Handicap at Goodwood. There was a three-year-old brother to Pretty Polly, it should have been remarked, who made his first appearance this year, but he—Cock-a-Hoop—only ran once, and then unsuccessfully. The Cox, a son of Gallinule and May Race, was Major Loder's only other winner. He took the International Two-year-old Plate at Kempton Park. Seven races worth £6,294 10s. were the result of the season.

What may happen during the present year is of course specu-



SPEARMINT

(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

lative. It was early suspected that Admiral Hawke would not stay. He was sixth in the Two Thousand, fifth in the Derby, and after failing in the Ascot Derby won a Triennial over the Hunt Cup course. Since then he has been fourth for the Princess of Wales's Stakes, the mile and a half being too far for him. Admiration's two-year-old is by Desmond. He, lately christened Miramonde, began slowly and made no show in the New Stakes at Ascot. There are only ten bearers of the colours now in training, but Major Loder is rather pleased with two or three of his yearlings.

Space forbids a detailed account of the jumpers who have carried the jacket. I have already spoken of Field Marshal and Billow. Marpessa was useful. He won the Grand Military Gold Cup, and is described by his jockey, Major Hughes-Onslow, as a charming horse to ride. Covert Hack, a son of Hackler and Cinnamon, was frequently to the fore during a long term of years. As a four-year-old in 1898 he won all the three races for which he ran. Next season amongst other successes he carried off the Conyngham Cup at Punchestown, and acquired a habit of doing so afterwards. On the first occasion Major Arthur Hughes-Onslow rode him, and he won a couple of lengths from a field of twelve. Next year Mr. Gwyn Saunders-Davies had the



SPEARMINT PARADING
(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

mount in this race, and he won fifteen lengths. Major Hughes-Onslow was up again in 1901, and carrying 13 st. 5 lb. Covert Hack won six lengths. For some reason he missed the outing in 1902; but he won again in 1903, his usual jockey up, by six lengths. Once more the pair started in 1904; but the 13 st. 5 lb. was too much, and for the first time they failed. The old horse ran once, though not at Punchestown, in 1905; he stood up and got third, and there ended his honourable career. Others who won over a country were Shaker, who took the Sefton; Ravenswood, a great stayer if rather a sticky jumper who frequently scored, in the Grand Military at Panches-

town one year, when he beat Hidden Mystery. In 1899 at Punchestown the jacket was carried—worn by Major Hughes-Onslow—in the Conyngham Cup by Covert Hack, in the Grand Military by Ravenswood aforesaid, and in the Maiden Military by Betsy. These jump-races are not included in the total of £101,689 10s. which the owner has won on the flat.

In 1906 Major Eustace Loder was elected to the Jockey Club,



ADMIRAL HAWKE
(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

and if he can be persuaded some day to act as Steward he will command the entire confidence of the Turf world; for he is particularly level-headed, a sound judge of racing, always ready to view things from a common-sense standpoint, kindly and considerate, but by no means easy to beguile.



THE COMING SHOOTING SEASON

BY FRANK BONNETT

THE exigencies of a monthly publication prevent one from being quite so up-to-date as one would wish to be in a matter of such immediate importance as shooting prospects; but at the time when these notes go to the printer it is possible to form a general idea of the probabilities of the coming season without any great misgivings as to the chance of one's calculations being upset before they are laid before the reader's eye. So far as most game-birds are concerned the important part of the breeding season is over; and though even after the middle of July the weather is still a factor to be reckoned with, it has at the time of writing done its best, or its worst, with the broods of young birds that came into the world at any time up to the end of June.

It is in connection with partridges that the greatest difficulty arises, for these are the latest of all British game-birds to complete their nesting operations, and the situation is further complicated this year owing to a rather late nesting season. Harvest will probably have begun by the time these notes appear in print, but at present it is impossible to say how many of those coveys that always escape the eye of the most vigilant of gamekeepers may be hiding in the corn.

Owing, however, to the kindly assistance of many of the latter fraternity, the writer is able to set down here all that can possibly be known in the middle of July regarding the probabilities of this year's partridge-shooting; while as regards grouse, blackgame, pheasants, and ground game, the information obtainable at the time of writing makes it not very difficult to foretell the ultimate issues.

Judging by one's experiences, the Scottish gamekeeper is of a more optimistic temperament than his English equivalent, and for that reason the reports from the Scotch moors are usually brighter than those from the English counties. Some little allowance may therefore be necessary when one is told in several cases, as this year, that the coming season is going to be "the best on record" north of the Border. At the same time it is encouraging to find that almost everywhere in Scotland gamekeepers are agreed that they have seldom had a nesting season so free from troubles.

On some of the higher moors birds were certainly rather late in making a beginning, the weather being cold in the spring and the snow not having disappeared till a later date than usual. But on the lower ground grouse began to nest in good time, and with the exception of a few heavy rain-storms that occurred locally soon after hatching time there has been very little interruption. Young grouse, however, can put up with a good deal of wet weather provided the temperature is not low at the same time; and the losses through bad weather are not considered to have been serious this year in any part of Scotland.

In the southern counties of Scotland grouse appear to be generally well forward, and the coveys are larger on the average than a year ago. On the east coast, where birds had a trying time last year on all the more exposed moors, this season's prospects are declared to be much brighter than for the last three or four years. Nests were fairly well filled, and most of the coveys now to be seen are in a healthy condition. The average number of birds per covey is not quite so good here as in the south, hatching percentages having been somewhat lower, but very few losses have occurred among the broods. On the western and midland moors hatching results were good, though on one or two shootings in Perthshire the clutches of eggs are stated to have been smaller than a year ago. Birds have done well, however, from the first, and the ultimate result should be heavier bags than those of last season. In the north, especially in Caithness, the number of late nests has been rather greater than usual; but the birds, though necessarily backward, have made rapid progress, and the bulk of the coveys will not be much behind their time if the weather of the next few weeks is favourable to growth.

Not a single case of grouse disease has so far been reported, but it would be too much to expect that there will be no trace of it anywhere on the Twelfth.¹ The season is too far advanced, however, for anything serious to happen now, and it really looks as if the

¹ We regret to say that we have heard of bad cases.—ED.

grouse were determined as far as possible to defeat the endeavours of the Grouse Disease Commission to collect specimens of affected birds from various quarters in order to pursue their investigations on a comprehensive scale. It is at least curious that the years when disease has been least apparent have been those since the Commission began its labours.

Reports so far to hand from the North of England moors vary from "fair" to "very good," and it seems likely that Yorkshire will again give the best results. Lancashire, where the outlook appears to be uniformly favourable, though no "records" are anticipated, comes next; Northumberland, in which county reports varied very considerably a year ago, promises an average season almost everywhere.

From several quarters in the more southerly districts fears are expressed that there have been losses of a more or less serious character on account of heavy rainstorms; but these appear to have been local in character, the reports from moors situated in close proximity being rather contradictory.

In Wales matters are much the same; but it must be said that in that quarter the favourable opinions as to prospects outweigh the poor ones by a good majority. Supposing that nothing exceptionally bad in the way of weather occurs between now and the opening of the season, it is fairly safe to predict that, taking the kingdom as a whole, the outlook for grouse-shooting this year is a bright one, and something more than an average season may be expected on the majority of moors.

Blackgame prospects are fair; but, except in those few places where regulations something better than the existing law are put into force, these sporting birds will continue to be a negligible quantity. Both last year and this the birds laid and hatched well; and although last season was against them in some districts, they are still said to be on the increase wherever the young birds are not shot down too severely. It is a pity that the close time cannot be extended, for as matters stand most of the young birds get killed off each year before they are mature; and the old cocks, which do more harm than good, are suffered to exist.

As already stated at the beginning of this article, partridge prospects are the most difficult to deal with on this occasion. But it may be written down at once that in all districts which were not seriously depleted of their stock by last season's disastrous weather, there is at present every promise of fair sport in September. The critical time in the South of England may be said to begin on June 10, though in some years a few broods make their appearance even before that date. This year, however, there were fewer broods

than usual hatched before June 25, and this in a measure was unfortunate, seeing that the best of the weather came between the 10th and 22nd of the month.

During the last week of June and the early part of July the weather was generally unsettled, and in some districts heavy rain fell at intervals. There was also in the latter month a decided drop in the temperature, which up to about the middle of hatching time had been quite satisfactory. Heavy rain fell on two or three occasions during the first ten days of July, and many of the later broods coming off about that time suffered in consequence. On the whole, however, the damage done does not appear to have been so serious as one might have expected. Taking the entire hatching period, the weather has shown a considerable improvement on that of last season, and the mortality among partridge chicks, which is always appreciable in the best of seasons, has been chiefly confined to the later broods.

With the opening day of partridge-shooting still some weeks ahead, it would be absurd to suggest that the gamekeeper's anxieties are yet at an end. Still, the most critical part of the season is over, and it may be said that the keeper has been spared most of the misgivings that troubled his heart so sorely a year ago. Partridges laid well this spring; and apart from the fact that they were somewhat behind their time in "going down," the keeper had nothing to worry about until hatching-time. The period of incubation was very favourable, the weather being neither too wet nor too dry, and there were no reports of nests forsaken on account of cold and wet, as was so generally the case last year. Had the heavy rains of the first week in June continued, the conditions might have been more than birds sitting in exposed places could have withstood for long; but the air soon cleared again, and the succeeding fortnight was all that could have been wished. From the 10th of June till the 22nd of the month no serious rain fell in any part of England, while the days were mostly hot and bright and the nights never more than suitably cool. Such weather was ideal for hatching, and the earlier broods began life under the very best of conditions. If the later ones have not fared so well, we must at least be grateful that nearly a fortnight of the hatching period was favourable in the extreme. There may be losses yet, but a fair start is the principal thing.

Those who depend mainly for their sport on the presence of wild pheasants in the coverts are, one fears, likely to meet with some disappointment this season. Last year a large number of late-hatched birds perished in the wet and cold weather of June; but the earliest broods had made a good start in the previous month, and

were sufficiently far advanced to avoid sharing the misfortunes of the later hatchings. But it is the fate of the early broods that mostly concerns the gunner, for the later birds are never so numerous, and they cannot, under the best of circumstances, make up for all previous losses.

This year wild pheasants began badly; indeed, in many districts they did worse than one might reasonably have expected. The hens, for some reason or other, appeared to be in a very restless frame of mind, and the only thing, as far as one could see, to account for their behaviour, was the extremely windy and unsettled weather that prevailed during the early part of the nesting season. Towards the end of April, when wild birds were in full lay, there were a good many sharp frosts; and these, though they can hardly have had much effect upon the birds themselves, undoubtedly spoiled several nests. This, however, was not the chief trouble, and one always expects that a certain proportion of pheasants' eggs laid in the open will be lost through frost.

What gamekeepers have been deploring is the fact that the birds seemed unable to "get down to business," as one of them put it, at the usual time, and in several districts hen pheasants behaved in the most erratic manner. A Hampshire gamekeeper told the writer that many of the birds on his beat left off suddenly in the middle of their laying, in some cases deserting their first nests altogether and subsequently making fresh ones. As a result several birds were discovered later sitting on three or four eggs, the first batches, where they were not found, being wasted altogether. Such a loss was not, perhaps, so severe as it appeared at first, for many of these deserted eggs were found to be unfertile, and a great deal of time and trouble was wasted in trying to bring them out under hens.

As showing that this unsettled state of things was very prevalent in other districts, it may be said that almost exactly similar reports come from parts of Kent and Sussex, and also from Norfolk. On one large estate on the borders of the two former counties the head-keeper picked up more than fifty eggs in the course of two or three days—laid, as he expressed it, "just anywhere," and very few of these were fertile, the results at hatching being no better than 20 per cent. On another property in Kent, so the head-keeper told the writer, wild birds laid very irregularly early in the season, and the eggs that were picked up gave very poor results.

From such reports as these, it is easy enough to see that wild birds which were left to hatch their own eggs could only produce very small broods, and the consequence was that they were wasting their time in trying to rear two or three chicks instead of a full

brood. It would have been much better had the whole of the eggs been unfertile, for then the birds would have laid again, possibly with much happier results. The later clutches, indeed, turned out much better, and the eggs picked up, as well as those left for the birds to hatch, yielded quite an average number of chicks. A proportion of these perished in the heavy thunderstorms of early June, but that is what must be expected in most seasons.

Altogether, the supply of wild-bred pheasants must be short this season, though of course in usually favourable districts, and especially in sheltered coverts, there will not be so much to grumble at as elsewhere. Apart from the periodical heavy rains, the weather of May and June was favourable to young pheasants, the nights being warm and the air humid, which had the effect of producing an abundant supply of insect food.

In the rearing-field young pheasants—with the exception of those from the earliest picked-up eggs, which were in many cases weakly from the start—have gone on well all through the season. Birds in the pens began laying in good time and did not appear to be adversely affected by the cold winds of late March and April. The supply of eggs has been good, and the chicks in most cases perfectly strong and healthy. There was rather too much rain in early June to suit the keeper's idea of what pheasant-rearing weather should be like, but this was not so bad for the birds as it would have been if the temperature had been lower—as a year ago.

Very few of the rearing-field losses can, indeed, be laid to the charge of the season, and at the time of writing one has heard of far fewer cases of disease than usual. Gapes, of course, have been prevalent in districts where that ailment commonly occurs, but if taken in time there is not much to fear from this trouble in these days of so many sound remedies. Dysentery and enteritis appear to have been much less common than during the past few seasons—a circumstance that may be attributable to more favourable conditions of weather, and also, no doubt, to a better understanding of these troubles and the taking of safer precautions against their appearance.

There is but little to say on the subject of ground-game prospects, except that on the whole it has been a favourable season for the increase of both hares and rabbits. The former have done better than for the last two years, late falls of snow in most parts of the kingdom having destroyed large numbers of leverets during the spring seasons of 1908 and 1909. Of course, in many districts hares are extinct or nearly so, and will continue to be until some fairer form of legislation is introduced. The result of the Ground

Game Act has been entirely to destroy the hares in certain areas, and in many parts the farmers would not be sorry to see some of them back again. Not only is the hare useful for the "pot," but where the shooting goes with the land the rent obtainable for the sporting rights is always greater when there is a reasonable supply of ground game.

Every farmer, one supposes, would sooner have hares on his premises than rabbits, because the damage done by the latter is out of all proportion to that committed by the former, and the hare is a sport-providing creature in many ways, which the rabbit is not. Where there are hares to be hunted, coursed, or shot, the farmer is not usually the worse off in the long run, and one believes that if the agricultural fraternity were consulted on the subject they would vote almost unanimously for some more marked distinction than exists at present in the law that governs hares and rabbits.

Though rabbits have had a good breeding season, it is only on estates "in hand" that they are to be seen in great quantity; the stock had fallen very low last year in most places, particularly in the South of England. The farmers therefore will not have much cause for complaint in this direction, and if the truth be told the more sporting of them will be rather glad of the better opportunities for amusement at the rabbits' expense this next winter. Those of us who have been present from time to time at a "tenants' day" with the rabbits know that no one enjoys such sport more than the farmer himself; and although he is always ready to spin tales of woe regarding the "mischievous varminths," he would be more than sorry if he never had any to shoot.

There are, too, plenty of humble gunners willing to pay a good price for rabbit-shooting, and so long as that is the case there need be little fear that the rabbit will ever get beyond control in this country.





MISS MOORE BUNKERED AT THE THIRD HOLE IN THE FINAL

WOMEN'S GOLF IN THE SEASON 1910

BY MABEL E. STRINGER

AGAIN has the last ball of the four championships been holed, the open meetings are over, the majority of county matches are decided, and the time has come to look back and consider what women have done in golf in the season just concluded.

First, we are confronted with a sad, significant break in the crowded list of engagements, when a mighty nation paused in its work and pleasure to mourn in all sincerity and truth the untimely sudden death of its beloved King. A few hours sooner and the Championship would have been stopped in its latest stages. But in far-away Devonshire little recked we, as on Friday afternoon, May 6th, at four o'clock, we watched Miss Grant-Suttie hole out the last ball of the tournament, that even then the King's illness was regarded as critical and serious. From Westward Ho! the runner-up, Miss Lily Moore, was to proceed straight to Hollinwell to defend her title (held for three years) of Midlands Champion, and others were on the way to Budleigh Salterton to take part in the attractive programme provided by the East Devon Club. Many other events of importance were indefinitely postponed with scarce a regret, for women-golfers most sincerely mourned their King.

The season proper opened with the Territorials at Ganton on March 16. This meeting took place under somewhat new conditions,

inasmuch as the competition was for the first time made really open, and any player sufficiently good residing in any of the four territories was eligible to compete. It was little surprise that the North, so greatly strengthened by the new regulations, whereby Miss Mather, the Misses Leitch, Mrs. Bourne, etc., could be included, went triumphantly through, in the morning defeating the South-Eastern Territory (who, as will be seen by the subjoined list, were not nearly up to full strength), and beating the South-West in the afternoon:—

NORTH.		SOUTH-EASTERN.	
Miss B. Thompson (2 & 1)	. 1	Mrs. Jillard . . .	0
Miss Hilda Mather . . .	0	Mrs. Durlacher (at 20th)	1
Miss Cecil Leitch (3 & 1)	. 1	Miss E. E. Helme . .	0
Mrs. Harry Harrison (at 19th)	. 1	Miss Heming Johnson .	0
Miss Chambers (6 & 4)	. 1	Mrs. L. Jackson . . .	0
Miss N. Evans (3 & 2)	. 1	Miss D. Evans . . .	0
Mrs. Bourne	0	Miss M.E. Phillips (6 & 4)	1
Miss Crummack (5 & 4)	. 1	Miss L. Ross	0
Miss G. Ravenscroft (3 & 2)	. 1	Mrs. Gilman Brown . .	0
7		2	

By defeating the Midlands in the forenoon the South-West qualified to play the North in the final, with this result: North, 8 matches; South-West, 1 (in which Miss Stella Temple beat Mrs. Harrison).

Then came a lull owing to an early Easter; then the first big Open Meeting of the year at Ranelagh, when International, Club, and individual honours were vigorously striven for by those (numbering well over 200) who could produce the Open Sesame, a L.G.U. handicap certificate of 15 or less.

Chief interest was centred, as usual, in the International Cup competition, a team aggregate extending over the two days' play. Scotland, the holders for some years, looked formidable as ever, and proved their superiority once more, winning with an aggregate of 616; England and Ireland tied for second place with 631; and Wales was 651.

The Scottish team and scores were:—

FIRST DAY.		SECOND DAY.	
Miss Benton	. 76	Miss Elsie Kyle . . .	. 74
Mrs. F. W. Brown . . .	. 77	Miss K. Stuart . . .	. 74
Miss K. Stuart	. 78	Mrs. F. W. Brown . .	. 76
Mrs. Towne	. 81	Mrs. Towne	. 80
312		304	

For the Pearson Cup there were eleven entries. This was won by the Wimbledon Club with a total of 317, three of the Scottish Internationals being included in the team. The Stroke Competition on the first day was won by Miss D. Barker (Walton Heath) with $75 - 3 = 72$. Mrs. Albert Slazenger's fine 74 took the Scratch prize, and on her net score she tied for second handicap with Miss N. Coote ($81 - 8 = 73$). Next day two more gross 74's were returned, and Miss Elsie Kyle (Scottish Champion), Miss K. Stuart, and Mrs. Slazenger played off for the Gold Medal, which the first-named won, and she also took the Scratch prize for second day's best gross



A FINE CHARACTERISTIC VIEW OF WESTWARD HO! LINKS

score. The handicap prizes went to Miss Powell and Mrs. Brindle, who tied at 69 net.

Two days later about 250 players met at Barnehurst, where the L.G.U. Gold and Silver Medals, Challenge trophies, and innumerable prizes for scratch and handicap players, were competed for. Then the following week came the Championship, which provided the usual number of surprises, disappointments, and joys. The International Cup was again retained by Scotland, who, in spite of the absence of the Champion (Miss Dorothy Campbell), appear quite invincible. The beautiful Westward Ho! course was much appreciated by the competitors, but the shortening of it was somewhat severely and unfairly criticised by players of the long-hitting, slashing, young school. There is no doubt whatever that

with a few exceptions the standard of play in these big open unnerving events is lower than when nothing depends on the outcome of a match, but the universal verdict on the result of the Ladies' Championship of 1910 was that the best player won. Miss Grant-Suttie steadily improved in her form as she triumphantly went from heat to heat, until in the final she certainly played better and more consistently good golf than any other player in the whole meeting.

Miss Gladys Ravenscroft's 84 in the Stroke Competition was a remarkably fine performance, but she had some extraordinarily brilliant shots, some long lucky putts, whereas the Champion's play was essentially steady throughout with no trace of brilliance. The



MISS L. MOORE, RUNNER-UP

International teams positively bristled with champions—Ireland, Scotland, and Wales were headed by the holder of the title in each country. Poor England has no champion of her own, but on this occasion she had in the van Miss Titterton, who won in 1908, and who was prevented from defending her title last year from so sad a cause. And yet the play was poor on the whole; this was attributed to the bad weather, to a variety of causes, and the choice of the teams, especially the English team, was most severely criticised. But it is no easy task to make a selection of nine players from a field which includes nearly every golfer of note eligible to compete. When Miss G. Ravenscroft won the Stroke Competition, and when

Miss L. Moore had faced Miss Grant-Suttie in the final, there were many who contended they ought both to have been included in the English team; but they are young, and neither had then done anything to justify her inclusion. Both have now advanced, and another year will see them wearing the Rose.

The Irish Championship came next on the list. Just now Ireland seems to be going through one of those inexplicable, inevitable golfing phases common to all—she is not up to form. Ten years ago, with Miss May Hezlet, Miss Rhona Adair, Miss M. E. Stuart, Miss Walker-Leigh, in the zenith of their fame, no country



MISS NEILL FRAZER DRIVING FROM THE EIGHTH TEE IN THE SEMI-FINAL AGAINST MISS MOORE

could touch her; but now her leading players are outclassed, and for the present her brilliance is obscured. The new champion, Miss Mabel Harrison, has certainly done extremely well this season, not only in her own country, but also in general golf. She accomplished a great feat when she defeated Miss Maud Titterton at Westward Ho! playing thoroughly good golf throughout the match. The Irish runner-up, Miss Magill, is well known; but she seldom takes part in open events outside her own immediate sphere. Then, whilst Miss Harrison was winning at Newcastle, Co. Down, Miss Lloyd-Roberts (whose name surely bewrayeth her nationality)

was coming through in the Welsh Championship with flying colours at Rhyl. Undoubtedly the standard of play in Wales has enormously improved during the past two years; each season this is obvious by the results of International and also individual contests, and the new champion, who on her form at Westward Ho! was by many fancied for premier honours there, is undoubtedly a player of first-class ability. The runner-up, Miss Beatrice Leaver, a young player who has made rapid strides in the past year, will be heard of in the future.

Then, passing over to the homeland of golf, where women's



MISS GRANT-SUTTIE BUNKERED AT THE SIXTH TEE IN THE SEMI-FINAL
AGAINST MRS. TAMWORTH

play has reached a plane which England, Ireland, and Wales strive in vain (at present) to overtake, we see that Miss Elsie Kyle has successfully defended her title. There is certainly no better player in the United Kingdom than this worthy representative of St. Andrews, and in a land where women have attained such a standard in golf it is no little credit to be able successfully to defend the title of Champion. Miss Glover, the runner-up, made a sensational debut at Deal eight years ago, and since then has earned fame and repute, though of late years ill-health has to a certain extent spoilt the consistent excellence of her game; still, there are

few players who go out to-day without a tremor to face the Elie golfer.

Of County golf there is little, and there might be much, to say; schemes are on foot to improve the present conditions which govern the Association. Surrey is once more Champion County, and thoroughly deserves the title, but looks like losing it this year, although it is early days to make prophecies. And the proposed reform in club matches bids fair to be properly and regularly instituted before another season. The handicap system is an assured success, and every open meeting only serves to accentuate the fact, when players from the Old world and the New, golfers from Eastern



MRS. TAMWORTH PUTTING IN THE SEMI-FINAL

and Western hemispheres, meet on neutral ground, and with the help of their certificate of merit find their true golfing level.

So much, then, for Champions, Championships, County, and Territorial Golf. What has the season produced in young and promising players?

Last year Miss Gladys Ravenscroft gave signs of brilliance and proficiency; this year, by her fine performance in the Stroke Competition and her subsequent play in the Championship, these signs were verified, and there is no doubt that when she has steadied down the Bromborough player will be second to none.

Another who attracted attention at Westward Ho! was Miss May Leitch, one of the brilliant family of sisters. She is a

slashing left-handed golfer, who with practice should have a great future. Then there was the younger Kyle, who if she does not possess the perfect golfing temperament of her elder sister, has certainly quite as good shots in her locker and every whit as beautiful style; the future will show what she can do. These all have many years of youth still to run, and must in process of time and according to the laws of nature oust those who are now most prominent in the golfing arena.

In the many open meetings held around London in the early summer Miss Cecil Leitch has shown that although she cannot yet win the Blue Riband of golf she can at all events carry off premier



MRS. CARRINGTON-SMITH

honours in the crowded fields of medal competitions. At Prince's, Edgware, Henley, Bushey Hall, and Enfield she made new records, took scratch and handicap prizes, and no one grudged the brilliant young golfer her continuous successes.

And now from the sunny side of the season 1910 to the dark clouds which death and sorrow have brought. Two who could ill be spared have been taken from our midst. Suddenly and without any warning Violet, Countess Cowley, succumbed to a fatal disease. Never was there a keener, more enthusiastic player, and her country (Wales) and the county (Leicestershire) she captained so well will never replace her.

For some time Mrs. T. H. Miller had suffered, and her many friends knew that the end could not be far distant ; but while there was life there was hope, so they solaced themselves and hoped on. Quite recently the end came, and the whole world of golf is infinitely poorer now that one of the staunchest supporters of the L.G.U. and one of the kindest and best of women has crossed the bar, leaving innumerable friends to mourn her loss.



MISS GRANT-SUTTIE DRIVING FROM NINTH TEE IN THE FINAL

And so the years roll on ; but while Miss Isette Pearson remains at the helm to steer the bark of the Union through sometimes troublous, stormy waters, all is well. Under her guidance women's golf flourishes, and each season, as its tale is told, finds some progress made, some task begun and ended, and golf in 1910 has surely gone ahead in all its branches.



THE RESCUE

BY JOHN SANDERSON

FIRST of all, I shall never forget the scene in the hut. It was past nine o'clock at night, and the hut was crowded with climbers and their guides. There must have been at least twenty-five persons in all, but some had already supped, and were standing or moving about outside in the starlight, smoking and talking softly. Below them lay the glacier, and beyond that there rose a circle of gigantic snowclad peaks, whose sharp outlines were but faintly discernible under a starlit sky. There was absolute silence in the mountains, frost-bound in the sharp night air.

Within, a single oil-lamp burned with a feeble light, but the fitful flames of the log-fire blazing on the hearth contributed to the illumination of the interior and its occupants. There were black wavering shadows all around.

In the room was a large wooden table with benches, and along the whole length of the wall opposite the door there ran a long sloping bench covered with straw upon which sleep was to be sought—and seldom found—till the small hours of the morning, when the parties should depart upon their various ascents. By two o'clock there should glimmer from the glacier the lantern lights

of the climbers who should then be making their several ways amongst the crevasses towards the range of mountains on the other side. There was soup heating on the fire, and the strings of rucksacks were being untied to obtain bread. A huge fair-haired guide was at present acting as cook for his party. Amid the babel of sounds the German tongue prevailed, and in its unrestrained articulation almost drowned the more studiously modulated English and French.

Suddenly a little crowd of men entered the doorway. The throng of voices assumed a strangely different tone. Some voices sank altogether to whispers. There were one or two half-stifled exclamations. Men sitting rose to their feet and formed indiscriminately into standing groups. Presently one of our guides plucked me by the shoulder gently. Hans Reuss has a great triangular face, usually beaming with easy good nature. He was now very grave.

"There has been an accident, Herr, in the mountains," he said, "and we must leave you. All the guides must go back at once to the village in order to go to the rescue. That is the rule."

"Where is it, Hans? I asked."

"It is on the Piz Aarlatz."

"The Aarlatz? Then why first go back to the village: it is straight over there beyond the glacier in front of us."

"Yes, yes," he said, "but they have fallen on to the Crasta glacier on the Italian side. We must go round by the Silva valley and over the Silva pass to reach it. The descent from the Aarlatz direct is impossible."

His voice even had in it something of that half-encouraging, half-humouring tone which guides instinctively adopt to those who pay them and entrust them with their lives.

Suddenly out of the gloom in one of the corners I heard a voice of some climber speaking furiously to his guide in execrable German. "You shall take me! But yes, you shall! I have engaged you for this climb. There shall be no drawing back. You shall go!"

Then came the slow gentle utterance of a guide.

"No, Herr, I cannot. It is our law."

"But it is ridiculous," said the furious voice again. "The accident is fifteen hours from here over the Silva pass. In heaven's name what can possibly be done to save these people from here?"

"Very well," came the guide's voice again, soothingly. "We shall see." And he went on packing his rucksack.

Meanwhile at the far end of the table a few of the guides were assembled in hot debate. The fire had fallen somewhat, and the lamp's yellow glow lighted up a Rembrandt group of bearded men.

It gleamed on rough bronzed cheeks and hands, and only the dim outlines of powerful frames could be distinguished.

One guide, André Reuss, was arguing down the remaining opposition with savage intensity and violence. There were, it seemed, a few waverers amongst the guides. The village whence the news had come was four hours distant at least. Surely some disengaged guides must have started off to the rescue long ago. There were sure to be guides in the two huts in the other valley who were within four hours of the Silva pass, which was the only point of access to the glacier in question. Moreover, what possible hope could there be that the speediest help would be of any avail? And then there was the solid sacrifice of good money—difficult to bear.

"If it were six thousand marks," André was saying, blazing with contempt, "would you leave a man lying dying on a glacier for that?"

And then furiously in answer to some other objection, "What has that got to do with it? If it is the rule, it is the rule. If the rule is broken now we shall leave you to die the next time." And so the argument proceeded.

I had previously noticed amongst the climbers a man who somehow attracted my attention in an unusual way. He was tall, dark, and thin-set. He seemed to be unaccompanied except by his guides. He had spoken to no one, and there was a look of great resolution in his face which recalled to me in a way some medieval picture of a saintly martyr. I noticed him walk quickly up to the group of arguing guides and speak to them quietly, as if seeking to impress something upon their minds. They gave him various answers at first, and then no further attention appeared to be paid to him. "A set of cowards," I heard him mutter as he passed me, "every man of them."

The guttural voices broke again into violent debate, some eager and clamorous, some low and sullen. I myself strolled out into the moonlight, sulky with disappointment, knowing well what the inevitable end would be, namely, that every man-jack of us would be left stranded. Already, as I had seen, most of the guides had gathered up their ropes and ice-axes, and were only waiting to be gone. I felt certain from the first that there was no hope that a single guide would be left. André's unswerving leadership and determined will were certain to prevail. I was right. There were no blacklegs. Soon the whole body of guides filed one after another out through the narrow doorway and started down the snow slopes leading to the highway which would conduct them back to the village, and through that to the mouth of the distant valley leading up to the Silva pass. Their masters, for the most part, accompanied them as far as the village inn, and no farther.

I myself had determined to remain in the hut alone, and stood gloomily watching the party disappear upon their mission of mercy over the brow of the hill. Little then did I dream of the adventure which a strange fate had in fact reserved for me.

With no prospect of a climb before me I fell asleep almost at once. My usual experience in a hut before a climb was three hours' restless rustling amongst the straw.

I cannot have slept more than an hour before I was awakened by someone pushing me steadily by the shoulder. I looked up sleepily, and saw a figure with a lighted candle bending over me. I recognised him in a moment: it was the tall, clean-shaven man whom I had noticed the previous evening.

"The moon is up," he said, "and we can cross the glacier easily without lanterns. Will you come and do the Aarlatz with me? We can easily do it together."

I was wide awake in a moment. The thought of doing the Aarlatz after all set my heart beating with pleasurable excitement. The idea of climbing the mountain without guides had never occurred to me. At that time I had never climbed without guides in my life; but I was confident in my powers, and I thought what a triumph it would be over those who had tamely returned to their hotel. Still, I looked doubtfully at the dark half-lit figure of the man before me. He was a youngish man whose strongly marked face ended with a long rambling chin. He had a fine commanding air, and there was, as I have said, a masterful look in his steel-blue eyes gleaming in the darkness. The black tufted fingers holding the candle were broad and sinewy. He spoke English with a slight Scottish accent.

"It will be all right," he said, with a smile, in answer to my inquiring look; "we must have faith."

Now, that was no doubt a somewhat funny thing for one climber to say to another. But at the time I took it to mean that being strangers we must take each other's powers on trust and that I must not question his capacity. His appearance and air of perfect confidence suggested no doubts. Besides, I had studied the route often enough for myself, and I thought that two experienced men should be able to do it all right alone in such perfect weather. In fact I was dying to go. I jumped up and put on my boots, which completed my toilet. My companion boiled some coffee on the fire which was still aglow, and by half-past two we were roped and making our way across the glacier in the moonlight. The route across ran well above the icefalls, and there was no danger whatever. It was still night when we took to the easy rocks at the base of the Aarlatz Fuorcla, the saddle which had to be reached by a series of steep couloirs of ice and snow higher up. From the

saddle we could gain the main rocky ridge of the mountain leading straight up to its summit. It was not till we had attacked the first ice couloir that some uneasy vague suspicions began to awaken in my mind. It was not a question of lack of physical capacity or of confidence. Far from it. He was agile and steady in his steps, and he laughed boyishly from time to time. It was that peculiar laugh of his which first set me thinking. It came frequently for no apparent reason, and vaguely, but unpleasantly suggested some form or another of instability. Besides, there were innumerable little things which to an experienced climber betokened a strange unfamiliarity with the orthodoxy of the craft. So far I had been leading all the way, and though the step-cutting was severe I resolved to maintain that order.

We were almost three-quarters of the way up to the saddle when we stopped for breakfast. The dawn had long since come, and the glorious moment was at hand when the sun would top the neighbouring mountains and the whole scene would be transformed, as by the wand of a magician, into a dazzling white kingdom of glittering snow and ice.

Whilst unstrapping my rucksack I resolved prudently to probe the character and experience of the man who had become the companion of a dangerous climb. I began by asking him if he had climbed much in this particular part of Switzerland. He replied with an air of pride and satisfaction that he believed he had climbed every mountain of the range.

"But not, you know," he added, in an explanatory voice, "but not in this incarnation."

My heart stood still for a moment, but I controlled myself.

"You go very well," I remarked, with an effort.

The man laughed. "It is faith," he said, joyously, "which does it." A gleam of passion lit his eyes as he went on. "I have faith," he cried, "not only to climb, but to remove mountains. I *trust* this precipice," he added, passionately, swinging one leg over the chasm, "and no harm to me is even conceivable. Those poor faithless climbers who have fallen shall through my faith be saved."

A cold shudder took possession of me as I looked up into his face. His snow spectacles had been removed, and I saw that in his eyes which told me the truth. There we were, three thousand feet of steep rock and couloir below us, and about another thousand feet of the same thing above us to the top of the saddle. The other side of the saddle dropped practically sheer into Italy, and the descent was utterly impracticable. That was why the guides had been obliged to make a round of over fifteen hours to reach the scene of the accident. The arête leading up to

the summit of the Piz Aarlatz which I was pledged to traverse with this madman was one of the most sensational of the group. The mere thought of it made me feel sick; and though it was still cold, I felt the sweat trickling down my body. Still, I went on eating my "butter bröde" and sipping my red wine quietly, though neither the one nor the other would go over my throat. I was struggling with myself to realise calmly what project possessed the man's disordered mind; for that some idea was driving him could not be doubted, and one which he had, with the cunning of insanity, so far carefully concealed. He seemed already restless and fretting at delay, and eager to go on. I dared not suggest a return as I longed to do. I divined that the mere gesture of unroping would inevitably initiate hostilities, and decided that on the whole the least dangerous course was to proceed. After all, the man could climb, and I determined to lead and look after the rope myself all the way. There was just a chance that we should get through all right. So once more we set forward upon our perilous journey. I resumed the step-cutting upon the last couloir, and after a hard ascent we found ourselves upon the rocks leading to the summit of the saddle. Above us was an obliquely tilted slab, dangerously smooth towards the centre, but affording good foothold and handhold on the tilted edge overhanging an imposing precipice to the right. I stopped to reconnoitre, tracing in my mind a particular route from foothold to handhold up the dizzy edge.

"Go on," said my companion, in a sharp, impatient voice; "the men will be dead before we reach them with all this delay. Look," he cried, "I will show you how to go," and with a bound he rushed in front of me and began ascending the very middle of the slab. Now, the least jerk of the rope on such rocks might mean disaster to us both, and as soon as he was twenty feet up I was forced to follow. It was sheer insanity to take such a route, and I bore off to the right where the roughnesses were infinitely more pronounced; and so we advanced up this slab in this extraordinary fashion almost abreast of each other and upon two practically parallel routes. As we proceeded, however, the madman was forced more and more to the right by the absence of handholds in the centre; and, converging gradually towards the top, we finally finished almost close together on the summit of the saddle. Then we faced each other. His eyes were blazing with excitement.

"You have no faith!" he shouted, with savage contempt. "You must have it! You will need it, I tell you, for we are going down there," and he pointed over the Italian side of the saddle to the glacier 2,000 ft. below. It was the Crasta glacier upon which yesterday climbers were said to have fallen. So this was the

project conceived and harboured in this madman's brain! We were to rescue the fallen climbers ourselves.

Before us a broad couloir of hard snow sloped down between two parallel walls of steep rock. One of the walls curved perceptibly inwards towards the lower end of the couloir. Both rocks and couloir terminated abruptly about 300 ft. lower down, where the descent became a sheer drop on to the Crasta glacier. On either side of this couloir the way was also absolutely impracticable owing to the sheer steepness of the peak of the mountains for the first two or three hundred feet.

"It is hopeless," I said; "no human being can possibly get down there alive. You know the guides never thought of it. Let us climb the Aarlatz as we intended."

"What!" he shouted, "would you leave a man to die on the glacier?"

Now, that was the very phrase old Reuss had used the previous evening; and it was the phrase which no doubt had lodged irrevocably in his mind and had brought forth the idea of this terrible enterprise of which I was now the foolish victim.

"I tell you," he said, earnestly, "I have faith enough for both of us. You are quite safe."

My reply was to begin to untie the knot of the rope round my waist. No sooner did my fingers touch the knot than he was on me with arms outstretched. Claspng me with maniacal strength round the body he leaped with me from the ridge into the couloir. As to what happened immediately after that I have the vaguest possible idea. But whatever did happen was undoubtedly entitled to the name of miracle. We went down head first and brought up first of all against one of the rocky sides of the couloir. Then, in a series of bounds, we went down the couloir of ice till we reached the bottom, where it became a sheer precipice. Instead of going straight over this, however, and landing on the glacier a thousand feet below, we were somehow slued round to the left, and in a final oblique leap of seventy feet we alighted together upon the snowy flank of the Aarlatz at the point where the precipitous rock of the peak came to an end and the slope of the mountain was much less severe. Some rocks subsequently arrested our motion altogether, and we lay bruised and bleeding in the soft snow. How we escaped utter destruction I can only imagine; but it may be that the curving ridge of rock at the end of the couloir diverted our course so much that the final leap was one to the side instead of straight forward over the precipice.

At any rate we had certainly in this sensational fashion accomplished the "impossible" portion of the descent from the Aarlatz

saddle. The remaining portion could with care be easily accomplished. When I regained my senses sufficiently to take in the situation, I found my companion bending over me with the blood flowing somewhat freely from various superficial wounds on his face. He had plastered my own wounds, which were much more severe, with snow, and seemed greatly concerned at the state in which I found myself. He was quiet and somewhat subdued. He was apparently intensely disappointed at the injuries I had sustained, and quite unaware of having suffered any himself. I suppose he was reproaching himself with the inadequacy of his faith which had proved insufficient to secure complete immunity for both of us. He smiled pleasantly, however, when he saw me looking round in a dazed fashion and somewhat tremulously upon my surroundings.

"We shall be in time," he said, "we shall be in good time, but we must eat something now." And he proceeded once more to grope for provisions in his rucksack. I found a flask in the inside pocket of my coat, the contents of which did much to restore my faculties, and soon in silence I was sharing the madman's meal. That was a repast I am little likely to forget. My own rucksack had been wrenched from my shoulders; I had lost my ice-axe, my hat was gone, and my bare head was plastered with snow saturated with blood.

My companion, on the other hand, presented quite a normal appearance. The Dundee whaler's cap he wore, which folded down over his ears and protected the whole scalp, still remained on his head. His ice-axe attached to his wrist by a strap had accompanied us faithfully all the way, and altogether he was really comparatively little the worse for the mode of progression he had adopted.

As I sat there listening to his talk about the degrees of faith and the immunity from evil which these respectively gave, my thoughts suddenly reverted to the accident of the previous day and to the party of guides now on its way to this very region for the possible rescue of the sufferers. It was now about five o'clock in the morning. The guides could not hope to reach the Crasta glacier before nine o'clock at the soonest, and then for the first time there awoke in my mind the question, "What if, after all, this faith-madman should turn out to be justified by his faith! Was it possible that we might be first upon the scene of the accident, and that the few hours thereby gained might make all the difference of life and death to one or more of the sufferers?" That thought helped to bring me round. I began to look about me with the interest which the necessity for action gives, and at the same time to eye my companion with less horror and antagonism.

Sick and dizzy as I was, I struggled to my feet and endeavoured to sound the well-known call. In an instant my companion was beside me, and the mountains were resounding to his shouts and hallos. Then we stopped and listened, and away towards the left of us there came a faint call in answer to ours. It seemed to come not from the glacier, but from the side of the mountain, if anything rather above the spot upon which we stood. That sound acted like magic upon my blood. My companion was even more excited than I, and at once we set off across the snow in the direction of the place whence the call proceeded. It was easy going, for we were now upon a shoulder of the Aarlatz which at this side was broad and rounded. If by any chance the climbers had fallen here, there was a degree of hope for them which, in the case of a fall upon the glacier, was totally out of the question. At length, after half an hour's walking and shouting, we heard a faint voice near at hand. And there, still tied together by the rope, we saw two bodies lying outstretched upon the snow. One, that of the Herr apparently, was practically headless, so-battered had it been by the rocks in the course of the descent. It was the guide, a large black-bearded man, heavily built, who still lived and moaned upon the ground. Just as we reached him he fainted away, not by any means, as it turned out, for the first time.

Well, my companion set to work first of all to restore life to his frozen body. He rubbed and kneaded his huge limbs, whilst I poured brandy between his thickly-bearded lips; and gradually the man came round. My unknown companion worked—I was going to say like a madman: let me say like an angel—to succour this man, to fan this spark of life so nearly extinct. And, after an hour of anxious effort, he was lying upon our coats, sufficiently restored at least to speak to us faintly of the fall.

I myself all the time was watching warily, and as I gazed at this man, tortured with anxiety, utterly absorbed in the one idea of saving human life, a life no more to him after all than that which, but for a miracle, he had dashed from my body, I was amazed at the possible workings of the human soul. The man, of course, was mad. But it was by excess of goodness. The whole expedition had been prompted by his anguish at the idea that a "man was lying dying unaided upon the glacier," an idea which, after all, I had to confess had moved me scarcely at all. Again the mad plunge with me over the precipice was the result of utter selflessness and a sense of absolute security in the eternal goodness which underlies the world; and both of these are springs of action which have ever actuated the best and most useful lives in the earth's history. I was abashed at my own inhumanity. Then suddenly

I realised that he was sane, that he had come to himself and knew what he had done, and that he was horribly ashamed. He had grown very quiet. Neither of us spoke, for what could either of us say? But as we sat there in silence beside the body of the wounded man something in the aspect of my companion's face struck me as familiar. He had removed his cap, and a long scar on the right forehead cut a white line into the darkness of his thick hair, already touched with grey.

"Tell me," I said, "what is your name?" In a low voice, he told me. I started. "What!" I exclaimed, "of the Border Horse?" He nodded; then I understood. This was a man whose name had rung through England, the popular hero of one of the hardest battles of the war, and desperately wounded in the final charge, a man loved by high and low.

"I thought," he said, shudderingly, "I was all right; they said I was. Good God!" And he pressed his face into his hands.

"Come," I said, "no harm is done. The two have simply met with an accident, that is all. With you it is a mere matter of time. You need a longer rest. You will go home again to your people, will you not?"

He nodded again.

"And look, there are the guides!" I exclaimed; "and thank Heaven this man's life is saved."

Far away in the distance we saw two parties slowly moving across the blazing snowfields like black caterpillars of monstrous size.





PUNCHESTOWN—LICKELL CHALLENGE CUP—THE BANK JUMP

THE HORSE-SHOW WEEK IN DUBLIN

BY MAJOR ARTHUR HUGHES-ONSLOW

To a large proportion of the inhabitants of Ireland there are two annual events of supreme importance, Punchestown and the Horse Show. Round these stars of the first magnitude smaller satellites revolve, such as the racing at Leopardstown and Phoenix Park, polo and cricket matches, balls, dinner parties, and other social functions, so that the respective weeks in which they are held are crammed with sport and gaiety from start to finish. To show what a hold these functions have on the country people, all other events are referred to as occurring so many weeks before or after one or other of these celebrations. The love of the horse is deeply ingrained in the hearts of Irishmen and Irishwomen, and it finds its highest expression in these weeks.

The Horse Show opens on a Tuesday, generally the fourth in August ; but the festivities begin with Leopardstown Races, which are held on the preceding Saturday and Monday. Leopardstown was the first enclosed or gate-money course to be opened in Ireland. It was modelled on the lines of Sandown, which it somewhat resembles in natural features, but the round course is run left-handed, while the horses for a straight five-furlong race are started about four furlongs to the right of the grand stand ; coming into the round course they run the reverse way of it, past the ordinary winning-post, and finish at another post about a furlong down the course. This is

rather a severe course, the first four furlongs being all against the collar; but the last is decidedly downhill, and it is thus almost exactly the opposite to the five furlongs at Epsom. The finish being so far down the round course, it cannot be seen very well from the club stand and lawn; but a race is often more interesting a furlong from home than at the winning-post.

It is over twenty years since the first meeting was held, and the venture has been a steady success ever since, though curiously enough the steeplechases have never done as well as the hurdle and flat races. From the start the fences have been built on a purely English pattern, and are thus somewhat different from any others in



PUNCHESTOWN—GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE FROM THE KILDARE HUNT STAND

Ireland. Most unluckily several very bad falls occurred during the first few years, which I am sure had a depressing effect upon the entries and runners. It was not the want of good prizes, for £750 was formerly given to the big steeplechase, which was therefore by far the most valuable jump-race in Ireland.

This race used to be run at the Spring Meeting held on the last two days of Punchestown week, and I shall never forget the state of the course in the year 1898. Torrential rain had fallen for about forty-eight hours, and all the lower part of the track by the railway was under water, six inches deep in places. I was riding in a hurdle-race just before the big race, and was absolutely drenched

to the skin by the water splashed up by the other horses, though the rain had stopped an hour before. The stewards had a meeting and decided to run the big race, but ordered the jockeys to miss the four fences by the railway, as it was quite impossible to jump them. Notwithstanding that only about half the fences had to be jumped, only one of the ten starters finished, all the others coming to grief. The rest of the programme being on the flat, it was carried through all right.

Welter flat races for gentlemen riders have always been a feature of the Leopardstown programmes, and produce capital sport. In 1907 when H.M. King Edward attended the July Meeting he



KILDARE AND NATIONAL HUNT AT PUNCHESTOWN—DROGHEDA PLATE
THE STAND BANK JUMP

graciously gave two cups, one for a Farmers' Race and one for a Military Race, both two miles on the flat, to be ridden by amateurs; and as twenty-five started for the farmers and twenty-two for the soldiers, there was certainly a good response. I believe Leopardstown was the first racecourse on which the starting gate was used in the United Kingdom. I myself was started in a race under it there at least a couple of years before it was used in England.

Being only about six miles from Dublin and quite near Kingstown, Bray, etc., Leopardstown has always been well patronised by the "quality," as the delightful Irish expression has it. The ladies invariably make a brave show, and worthily uphold their country's

reputation in the matter of good looks. It would indeed be hard to find a place where you will see more pretty girls and handsome women.

THE SHOW

The show itself opens on Tuesday morning. It is held in the grounds of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland at Balls Bridge, about two miles from Grafton Street, which one may take as the centre of Dublin. In some ways it is more a fair than a show, for the great majority of the horses are for sale, and are entered more in the hopes of finding a purchaser than of taking a prize. The old-



THE PARADE FOR THE LEOPARDSTOWN GRAND PRIZE

fashioned fairs, such as Cahirmee, Ballinasloe, etc., have found in it a very serious rival.

There are often some 1,200 entries, the great majority belonging to the hunter class. Over a hundred thoroughbreds may be expected, the riding and driving ponies and harness horses may total another hundred, the balance being hunters. There are no classes for yearlings or two-year-olds likely to make hunters.

Tuesday is entirely devoted to the judging, and a busy day it is for the judges. They are divided into pairs, and each pair have to judge two or three classes, thus having anything from 100 to 200 horses before them in the course of the day. Work begins at 9.30, and they are lucky if they get through their labours by five in the

afternoon. Very few horses change hands on the first day, for most owners begin by asking considerably more than they will eventually take, and intending buyers are busy looking round and making notes before deciding what they will go for. The four and five-year-olds are always better than the older horses, for the simple reason that the best of them are sold and leave the country. This is as it should be, for Ireland is the great producing country, and it would never do if breeders could not find a market for the best of their young stock. So long as there are plenty of good four-year-olds it does not so much matter about the quality of the older horses.

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday entries may be exercised



THE STAND BANK JUMP, PUNCHESTOWN

in the different rings, and they are filled with horses walking, trotting, and cantering round in the hopes of attracting attention or being tried by intending purchasers. Those that have won prizes or commendation from the judges may easily be known from the rosettes they carry on their brow or nosebands. Before they can obtain a prize or commendation all horses have to pass a veterinary examination, so they must be sound as well as good-looking.

The afternoons are devoted to the jumping competitions, parades of prize horses, and judging of harness horses, all of which

events take place in the large jumping enclosure. This enclosure consists of a fine stretch of grass 220 yds. long by 70 yds. broad, round which runs the trotting track; this is surrounded by a barrier, behind which there is a promenade for the spectators, with stands, banks, etc., from which a perfect view of the proceedings can be obtained.

In a contest "over the course" six fences have to be jumped in the following order:—1, bank and ditch; 2, ditch and bank; 3, stone wall; 4, double bank and ditch; 5, water jump; 6, hurdles. Two horses go at a time, and as it is a good sporting course it is a real test of merit and an exciting spectacle. Some of the pairs go a



DUBLIN HORSE SHOW—JUDGING THOROUGHBREDS

great gallop, almost making a race of it, thereby delighting the crowd who love a bit of pace. On the whole both the jumping and the riding are very good, though some amusing incidents occur owing to the lack of skill of horse or man. Enormous fields turn out for these events.

The high wall is a formidable obstacle, 5 ft. 6 in. high, and strongly built, the top foot consisting of loose round stones. Most of the competitors go at it quite slowly, get close to it, and land just the other side. I have, however, seen a horse gallop at it, stand well back, and jump in a style which would have cleared a steeplechase brook on the other side.

The high-wall jumpers are more or less professional performers, but those who enter for the "over the course" events are almost all horses who have been sent to the show with a view to sale, so buyers have a good opportunity of judging what they can do in the 'cross-country line. In the intervals between the jumping the harness horses have their turn. They are few in number, and consist almost entirely of high-stepping hackneys, who have been going the rounds of all the principal shows in England, and are at the top of the tree in their particular classes. They do not appeal greatly to hunting men, but no doubt they have their admirers, and, slightly to alter Lord Beaconsfield's answer to the lady who asked



DUBLIN HORSE SHOW—JUMPING COMPETITION—CLEARING THE WATER

his opinion on a certain book, "If you like that sort of horse they are just the sort of horse you would like."

Important items in the week's work are the blood-stock sales held by Messrs. Goff in the paddocks just across the road from the entrance to the show-grounds. Wednesday is devoted to yearlings. The prices are usually very moderate, and many a good bargain has been made by clever purchasers. About the best horse ever sold at these sales was the flying Delaunay, but many others who became good winners have also come from here. The majority of these yearlings are in good natural condition, have been given plenty of exercise, and are therefore much more ready to be put into

training than some of the pampered and over-fat animals one often sees at more fashionable sales, looking more like figuring at a Christmas stock show than on a racecourse. Messrs. Sewell also have several sales of hunters, etc., at their repository in Dublin during the week, so there is no lack of opportunity for increasing one's stud.

POLO

The polo in the Phoenix Park is always a great attraction, the matches for the All Ireland Open Cup being played during the show week. The County Cup Tournament is held the week before, and the great match, England *v.* Ireland, comes off on the Monday after



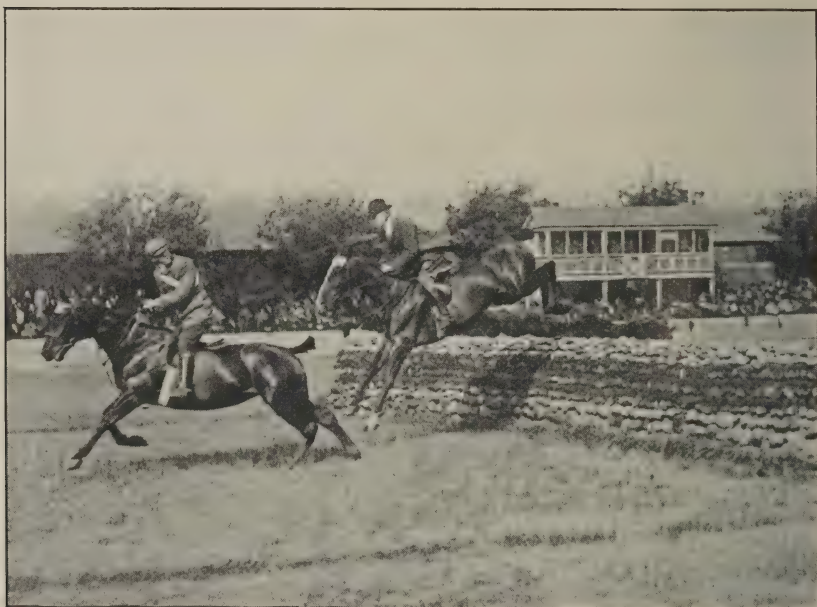
DUBLIN HORSE SHOW—CHAMPION WALL JUMP—THROWN OVER THE WALL

the show. The ground is immediately in front of the Viceregal Lodge, and is free to all, so there is always a large and enthusiastic crowd of onlookers who know most of the players by sight, and shout encouragement and advice to them with the most amusing candour. Poor John Watson was a great favourite with the gallery, who greatly appreciated his vigorous methods both of speech and action.

The best fun is to be got out of the county matches. Meath *v.* Sligo used to be a great draw; every one on the ground is a staunch partisan, and the yells and counter-yells may be heard for miles. England *v.* Ireland is also a great opportunity for a display of patriotism.

PHŒNIX PARK

The final scene of this busy week is laid in the charming grounds of the Phoenix Park Racing Club, which lie just outside the Ashtown Gate of the public park. This club is the latest venture in Irish racing, and up-to-date in every particular. Neither money nor trouble has been spared in making everything as perfect as possible, the interests of owners, spectators, jockeys, and horses being equally studied. The first meeting was held in the horse-show week of 1902, since when constant progress has been maintained. The stakes, especially for two-year-old races, are very good, and a feature of the arrangements is that the first race is not usually timed to



DUBLIN HORSE SHOW—JUMPING

start before 2.30, so as to give business men in Dublin a chance of seeing most, if not all, the sport.

The same rule holds good with Irish racehorses as with the hunters at the show: the youngest are always the best. A good two or three-year-old can always be well sold to go to England; and as the stakes which can be won in Ireland by horses four years old and upwards are very small, there is no inducement to keep them in the land of their birth. Should the visitor have any energy left after eating his dinner, the evening can be spent at one or other of the theatres, where a good London company will be playing.

(Photographs by the Sport and General Illustrations Co.)



HOLIDAY CRICKET

BY SIR HOME GORDON, BART.

HOLIDAY cricket ! The phrase seems perhaps to be redundant, for should not all cricket be holiday cricket ? In this workaday world of stress or toil all sport ought to be a relaxation. And, as of all sports cricket is the best, therefore it follows that cricket should be the very festival or holiday of sport. But we know it is nothing of the sort. Historically, cricket began as a diversion, played mainly on Sundays and holidays. Then it became that jolly game about which Nyren wrote a prose epic. That the Hambledon men with all their keenness and their betting made holiday over cricket can admit of little doubt. Slowly but surely the game grew to be one more specialised in practice, one in which the spectator had a different point of view from that of the prominent player. When once that was established, first-class cricket was bound in part to lose its holiday aspect and to grow more professionalised. Far be it from me to suggest that the first-class professional to-day is not as good a sportsman as his amateur comrade, for often he is the better of the two ; but no professional, who has his living to earn by systematic pursuit of a game, can treat it in such holiday fashion as the *bonâ-fide* amateur.

"Holiday cricket !" you say, and then you ironically conjure up visions of county grounds surrounded by huge stands or banks

to accommodate far more spectators than ever pass the turnstiles ; with pavilions more hideous than railway stations, and a hundred etceteras tending to show the practical aspect—hoardings covered with advertisements, boys shouting about the sweets or cigarettes or newspapers they want to sell. No one regards League football as a holiday pastime, and the surroundings of county grounds too often suggest the same grimness.

But, not always. For the mere title of holiday cricket suggests the pleasant lines in which the triumphant path of the Kent Eleven is laid. The Canterbury Week still holds high festival, with amateur theatricals, dances, social gatherings, the illumination of the Dane John, as well as the music of a military band to emphasise the big hitting of Mr. K. L. Hutchings or the attractive cricket of Mr. J. R. Mason. Not here can one expatiate on the innocent pleasures of that oldest and best of all the cricket festivals. New generations of Kentish enthusiasts barely modify the old traditions. Motors may bring us to the tented sward to-day ; twenty years hence those of us who survive may arrive in aeroplanes ; but so long as Kent chooses to play the sporting cricket her eleven displays, the Canterbury Week will remain delightful. Nor is this all, for Kent enjoys other weeks—at Tonbridge and Tunbridge Wells, for instance—in surroundings as pleasant as can be desired. Why, only a Kinneir or a Vine could stonewall at the opening of a match on those pitches and on others !

Sussex, too, places its present sedate eleven in very agreeable places. True, at Brighton comparatively few seem to come, but such pretty grounds as those at Eastbourne, Horsham, and Chichester might inspire epics—though I personally confess that to me Hastings presents the most depressing ground on which I have witnessed first-class cricket. Away west, ground after ground has bright aspects—Worcester, Bath, Cheltenham, Bournemouth, to name some from individual recollection. At the Recreation Ground at Portsmouth there is positive invitation to play spirited cricket. To begin with, the convict-laid turf is on a sub-stratum of slate, consequently so fast is it that the normal rate of scoring is approximately a hundred runs an hour. Then the presence of hundreds of enthusiastic Jack Tars and Tommies lends picturesque touches of colour. Away in the North and Midlands, where the grounds are admirable, alas ! so is the “dourness” of the whole business. It is like transacting affairs in the City after you have been attending to them in pretty country towns.

I am not cavilling at the great grounds which provide the backbone of cricket. I have the most profound admiration for the knowledge displayed by the keen crowds, and this year especially I

want to decry no team. For all through county cricket—on occasions only in Sussex and Essex—there is now a splendid revival of sporting play, a greater dash for victory, in place of a featureless occupation of the wickets. Compared with much that we had been treated to in former years, really the bulk of first-class cricket this season has been of holiday type. That is to say, risks have been taken and efforts obviously made, and hits over the ropes for six are coming with refreshing frequency. The contemporaneous exhilarating cricket, if persevered with, will soon attract back the old large crowds, provided new men of the first rank are found. The man in the street has a sinister recollection of the disasters that have overwhelmed English cricket, and—rightly or wrongly—he will not be interested except in new men who have their spurs to win. The admitted superiority of the veterans this summer is one of the reasons why the game has been comparatively neglected by the public.

The amusement of touring in minor cricket is considerable. To begin with, every day or every two days you meet fresh opponents, usually on a new ground. Then you are among congenial companions, and it is curious how rapidly friendships are cemented by cricket. Often the games are at the seaside, which enables a morning dip and an evening stroll on the shore. These things make for a holiday; given, of course, fine weather. There is no trouble, because one man “runs the show,” and the rest need not bother about baggage, hotel bills, or ordering meals. One reason why the middle-class mother of a family ages so quickly is because she never gets away from the midday dinner and the arranging thereof. No better way of making holiday can be devised than a cricket tour, provided you are with good fellows and can take chaff. It is like being back in one's college days, without the consciousness of having to read up for an exam.

There is a certain pleasant comradeship about a touring side that speedily affects their cricket. Knowing each other off the field, the cricketers seem quickly to apprehend individual methods, and so get something of the formidable cohesion of a side accustomed to play together. This tends to stimulate individual prowess and to develop keenness. Not often do touring sides have the luck to run into country-house cricket, but the latter is absolutely the cream of the game so far as enjoyment is concerned.

The prime of country-house cricket must have been before the day of us who still are on the sunny side of forty, but in many places it still survives. Everybody is smiling on the day, even the captain, who has had the Herculean task of getting up the side, and has come to his present rather indifferent team by a *via crucis*

of disappointments and rejections. Hospitality is lavish, probably with a dance in prospect in the evening, and plenty of fun and laughter in the cheery house-party. The pitch may not be so perfect as the surroundings, but we joyfully make the best of it. To complete the pleasantness, both sides ought to hit out freely. Stonewalling may be an occasional exigency in county cricket, but in country-house cricket—out upon it!

The military weeks are another delightful form of holiday cricket, and upon this may I be permitted to quote what my old friend Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower wrote in the "Country Life Library of Sport": "The play is brisk, hard hitting, keen fielding, usually a Tommy who sends down expresses which it is a treat to cut to the boundary, and, of course, the most unbounded hospitality and good-fellowship. Then there is always the regimental band in the afternoon, and one can do a little dance-step to beguile the tedium of fielding, or should you be dismissed for one of those conspicuous oval blobs, it is at least consoling to retire to a tune from the last musical comedy. The follies of girls who do not understand the game may sound funny set down in printer's ink, but spoken by pretty lips they only provoke laughter, while, as a matter of fact, lots of ladies understand cricket quite as well as most men do; moreover, they are singularly quick at noticing idiosyncrasies in the players."

Now I am coming to one serious point: the perennial difficulty of finding amateur bowlers, though somehow the side against one always seems to be fairly well off in this respect. But the amazing thing is the want of bowling among members of the M.C.C. The vast bulk of the teams for the hundred out-matches of the premier club seems to consist of a professional wicket-keeper and eight more or less efficient members in the field, engaged in watching two of the ground staff bowling out the opposite side. When once you have the misfortune to manage a Gentlemen of M.C.C. side, then you really are up against the impasse. Heaps of good fellows put their names down to play, and every one is more or less able to make runs. When you come to try to find some bowlers to oust the opponents, after vain and prolonged efforts you plaintively ask: "Are there no men who can bowl among the five thousand members?" And a sympathetic clerk in the office actually answered: "Well, sir, I don't know that there are, apart from those that are schoolmasters and cannot get away." I loathe the weekly averages, but examination of them shows that not a tithe of those who qualify with the ball are amateurs; moreover, I believe this has always been the case.

A clever critic recently wrote that he believed inquiry would show that none of the prominent professionals had bowled much

before they were fifteen, whilst any lad of promise among amateurs runs a danger of being overbowled before he reaches that age. There is a lot of truth in that, and it brings me to an important feature of holiday cricket, namely, boys' cricket. The Easter classes at Lord's are serving a splendid purpose; so, too, the Public School match on August Bank Holiday. Boys' matches all over England are delightful features in the holiday month. They can be made really useful if veteran amateurs will consent to umpire and whilst umpiring coach. Boys suffer not from too much but from too little coaching. It is overdone at private schools, and then is almost neglected until the boy is within sight of the eleven. In this respect may I pay a respectful tribute of admiration to the admirable little text-book compiled by that popular old Harrovian Mr. J. H. Farmer. Here is the pith of all coaching in a series of terse instructions that give the sure foundation for success in the game. That these are the outcome of experience only emphasises their merit. How many of the Lohmanns and Graces of to-morrow will owe their triumphs to the aphorisms of Mr. Farmer none will be able to say. If those who benefit do send donations, as he asks, to the Cricketers Benevolent Fund, that charity ought to benefit substantially.

Everyone knows those dull hours, particularly in two-day fixtures, after a match is over. Holiday cricket provides an amusing remedy for that. Divide the available time in two, and have a time-limit game, the innings being compulsorily closed either in forty-five or sixty minutes according as the clock permits. It is remarkable how exhilarating is the batting and how rapidly the score mounts. Bowling that in a match is respectfully met, in a time-limit holiday encounter finds itself smote to the boundary or lifted over the ropes. No one minds, not even the bowler, because his own turn to bat is coming so soon. Here is a demonstration of how runs can come when the bat is really put to the ball, and though hundreds of cricketers must have enjoyed these informal carnivals of the game, I do not remember ever to have seen an allusion to them in print. They may be commended to those who have not yet had the good luck to be initiated. Of course here the next man starts from the pavilion as soon as the batsman is dismissed, thereby observing the two-minutes rule—which is a splendid one.

With holidays nearly done, there is one more branch of holiday cricket to be mentioned, and that is the type that figures in first-class averages after county championship tussles are over. The apotheosis is of course at Scarborough, with occasional echoes elsewhere. Cricket cannot be altogether a money-making concern, and it is a relief for us who see so much of the business of the game to get ocular demonstration that it really is a game.



OTTER-HUNTING WITH THE WEST CUMBERLAND OTTER-HOUNDS—THE MEET

OTTER-HUNTING WITH A CAMERA

BY MARY C. FAIR

OTTER-HUNTING is a sport full of possibilities for the photographer. For one thing, it is always pursued on foot; for another, it is only possible in the months of late spring and summer, when the rivers are fairly low, the water is not so cold as to perish the hounds, and the light is good. Otter-hounds themselves are very handsome animals, many of them having rough coats in view of the work they have to do—a great advantage to them.

The otter-hunter, either with a camera or without, must, if he wishes to enjoy the sport to the utmost, be of an amphibious turn of mind. As long as you are in the water you don't as a rule either feel or catch cold; but when you come out of it, if you stand still or sit about, you do run the risk of being chilled. It is not by any means a bad plan to take with one an ample flask of rank whisky and to pour it into one's boots, especially if you have a drive home after the finish of the hunt, or if a railway journey is necessary. The otter-hunter's outfit is simple: a camera with a good shutter either of the between lens or focal plane type that will give an exposure of one two-hundredth second or less if required; a lens working at a wide aperture (F. 6·8 or larger), and preferably films. Plates are heavy to carry, and very apt to come to grief. You

want plenty of films, too, to obtain really first-rate results, so that you may get a good selection of negatives. I use for my hunting work either a post-card size roll-film camera, or a focal plane quarter-plate fitted with a film pack-attachment. I can take either of these cameras on horseback, and they have survived very rough work, giving good results still in spite of duckings and bumpings. Hunting photography of all varieties obliges one to be very keenly on the look-out for what may be called the "psychological moment." All in a second, often without warning, a dramatic situation will arise, and the photographer who hasn't his camera ready will get left. Therefore a camera of simple mechanism without undue



DOWN STREAM—OTTER-HUNTERS ARE AMPHIBIOUS ANIMALS

complications is the sort for sports of this kind. It is as well for otter-hunting to wrap as much of it up as you can in oil-silk secured by indiarubber bands in case of catastrophes, for it is very easy to slip on the bottom of a river, especially when in a hurry.

Clothes for otter-hunting should be of the rough and serviceable order. Boots want nails in the soles to get a grip of the bottom when wading. As you are sure to get your boots full of water, it is not a bad plan to have holes pierced through them just above the soles and eyelet-holes fitted therein, so that the water drains out again immediately. There is nothing more uncomfortable

than a long tramp in water-logged boots. A good long otter-pole shod with a steel spike completes your equipment.

Otter-hunting is a sport in which, as a rule, any moderately active person can keep up fairly well with the hounds, though sometimes on a hot scent they will go off at a tremendous pace. Another thing which makes it easier to follow is the fact that you stick to the river, though now and again an otter will take gaily off for a short burst across country.

The meet nearly always provides some good pictures; hounds crossing the river should also be keenly watched for. When an otter is marked by the hounds in his den in the bank is another



A CHECK—THE HUNTSMAN CALLING UP THE HOUNDS

occasion which is sure to yield a good picture or two; then there is the putting in of the terriers, when from within come sounds of strife, growlings and snarlings, as the terriers drive out the otter. To secure pictures of this you will probably have to stand in the river, and you must be careful not to get in the way or interfere at-all with the sport, or you will bring down upon you the wrath of the Master and your fellow-sportsmen. The hounds will be drawn off to give the otter a good chance; you can get studies of them as they wait almost frantic with impatience and excitement for the otter to dash out of his lair. Then if you have a focal plane you can snap



REFRESHMENTS—THE HUNTSMAN AND WHIP ARE NOT FORGOTTEN



MARKING AN OTTER IN THE WEIRING OF THE RIVER BANK

them (and if you have luck the otter as well) as they rush off in headlong pursuit. Presently will come the end, and the dead otter is displayed by the Master to those who are in at the death. You can get pictures of the Master giving the "mask" (the head) of the otter, its "poll" (the tail), and the "pads" (or paws) to those lucky enough to have won the trophies of the chase. If you happen to be amongst the number, it is as well to remember that such things should be sent off at the earliest possible moment to be mounted. The interior of the skin where they have been separated from the body of the otter should be well coated with boric acid powder, or if that is not at hand, powdered alum, rolled in butter



A KILL—A 22 LB. OTTER

muslin, and packed for transit to the curer's in a strong box. Otters' pads mounted in silver, with a cap at the shank end of the pad bearing the initials of the hunt and the date, make nice little brooches for ladies. The poll is usually mounted as a paper-knife handle. The mask can only be used as a trophy pure and simple for hall or gun-room.

There is one little word of caution. If you are hunting at the end of the summer (and the season) look out for wasps' nests. Wasps are very fond of nesting in river banks, and an onslaught of infuriated insects is not by any means delightful either for hunters

or hounds. Twice last year did this happen to the hunt here portrayed (the West Cumberland), and the ladies of the field performed prodigies of valour in picking out the innumerable wasps which settled ferociously on the hounds' thick coats. Carbonate of soda is a simple and excellent remedy for wasp or bee stings, and it is not a bad plan to carry a lump about with one in the summer.

With two other little cautions let me conclude: 1. Don't



THE END OF THE OTTER—THE MASTER BREAKS HIM UP

trample down growing crops or hay. 2. Be very careful not to disturb sitting game if you have to go through plantations. Pheasants and partridges, or wild duck, are very likely to be met with; they often nest, too, in dry ditches, or on grassy banks or field edges near to a river; they should be carefully looked out for, and, if seen, avoided.



SPEED AND THE MILE

BY HAROLD MACFARLANE

THE Briton's craving after speed in respect to his own personal progress is such that grandmotherly legislation has been found necessary to curb his inherent desire to advance with the maximum possible celerity. Abroad, the connoisseur in rapid travelling is permitted a certain amount of latitude with respect to the rate at which he desires to travel on his native highway, but the Briton's passion so carries him away, both literally and figuratively, that when at home he is not to be trusted with a free hand, and—well, woe betide the unfortunate wight who covers the measured furlong at a speed working out at a barley-corn or two over 9 yds. 2 ft. 8 in. a second, a grossly unsymmetrical standard of progression that represents according to our unscientific system of measurement a rate of twenty miles an hour.

Apart, however, from the joy of travelling at high speed, the ordinary man regards acceleration in its higher phases with an apathy that would be extraordinary did we not recognise that the higher planes of swiftness, apart from the flight of a hawk, 150 miles an hour, or that of an eider duck, ninety miles an hour, are purely mechanical and essentially methodical, and that mechanism

allied to orderly system is calculated to annihilate human interest with the utmost dispatch.

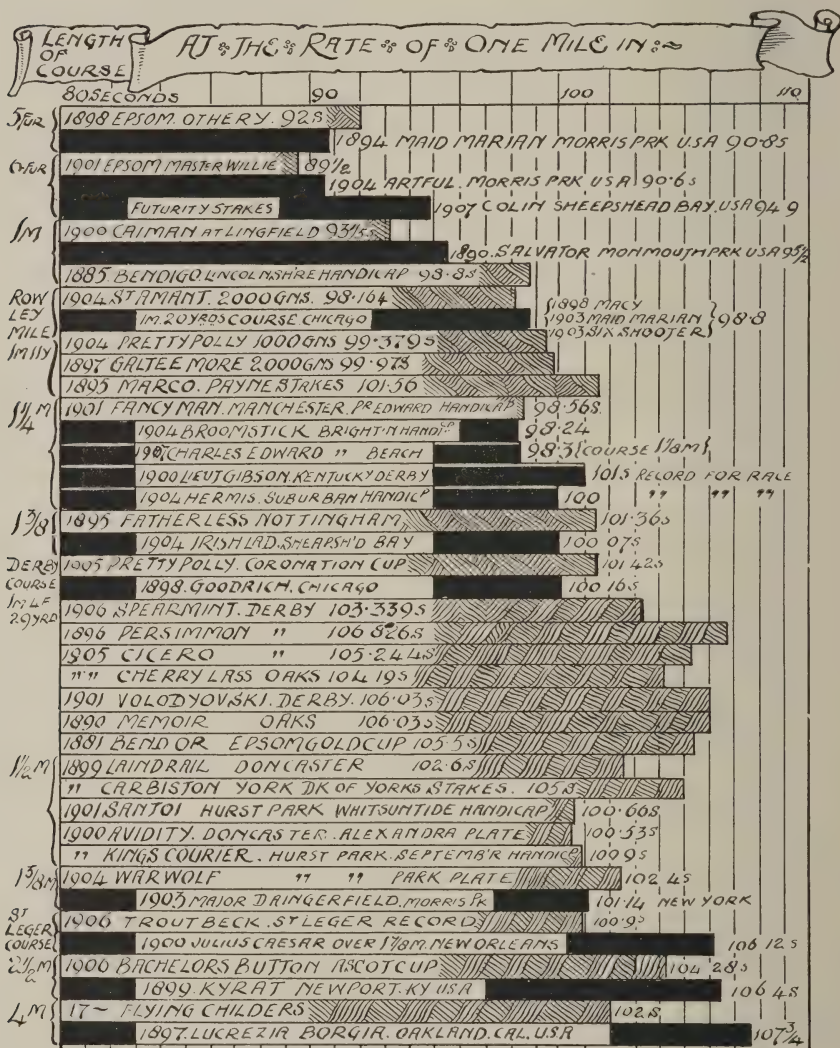
The Briton who attends aviation meetings, when he has witnessed a few circuits by the "airmen," is reduced to a pitiable condition of boredom, though the flight lacks nothing in rapidity. A meeting dedicated to motor races, though sixty miles an hour becomes a mere commonplace, will speedily reduce the spectator to a condition of tedium. Cycle racing, again, as a lure to attract the public, died years ago when it induced chronic tetanus in the spectators, the natural corollary to the yawns provoked by abject ennui. Horse-racing, however, has never failed to excite public interest.

A mile in $93\frac{1}{5}$ seconds, in point of fact, since 1900, has represented the record pace at which a horse has covered 1,760 yards of turf, and is here selected as the highwater mark in connection with public interest, inasmuch as the popularity of the racecourse, unlike that in respect to evanescent track records, is seemingly illimitable. As everyone interested in the horse is aware, the above speed was accomplished at Lingfield, where the straight mile has a fall of 1 in 76 for the first half and 1 in 200 for the second. The fact that there was an incline at all frequently leads the unthinking to discount Caiman's performance; but to show how little advantage could be gained from the slight incline it may be pointed out that the former gradient is so gradual that it would have to extend for six miles to lead a pedestrian from the pavement surrounding St. Paul's Cathedral to the Cross on the summit, while the latter would be barely discernible, as can be gathered from the fact that a pedestrian starting at the Golden Ball surmounting the dome of the fane and descending in a manner so gradual would have a walk equivalent to the distance lying between his starting point and Epsom Downs ere he reached the level of St. Paul's Churchyard.

So far as the records show, no horse has covered one mile with greater celerity than Caiman; but on the other hand a considerably higher speed has been attained for shorter distances, and some of these are indicated on our diagram, as a glance at the five and six-furlong records, graphically depicted thereon, immediately makes clear. This fact, however, in no way detracts from Caiman's feat, as there is every reason to believe that Master Willie could not have continued for another quarter of a mile at the speed he accomplished in his race for the Royal Stakes on June 6, 1901, and the object of showing on the diagram the rates per mile at which various famous feats on the turf were accomplished over divers distances is not so much for comparison one with another as to depict graphically

some of the most remarkable efforts achieved on the racecourse by British and American horses over similar distances.

In the diagram the black columns are drawn in length in proportion to the record times for one mile galloped on the American turf over various distances, and it will be found on examination that,



omitting the four-mile record, which tradition asserts was covered by Flying Childers in 6 minutes 48 seconds, the black columns and the corresponding shaded columns representing British feats are fairly even in length; so that the honours for the various distances indicated in the margin are divided.

That the five-furlong record achieved by Othery in 1898 should not equal Maid Marian's 1894 figures is probably due to the latter having a flying start in a straight and absolutely level dirt course, but it will be noted that in any event Othery's feat was not relatively equal to that of Master Willie, who, if timed over the five-furlong course, would doubtless have been found to have beaten the record set up by the five-furlong champion of either country. The record time made by Colin in 1907 for the famous Futurity Stakes, worth about £5,000, it will be noticed, compares very badly with Master Willie's record and that made for the mile by Caiman, whose figures most favourably vie with those achieved by Salvator, when that celebrated four-year-old raced against time on the straight course of Monmouth Park, N.J., in 1890, and with the famous Bendigo's Lincolnshire Handicap record of 1885.

The Rowley Mile, which is eleven yards in excess of the standard mile, prior to 1902 had never been covered in a race with greater rapidity than when Galtee More won the Two Thousand Guineas in 1897; in the year in question, however, Sceptre reduced the figures for the same event by three-fifths of a second, and two years later both St. Amant when winning the Two Thousand, and Pretty Polly in annexing the One Thousand, improved upon Galtee More's figures, while the former surpassed anything that the American time-reducers could manage over a course of practically the same length.

So far as 1907 was concerned the most startling feature of the American racing season was the performance of Mr. William Dubois' three-year-old Charles Edward on the Brighton Beach track, when he was credited with covering nine furlongs in time that was equivalent to a mile in $98\frac{3}{10}$ sec. Charles Edward, whose owner purchased him for £1,840 the day before he set up his record, undoubtedly accomplished a very fine performance; but at the same time his speed was, relatively speaking, not so good as that of Captain S. S. Brown's Broomstick, when that steed won the Brighton (U.S.A.) Handicap of ten furlongs over the same course in 1904 in 2 min. $2\frac{4}{5}$ sec., and was easily excelled by Housewife when in the same year she won the Brighton (Eng.) Cup in 2 min. $1\frac{4}{5}$ sec., which is equivalent to a mile in $97\frac{1}{4}$ sec.

The awkward length of the Derby course, twenty-nine yards in excess of the one and a half miles, renders it impossible to compare Pretty Polly's Coronation Cup record for the course with an American best on record for the same nominal distance, but to all intents and purposes the course may be taken as one and a half miles, and for this distance Goodrich, at Washington Park, Chicago, ran a mile in $100\frac{1}{7}$ sec., or about a second and a quarter better than

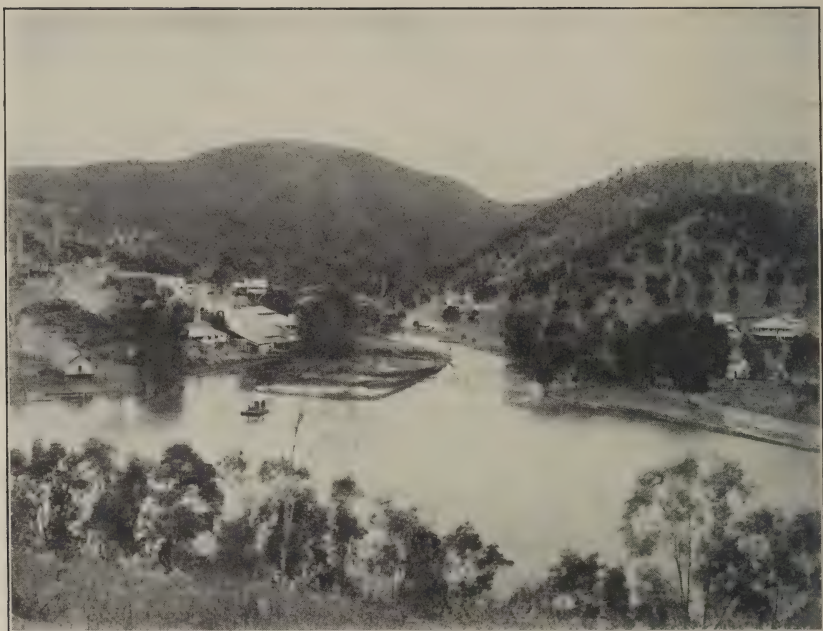
Major Loder's famous mare succeeded in accomplishing at Epsom in the year that saw Cherry Lass win the Oaks in record time, representing a mile in $104\frac{1}{5}$ sec., and Cicero the Derby at an average pace of a mile in $105\frac{1}{4}$ sec., a pace that compares unfavourably with Lemberg's record Derby speed of a mile in $102\frac{2}{5}$ sec. It is, by the way, interesting to compare the Derby course times with the figures for a mile and a half set up at various dates at Doncaster, York, and Hurst Park, the latter including, among other notable feats, Santoi's splendid effort which was merely half a second slower in respect to the mile than Goodrich's Chicago record, which doubtless had all the advantage accruing from a flying start.

Zinfandel's Alexandra Plate (Ascot) record for 2 miles 1,405 yards is equivalent to 108'99 sec. per mile, or a third of a second worse than the pace per mile achieved by Hubbard when, with a flying start, that four-year-old established a record for two and three-quarter miles at Saratoga that has held good since the somewhat remote date, August 9, 1873, upon which it was set up. Troutbeck's St. Leger record of 1906 must be classed with the best that Britain can point to, and Bachelor's Button, in the race for the Ascot Gold Cup in 1906, once more proved that the British thoroughbred over long distances is more speedy than his American competitor.

About ten years ago a race took place at Brooklyn, U.S.A., in which an elephant, camel, horse, bicycle, and motor-car took part, the various competitors being handicapped according to their estimated agility in getting over the ground. The result of the contest showed that the elephant covered the balance of the course left when its start had been deducted at a rate of twenty miles an hour, or rather less than half the pace achieved by Master Willie over a six-furlong course, and was closely followed by the cycle and the car. On another occasion, when at Linthwaite, near Huddersfield, an Irish terrier named Mickey was matched against a pigeon bearing the appropriate appellation of Flighty over a course of three hundred yards, the terrier romped home an easy winner in 27 sec., which is at the rate of 125 sec. a mile. Early in October 1902 yet another race took place between animal athletes, at Stamford Bridge Grounds, when fourteen bulldogs, ranging in weight from 25 lb. to 60 lb., toed the line, and the result of the encounter proved that a canine sprinter of this breed can do the "hundred" at a speed that would give a human biped, actuated by the best of reasons for covering the ground as speedily as possible, very little chance of outstripping it. As a matter of fact a 60-pounder on this occasion covered the distance in $6\frac{1}{4}$ sec., which is at the rate of 110 sec. a mile, and not very much slower than that well-known canine hustler, the whippet.

The ostrich has been credited with running a mile at a rate of sixty miles an hour, which is the speed attributed to the rook, and there is little doubt but that a great number of birds, including the pheasant, forty-five to fifty miles an hour, and the partridge, fifty miles an hour, could outstrip the fleetest of horses in a mile race; but it is frequently and erroneously stated that a first-class greyhound moves quicker than a racehorse, whereas in reality to assert that a Derby winner came down the course "like a greyhound fresh from the leash" is a base libel on the equine wearer of the Blue Riband, whose speed of thirty-eight miles an hour would enable it to leave behind with ease the greyhound, whose best time of speed for one mile is supposed to be thirty-four miles an hour, which is rather slower in respect to the mile than Bend Or's Gold Cup record of 1881, and 4 sec. per mile, equivalent to seventy yards, slower than the rate achieved by First Principal when winning the City and Suburban Handicap of 1902. The prong-horned antelope, we learn, is capable of covering a mile in 120 sec., which is $1\frac{1}{2}$ sec. slower than Lou Dillon's trotting record; the fox can get over a mile in 138 sec., and the foxhound is equal to a mile in 2 min. 43 sec., but so far as speed and the mile is concerned the poet laureateship of motion must undoubtedly be allocated to the English thoroughbred.





IRVINEBANK GOLDFIELD AND MINES, NORTH QUEENSLAND

“THE GULF”

BY H. VICARS CROSSFIELD

Far to the northward there lies a land—
A wonderful land that the wind blows over;
And none may fathom or understand
The charm it holds for the restless rover.

Paterson's "Grey Gulf Waters."

THIS is the legend of the Gulf—after a year in it a man won't leave it, after three years he *can't*; and this is the story of his undoing—first the flies worry him, then the corks he hangs from his hat unsettle him, later the solitude enthrals him, and finally the white ants *get into his brain*.

Of course this is a libel, but it is indubitably a fact that many of the old identities living in the “Never Never” are more than a little odd. The whole of North Queensland and the eastern part of the Northern Territory of South Australia, which together comprise an area of about 450,000 square miles, are generically included under the term “Gulf” or “Gulf Country,” albeit much of this land lies many hundreds of miles from the Gulf of Carpentaria. It is by way of being a sort of Lone Star State to the rest of the

Commonwealth from its remoteness, its lack of conventionality, its *camaraderie*, its cattle and its cowboys, also because it is a refuge for many who would be "the world forgetting, by the world forgot"—I recollect a youthful resident telling me his father's name, and adding, naïvely, "It isn't his real name—he changed that years ago when he deserted from ——," naming one of the services.

If the popular tastes do not include every form of diversion from the proverbial pitch-and-toss to manslaughter, they at any rate



DUCK-SHOOTING ON THE NORMAN RIVER, GULF OF CARPENTARIA

are comprehensive and varied. There is shooting of all sorts, from buffalo to quail; gambling, from mining to "shilling in"; and there are sports, from regattas to goat-races. Proud as the Gulf is of its liberty, equality, and fraternity, curious customs and class distinctions, immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, crop up unexpectedly in certain districts. At the dances in some parts of the country, for instance, everyone dances with everyone else, oblivious of the claims of birth, brains, or breeding; whereas

in other localities a cord is drawn across the room to separate the "classes" from the masses, for what is mere complaisance in one township is an unpardonable solecism in another. I have known the committee of a tennis club put its collective foot down with commendable firmness and request the resignation of one of its members on learning that she had undertaken the duties of housemaid at a neighbouring hotel—non-reminiscent of the fact that several of their number had been similarly "situated" in their younger days; for assisted emigration was an important factor in populating this country.

In character the Gulf country varies much; there are jungles



VIEW ON THE NICHOLSON RIVER, GULF OF CARPENTARIA

tropical as those of Equatorial Africa; interminable grass plains dotted with pandanus; chains of lagoons covered with waterfowl; forests of vine-covered cedars ornate with orchids; precipitous eucalyptus-clad ranges overhung by the opal-blue Australian haze; sun-scorched deserts black with funereal ant-hills; and emerald islands and amber-hued atolls where the palm-trees wave over the clear Coral Sea. The shores of the true Gulf, on the other hand, are deadly in their monotony, consisting almost entirely of breathless black mangrove swamps, the haunt of the crab and mosquito,

and the water is shallow—so shallow that at low tide with an off-shore wind it is jocularly said to be nearly all blown out of the Gulf. Sport is abundant, Indian buffalo being plentiful both in the Territory and on Melville Island, a large island thirty-five miles from Port Darwin, the principal town of the Territory, which is situated about 2,000 miles north-west of Adelaide.

These animals are the descendants of some that were imported as food for the residents of Fort Dundas, a military station founded on the island in 1824, and of Port Essington, a military and penal settlement that was established on the mainland about seven years later. These posts were abandoned and destroyed in 1850, but the



YOUNG MOOSE EN ROUTE TO NEW ZEALAND FROM CANADA

buffalo remained, increased and multiplied, and now thousands of their progeny roam the swamps and jungles of the interior.

Despite the fact that about 50,000 head were shot during the two or three decades that followed their liberation, and that many have since fallen to the rifles of the hunters, it is estimated that there are still about 60,000 in the Territory. A number of Timor ponies were also left, but their descendants do not, generally speaking, pay for the trouble entailed by running down and breaking in. Excursions were formerly made to the island from Port Darwin, and many buffaloes were slain; but the blacks made themselves so unpleasant that these expeditions have been discontinued, and hunting is now almost entirely confined to the Territory.

During the wet season, which lasts from the end of October till April, the low swampy ground that these animals frequent is almost entirely submerged, so the hunters make Port Darwin their headquarters at this time. The Queensland border is about 800 miles from Port Essington, yet some of the buffalo have penetrated far into this state; these, called "solitaries," are savage old bulls that have been driven out of the herds. The hunters, ideal horsemen, splendid bushmen, and good fellows generally, provide sport and cater for anyone accompanying them on a trip at the rate of £1 per diem. Casualties are numerous during the course of the chase, for the shooting (with a revolver) is done on horseback at close quarters, and the high grass conceals the quarry, whose charge is difficult to avoid in the heavy ground. The price obtained for the hides averages 20s. to 25s. each, and the largest pairs of horns (measuring as much as seven or even eight feet from tip to tip) often fetch a fancy price.

It would be a sporting thing for the South Australian Government to do were they to introduce some large and hardy antelopes into the Territory; for instance, eland or kudu, for the climate and country would suit them admirably. True, some of the experiments in the exportation of fauna have scarcely proved a glaring success; but these animals at any rate could not be more destructive than are the ubiquitous kangaroos. The New Zealand Government tried a scheme of this sort about twelve years ago, and it was only the exceptional climatic conditions encountered that caused it to be a partial failure. Fourteen young moose, seven bulls and seven cows, were imported from Eastern Canada, and being a fellow passenger of theirs from Vancouver to Sydney I was much interested in the venture. Unfortunately, the early part of the voyage was rough and cold even for the winter season, and only two pairs of the six-months-old youngsters survived. I saw them transhipped at Sydney for the land of the Moa, but I never heard whether they lived to bellow their challenge among Maori mountains or found a new race under Southern skies.

To return to the Gulf. Wild-fowl and pigeons are plentiful, although the close season is more honoured in the breach than the observance—in the interior at any rate. This is not as heinous as it might appear at first sight, for the great irregularity in the rainfall renders their breeding-time a matter of equal uncertainty.

The most interesting birds met with, from the sportsman's point of view, are the plain and scrub turkey, brown, black, Burdekin, and whistling duck; also teal, wild geese, and no fewer than twenty-six varieties of pigeons, of which the commonest are the flock, Torres Straits, top-knot, bronze-wing, wonga, squatter, and

fruit pigeon; and there are several species of curlew and plover. The plain turkey or Australian bustard (*Eupodotis Australis*) is between three and four feet high, averages from 15 lb. to 20 lb. in weight, and is moreover excellent eating. The best way to stalk it is to ride or drive round it in diminishing circles till you are within range, and then to fire as soon as possible, for if you delay it becomes alarmed, runs a few steps with outspread wings, like an aviator getting under way, and then launches forth on its strong deliberate flight. The bird is not without cunning, for if when approaching you take your eye off it, or a ridge intervene, it suddenly squats in the long grass, where it remains hidden, or takes flight at the next opportunity.

A '32 Winchester is the weapon generally used in shooting it,



TRAVELLING WITH PACK-HORSES, CAPE YORK PENINSULA

for a '22 does not stop it as a rule, and there is no sport in using a gun. I have shot many of them from the top of a coach, for one often comes upon them suddenly near the highway, especially in localities where there is a sharp curve in the track. I have bagged two cock birds in this way whose united weight was $40\frac{1}{2}$ lb. The blacks corral and catch them cleverly in the densely growing pea bush, where they have no room to perform the "preliminary canter" that necessarily precedes their flight. The bush or scrub turkey (*Catheturus Lathamii*), as its name indicates, frequents the dense scrub; it does not afford much sport, for it is generally shot sitting after it has been "treed" by a dog. Flock-pigeons are found in

the grass plains in extraordinary numbers, and flight-shooting is good sport if you pick your birds.

A likely lagoon is selected, and the guns secrete themselves in the most advantageous spots about an hour before sundown to await the birds' arrival: heralded by the whirr of countless wings they come in a dusky cloud, wheeling and twisting overhead: at the first discharge the shining surface of the water is shattered by squattering birds: then with a sound like rending canvas the dusky cloud turns ashen, and the flock, heeling over like a single bird, hastens back to the plains: ere the ripples subside others appear, and these dropping in weed and shallow take one brief gulp and go—and soon one longs for a water jacket for one's gun; meanwhile hawks and falcons wheeling high overhead watch and wait for wounded birds. The sunset, always gorgeous, leaves a scene of shimmering splendour where changing colours wax and wane until the wondrous afterglow appears.

Royal the Pageant closes, lit by the last of the Sun,
Opal and ash of roses, cinnamon, umber, and dun.

The blacks have a cunning method of killing the flock-pigeon; they conceal themselves under bushes set in the mud of a waterhole frequented by these birds, and as they are in the act of rising from the water they throw their boomerangs into the midst of them. From the hand of an expert the flight of the boomerang is quite the poetry of motion; it sidles, slides, swerves, floats, and "runs" through the air with grace indescribable. It circles hawk-like over a waterhole, scaring the cowering duck, or turns and twists intact through the trees with all the elusiveness of a woodcock, and, obedient to the power that launched it, it returns always to the place from whence it came, even when it has been made to strike the ground during the course of its flight—for this, far from retarding, actually accelerates its speed. There is another sort of boomerang, heavy and "straight," which is used as a weapon of offence and for killing birds; this does not return when thrown.

It would be interesting to know whether the ancient Egyptians ever attained to the skill of the Australian aboriginal in the use of this weapon, whether it was independently invented in these widely separated countries, or whether it made its way overland to the Island Continent aeons ago, ere yet the Wallace line existed. The spears of the aborigines are used in intertribal battles, in frays with the whites, and in forays after cattle.

In the Cape York Peninsula, the most northerly point of the Continent, many of the whites bear the scars of wounds inflicted by these formidable weapons; they are thrown with wonderful accuracy to an immense distance by the aid of the wommera, which vastly

increases the purchase of the thrower. This is a piece of flat polished hard wood from a yard to a yard and a half in length, narrow at the extremities, and increasing in breadth to three or four inches in the centre. It has a short stick projecting from one end, into which the proximal end of the spear is fitted. The wommera and the spear are held parallel until just before the latter is thrown; it is easily released, being only held loosely between the fingers. The wommera is at close quarters a very efficient weapon, not unlike a double-edged sword. One often sees juvenile warriors, six or seven, practising the art of war in the dry bed of a creek, and the dexterity shown by these youngsters in evading or warding off the spears thrown at them is truly marvellous.

To return to the pigeons. On the East coast the Torres Straits pigeons are seen literally in millions; they are handsome birds, slate-coloured on the back, and salmon-pink tinged with yellow on breast and abdomen. They breed principally on the islands and feed on the mainland. The beautiful fruit-pigeon, like the massive wonga, is found in the gloom of the densest scrub; it combines the gorgeous plumage of the parrot with the graceful outlines of the dove. The handsome muscular bronze-wing is found in comparatively open ground, and being a very rapid flyer it provides capital sport. Its flight is not unlike that of a partridge, and is nearly as noisy.

Pelicans, cranes, divers, and cormorants are seen on nearly every large sheet of water, and most of them are very destructive to the fish, the last-named being probably the worst, for they devour fish of a relatively enormous size. In the Sydney Natural History Museum there is a stuffed specimen which has the tail of a Murray cod protruding from its beak—its voracity proved fatal to it, for it was caught in this awkward predicament by some boys on the banks of the Murray River. The fish was too bulky either to swallow or disgorge, the bird weighing but $4\frac{1}{4}$ lb. and the fish actually $2\frac{3}{4}$ lb.



ALBERT RIVER, GULF OF CARPENTARIA

Landsborough, when leading a relief expedition to the rescue of Burke and Wills in 1861, cached provisions at the foot of this tree, on which he cut the message, "Dig 2 ft. N." It is said that the blacks got at the food; in any case it was rifled.

Fish abound in both fresh and salt water, and it may be that some day trout will be introduced into the deep clear rivers of the North, as they have been with success into the Snowy River in the vicinity of the glacier-crowned Mount Kosciusko in the South.

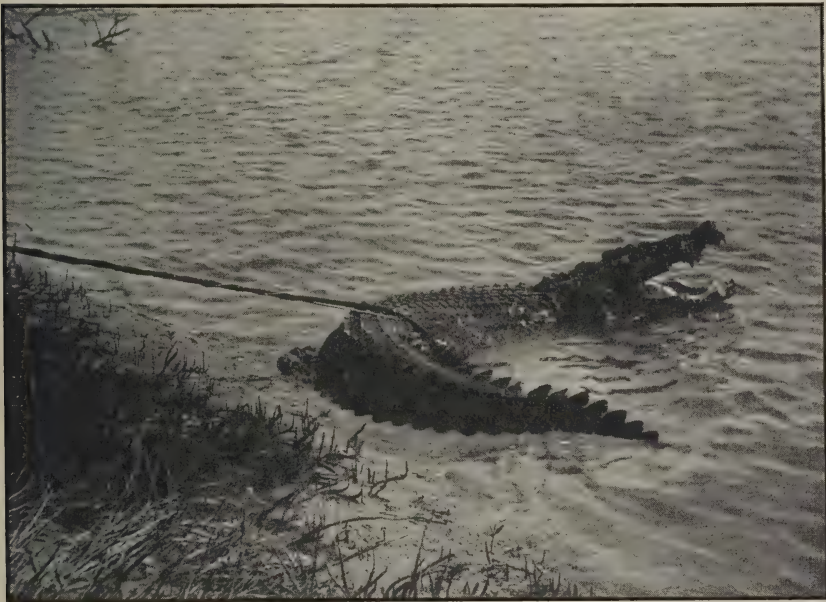
It is said that water-fowl, or at any rate duck, will not settle on water where there are crocodiles; but, be this as it may, I recollect a duck that I had just shot disappearing suddenly below the surface of a lagoon—it was apparently quite dead—just as I had swum out to it. The depredator may have been a harmless gavia, but this did not occur to me during my shoreward swim. It is far easier to say



BOWER-BIRD'S ARBOUR, QUEENSLAND—SHOWING BONES, PIPE-BOWLS, PIECES OF GLASS, ETC., WHICH FORM ITS COLLECTION OF PLAYTHINGS

where the crocodiles are than where they are not, for they wander all over the country when the rivers are in flood. The dry river-beds fill at these times, unite, and form a single turbulent stream, covering the adjacent country to a breadth of from five to ten miles, and where the water goes the crocodiles follow. Dogs, pigs, and goats are their favourite diet; but they attack horses, cattle, and men—especially the blacks who camp on the river-banks. Mail and pack horses are often pulled down at the fords when the rivers are up, and many that escape bear the marks of the reptiles' claws.

They are trapped, poisoned, and shot whenever it is possible, and in some localities quite a large business is done in the sale of their hides. In trapping them a dog is tied in the undergrowth on the river-bank as bait—it is considered bad form to use your own. Between the animal and the river a stout sapling is bent, to which is attached a running noose of rope and wire; the crocodile in passing through this sets free the sapling, which by its recoil draws the noose taut round its body. One night a resident in a river township was awakened by a dismal howling, and on getting up to investigate the cause he traced the sound to the river, where he found his own watch-dog, which had been "borrowed" that, siren-like, it might lure one of these monsters to its destruction.



CROCODILE TRAPPED ON THE NORMAN RIVER

In the Cook district of the Cape York Peninsula, wild pigs are numerous, large, and savage; they are said to be the descendants of some that were left by Captain Cook, who in 1770 careened his ship in the estuary of the river—now called the "Endeavour" after his vessel—on the shores of which Cooktown is situated. Owing to the precipitous nature of the country pig-hunting is done on foot, and mishaps occur from time to time. Dingoes also are plentiful, and their lugubrious howling at night is familiar to most dwellers in the bush, though from their nocturnal habits and their extreme wariness they are not often seen. They live in holes in the banks in the most

inaccessible scrub, so in spite of the warfare constantly waged against them and the Government reward offered for their scalps their numbers do not apparently decrease. They commit great depredations among the sheep, also among the cattle that have been weakened by drought; consequently travelling drovers avoid as far as possible the routes infested by these pests.

Truly the drover's is the strenuous life! The climate, the "tucker," the hardships incidental to his calling, and the ceaseless cares inseparable from such a charge as his, would try the temper and constitution of the hardiest. Drought and disasters innumerable dog his steps, as the lengthy chain of bleaching bones on the stock route shows. Even when water, and consequently grass, is plentiful the lines of the drover's life are not always cast in pleasant places; for in his laudable anxiety to make the best of his surroundings he is subject to constant "misunderstanding" with the neighbouring squatters, for—

This is the law of the overland that all in the West obey :
A man must cover with travelling sheep a six-mile stage a day;
And this is the law which drovers make right readily understood :
They travel the stage when the grass is bad, but camp when the grass
is good.

The record in droving trips was recently made by a cattle-man who traversed the continent from west to east, a distance of approximately 3,000 miles, which he covered in about two years.

Cock-fighting is a favourite pastime in many townships, especially the mining ones, though it is of course prohibited. Even muscovy ducks are trained for combat, and it is said they put up a very good fight, but history does not relate whether they wear spurs.

Every town holds its annual race-meeting, and in the remote districts "picnic races" are very popular. The regular followers of the sport of kings travel from town to town in the Gulf with a few smart horses, and by the strenuous use of the spur or the bridle they do very well. Some of these professional hackers—minus their horses, of course—make their way annually over the two thousand intervening miles of ocean to the Melbourne Cup Meeting, taking the Sydney and Brisbane events on their return journey. Speaking of the Melbourne Cup recalls an incident that occurred ten or twelve years ago connected with this event and another contest that was exciting world-wide interest at the time. We had just arrived in Brisbane harbour after a voyage from Vancouver, and we were keen to learn the result of the equine struggle, when one of the ship's officers rushed into the saloon where we were at lunch, shouting, "Merriwee has won the Cup!" Whereupon an old lady sitting next me cried, "Oh dear, I *am* so sorry! Poor Sir Thomas Lipton!"

The best sport in the way of racing is seen at the picnic meetings, where the sole speculative medium is a modest little "tote" hidden beneath the shelter of a bough-shed. These races are strictly amateur affairs, the committee being station-owners and managers, as are the jockeys, with the addition of sundry station-hands and black boys. The races are for grass-fed horses that have been regularly ridden by their owners, and the most coveted prize is the Ladies' Bracelet.

This is presented by the ladies of the "neighbourhood," and re-presented by the fortunate winner to the fair one of his choice.



THE PADDOCK, COOKTOWN RACECOURSE

I recollect a sergeant of police for whom the race was considered a certainty promising this trophy to his *fiancée*; but in these as at larger meetings the inevitable outsider will crop up, and when the sergeant came in second the amusement of the crowd who knew of the promise completed his discomfiture. The races are anything from five furlongs to a mile, the latter distance being far enough for a grass-fed horse going at a good bat, though he will stay all day on the road at a more moderate speed. The start is nearly always hidden by a vast forest of eucalyptus from the winning-post, where the judge stands with his back against a tree. The

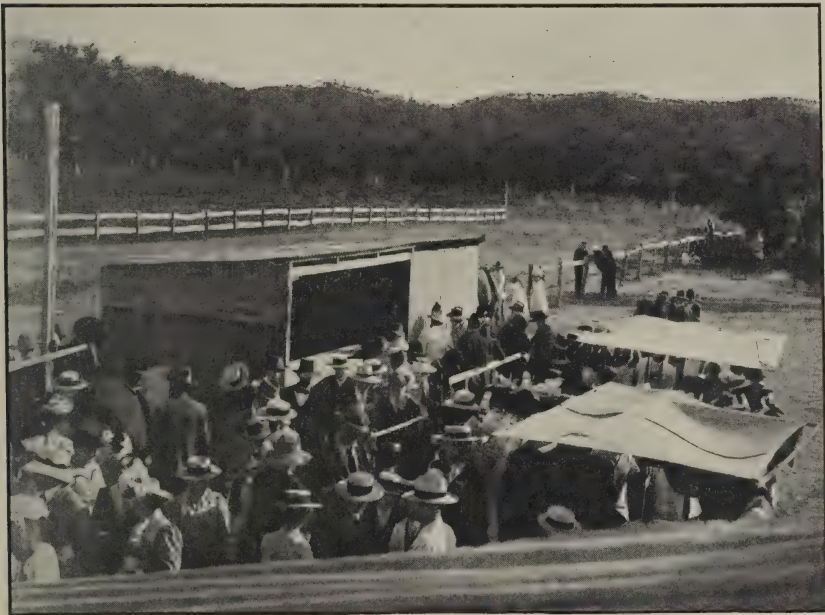
course is generally as hard as adamant, and an ever-increasing cloud of red dust accompanies the field on their momentous journey.

The hospitable committee are accustomed to invite everyone, or practically everyone, living within a radius of two hundred miles, and they all come bringing their wives and families. They ride or drive, camping out at night, in fact making a real picnic of it; for the native-born Australian at any rate does not take his pleasures sadly. On the course there are always a number of picturesquely clad Afghan camel-drivers as well as Chinamen and blacks to lend colour to the scene. Refreshments liquid and solid are free throughout the fête, so things go with a swing—sometimes a good deal of a swing. At the last meeting that I saw, the fire that boiled the “billy” spread to the grass in the vicinity while the crowd was watching a race, with the result that it consumed all the grass and most of the timber in the neighbourhood of the course.

During the dry season the rain-water in the tanks in most of the townships runs short, so goats are requisitioned for drawing water from the neighbouring creeks and rivers. Teams of two or four of these animals are harnessed to little carts into which kerosene tins are put to hold the water, and when the carts are empty they get over the ground at a great rate under the guidance of a small boy. Consequently goat races have come to be quite a popular form of amusement in many of the more populous townships. In one of these there was a regular Ormonde, whose record had been what sporting writers describe as one unbroken series of successes, until one fateful day on which it failed to catch the judge's eye. The “jockey,” aged twelve, was promptly haled before the stewards, and despite his tearful plea that “Mellow was off his feed,” he was solemnly but summarily warned off.

Every traveller in the Gulf country has to make the best of such hotel accommodation as he can find, and many of the residents in the towns live in hotels, so the landlord has come to be quite an important person—he is, in fact, a power in the land. Although the days of “knocking down” big cheques are past, together with, let us hope, the tobacco-adulterated rum that was the “*quid*” *pro quo*, the income of the publican is still rather startling. Even now station-hands, miners, drovers, and others come into the bush public-houses and townships and drink all night—“shouting” for everybody—and sleep off their potations during the day. When their money is gone their “host” presents them with a bottle of whisky to “taper off” with as they make their way homeward—or get bushed.

However drunk he may be, a bushman can nearly always ride. I once saw a man who was quite unable to walk climb into his saddle and ride out of the township. Before he had proceeded far his hat fell off; he turned his horse, and after one failure recovered his head-gear *without dismounting*. Formerly it was usual for a new-comer on arriving in a "Never Never" township to "shout" drinks, if not for everyone in it, at any rate for everyone in sight; and though this estimable custom has fallen into desuetude, I have seen it so far revived that when an unfortunate stranger had the hardihood to single out a couple of men whom he knew from the crowd to drink with him, all the rest sang "For he is a jolly



TOTALISATOR, COOKTOWN RACECOURSE, CAPE YORK PENINSULA

good fellow," just to bring the enormity of his offence home to him.

It is considered the worst of bad form for anyone to have a "Johnny Woodser," or, in other words, to drink alone, and the publican always discourages such a lapse from the best traditions of the Gulf by encouraging you to shout for the landlord. The moment you put your head inside the door of a bush hotel to ask the time or inquire *re* your route the alert landlord produces a *couple* of glasses, pops them down on the bar, and asks you what it is going to be. One of the Australian journals tells a story of a tired wayfarer

putting down his last sixpence on the bar of such an hotel and calling for whisky. The boss promptly produced two glasses, filled one of them, and, after swallowing the contents, regarded the coin interrogatively and said, "Strike me dead, mister, ain't yer goin' to have one yerself?" Here there is a great chance for a paternal government to step in.

The country known as the "Never Never" is sparsely populated—in some regions unpopulated—land which lies out beyond the back blocks, where you may ride two hundred miles without seeing the least sign of human habitation. Here, of course, hotels are few and far between, and every drink costs a shilling. I have seen but one shebeen in these regions. It was just a bough-shed half-way between two towns a hundred and twenty miles apart. People said it existed for the convenience of the police, but doubtless this was only a sample of Gulf humour. Strange to say there was a small post-office within a mile of it, and there I discovered a governess who had passed most of her life within the sound of Bow bells. I do not recollect how or why she had reached such a place, but I do remember that she longed "to hear the hansoms slurring once more through London mud"; for she was very homesick, and she babbled pathetically of the home and friends she would never see again.

In the nearest hotel, which was fifty miles distant, we met an alcoholic-looking individual who informed us that he was tutor to the publican's family, adding proudly, "You little expected to meet a 'Varsity man here," a sentiment with which we heartily concurred. In one mining town we found the English public schools well represented, the doctor being an old Etonian, two mining experts hailing from Rossall, another had been at Clifton, and some functionary, the R.M. I think, was an old Carthusian. In this town there was a chubby, rosy-cheeked girl of twelve who used to go out every morning to fossick for gold in the dry bed of a neighbouring creek, mounted on a stout pony, always riding astride and wearing a pair of serviceable spurs.

In another town the people used to rush out of doors after a heavy shower and wander up and down with their eyes fixed on the ground. Inquiry elicited the fact that they were searching for the small nuggets and specks of gold that were washed clean and rendered visible by the rain, the town having been built on a gold-field where surface gold had at one time been plentiful.

In the remote townships in the far interior of Queensland near the South Australian border coin of the realm is often very scarce, so a system of I O U's has been instituted that is more profitable to the giver than to the receiver. For instance, when a drover or other

customer from outside the township gives, say, a £5 note for £3 worth of goods, he receives from the storekeeper an I O U for £2, which is as good as cash wherever the storekeeper is known, which is probably anywhere within a radius of two or three hundred miles. The wily trader writes it in lead pencil if no protest is made, and on soft and friable paper, with the result that from repeated soakings in the pocket of the drover it becomes undecipherable, or by passing frequently from hand to hand it soon falls to pieces.

The country abounds in gems and metals of many descriptions: in the Territory diamonds, opal, and oriental rubies are found, and in Queensland opal, sapphires, turquoises, and many

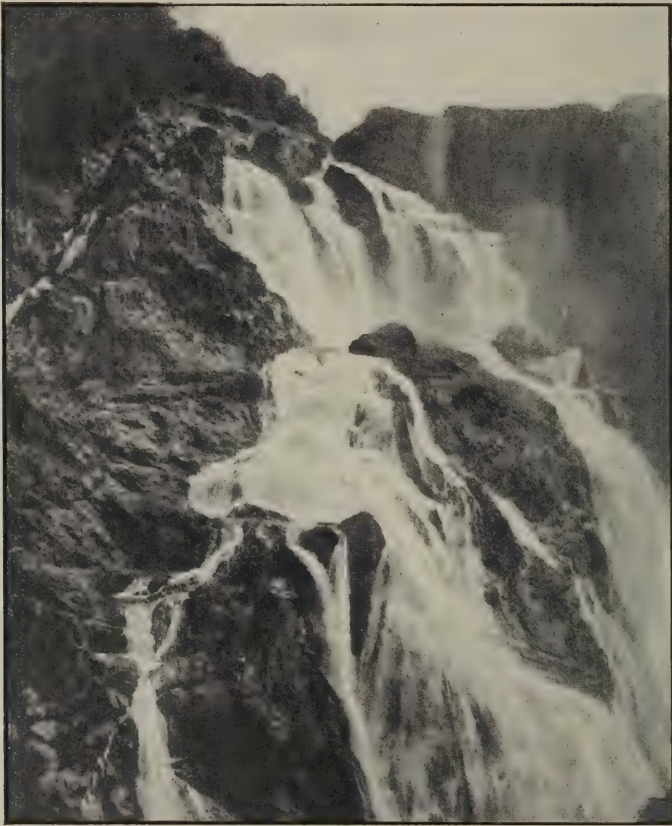


ABORIGINALS HALF-BURIED IN THE SAND, DIGGING FOR WATER IN THE DRY RIVER-BED, GEORGETOWN—KEROSENE TINS FOR WATER

other precious stones, and nearly every metal in the alphabet from antimony to wolfram is discovered in the latter state.

One sees much of the drivers of the mail coaches while traveling through the country, for the coach is practically the only vehicle available for a long journey. They are as a rule a fine, trustworthy set of men, ready to prove themselves heroes where occasion demands. These occasions and deeds they never or rarely allude to, but they are possessed of a shrewd native humour and a fondness for tall stories. Before narrating one of these it were well to explain that in this lonely district the kangaroo from being rarely molested or shot is unusually tame, and you frequently see one of these

marsupials loping along in front of a coach. If you whistle it stops suddenly, turns its head over its shoulder, and looks at you. Well, one of the drivers told me that on an occasion when he had a new chum on board he saw an "old man" kangaroo going slowly down to a bend in the track ahead of him. The visitor, much interested by its apparent tameness, asked what it was doing there. "Oh, it's a tame one belonging to a station out beyond that belt of scrub," quoth the driver; "it comes down for the mail regularly"—and he



LAURA FALLS, LAURA RIVER

whistled, whereupon the "old man" stopped dead, turned, and regarded the occupants of the coach interrogatively. "Nothing this morning," shouted the driver, waving his hand, and the 'roo seeing the movement bounded back into the bush, much to the mystification of the half-convinced new chum.

On one coach-route there is a terminus in the bush where two coaches meet about mid-day. The drivers partake of a noontday meal,

exchange passengers and mails, and return on their respective journeys. Once, either from absent-mindedness or the excessive geniality of the passengers, each driver re-packed his unloaded mail in his own coach, picked up his fresh lot of passengers, and returned on his tracks; nor did either of them discover his mistake till night-time, and there was the deuce to pay with the authorities.

Coaching teams generally consist of four—in mountainous country five—seasoned horses; but sometimes an unbroken two-year-old from the bush is introduced among the others, and then the fun begins, for he ties himself into knots with the other horses and the harness, or practically gets out of the latter altogether, or



LAST YARD OF THE ASCENT OF NEWCASTLE RANGE

insists upon a perpendicular mode of progression, or *will* go at a gallop down the steepest declivities, or he perhaps comes and sits down under your elbow, so to speak, and looks at you. This [is rather disconcerting when it occurs, as it frequently does, at an awkward angle where the road hangs out over a sheer precipice.

I was once driven by an optimistic sort of person who, though he had the contract for conveying His Majesty's mails, did not customarily take passengers. He beguiled the weariness of the journey by blithesome song, and when his matchless team of three—a horse that must have been older than himself, an overworked two-

year-old, and a mule—lagged and sagged too obviously, he used to disembark, and fill a large basket he carried for the purpose with hard clods of earth, with which he proceeded to pelt the luckless quadrupeds to stimulate their waning energies.



COACH AND TEAM, SHOWING ANT-HILL

Then he would gaily carol appropriate snatches of the songs of the "Never Never"—

But see me with a horse—
There I'm — good of course,
For I *do* what others dare not even *try*.



A CLASSIC WINNER

BY F. L. FARRER

I HAD been with a party of enthusiasts to the Horse Show at Olympia, and had witnessed the conclusion of the great Marathon coaching event. We visited the show again after dinner and saw the evening performance out, and then supped very pleasantly at the Carlton. Shortly after midnight I returned to my quarters in St. James's. It was a beautiful summer night, and it seemed a sin to go to bed, so I sat down beside the open window with a whisky-and-soda and a cigar.

I picked up a volume which was lying on the table by my side. It was an *édition de luxe* of Horace, a relic of my 'Varsity days. I have always been an admirer of that cheery optimist, who wrote so well of the men and manners of his time. As I idly turned over the leaves my eye fell on the words—

Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad deos.

Yes, I thought to myself, some of these young bloods of Rome, driving their chariots and four in the Roman games, must have felt themselves "lords of the world." I've had the same feeling myself when I've been holding the ribands behind a good team. The stirring lines conjured up a vision of the great Roman games, and I fell to musing of the Olympia of bygone days.

I must, I suppose, have dozed off to sleep, for I found myself talking quite naturally to Quinctus Metellus Piso. I told him I had been to the Horse Show at Olympia, and he appeared greatly interested, particularly in my description of the Marathon coaching event. I described to him some of the principal items, and he inquired if there were any chariot races.

"No," I replied; "we don't go in for chariot-racing nowadays."

"Why?" said Piso, "it's the finest sport on earth! The proudest moment in my life was when I won the chariot race at the Circus Maximus in 737 A.U.C."¹

"It must indeed have been a grand sport," I agreed. "If it's not troubling you too much I should very much like to hear something about it?"

My visitor stretched himself full length on the lounge. His impassive Roman features became somewhat more animated as he readily responded to my request. He spoke in the colloquial Latin of his day. I have always been a fair classical scholar, and I was able to understand the greater part of what he said, though some of the horsey jargon with which he occasionally garnished his story, and some of the technical terms of the sport he was describing, were a trifle beyond me. However, the following is, in the main, as far as I can remember, what he told me.

* * * * *

"I can recall the whole scene," he said, "as vividly as if the race had taken place yesterday. I can see the vast arena of the Circus Maximus, oblong in shape and some six hundred yards in length; the long low wall—we called it the *spina*—running down the centre of the arena, its extremities guarded by the *metæ*, the pillars which mark the turning-points of the course.

"On both sides of the course the seats of the amphitheatre rise tier upon tier. I have never seen the Circus Maximus so packed with people as it was on that day. The Emperor himself is there in his royal box opposite the winning-point. Gathered around the royal box are all the beauty and fashion of Rome. Further down the course the seats are occupied by the great populace of the city. Always an unruly crowd; they occasionally give vent to their impatience with hoots and howls. I can hear now the confused babel of voices as the chances of the various charioteers are discussed. The lists of the horses taking part, with their names and colours and those of the drivers, are being eagerly scanned. Heavy bets are being laid. Everybody is in a fever of excitement, for the preliminary heats have been run off, and the final, which will decide the victor, is about to be run.

"Now the time has come to take our places in the chariots. We have donned our distinguishing colours, which represent the four seasons of the year—green for spring, red for summer, blue for autumn, and white for winter. In company with the three other competitors I make my way to the *carceres* or stalls at the end of the circus, where slaves are busy yoking the horses to the racing chariots. There is not much time for preliminaries. I take a

¹ That is, 17 B.C.

hurried look round my team—four magnificent bays, Castor and Pollux in the yoke, Sirius and Orion in the traces, one on each side of the yoked horses. They are trained to the hour. Their skins are like satin, and every muscle stands out in bold relief.

“A slave stands at the head of each horse, and would scarce prevent them from breaking away were it not for the doors of open woodwork which shut off the stalls from the arena.

“As I step into my chariot a slave hands me a short-bladed knife, which I fix in my girdle. In chariot-racing, you understand, we drive with the reins round our backs, so that we may throw all our weight against the team, for when these four horses leap into their stride the weight of the chariot is as nothing, and the driver requires all his strength and weight to steer and turn them. In case of accident the knife is used by the charioteer to cut himself free from the reins. Another slave hands me a short-handled whip, and all is ready.

“At a signal the attendant slaves throw open the doors of the carceres simultaneously. The four bays spring to their bits; and as I make my way to the starting-place, which is marked by a white rope stretched across the course, I have time to scan my three opponents and their teams. I have drawn the place next but one to the spina which marks the inside of the course. On my left, clad in green, is Marcus Servilius Cotta, a typical Roman dandy, a *persona grata* with the great ladies at Court, both on account of his physical beauty and his exploits. A dandy if you will, but a trained athlete as well. The muscles on his bared arms stand out like whipcord, and his wrists, which give to every movement of his team, are as pliant as steel, and as strong. For weeks past he has galloped his team every afternoon on the Campus Martius. By running, swimming, throwing the discus and the javelin, he has brought himself to a state of physical perfection equal to that of his horses. His chariot is richly ornamented with gold and ivory, and looks more like a triumphal car than a racing chariot. He drives a grand team of black horses, bred by himself on his estate in Calabria, where he keeps his famous racing stud.

“As we line up for the start I note the wicked-looking eye of that superb black horse on the off-side, and it crosses my mind that Marcus will require all his strength before the seven circuits of the course are completed.

“On my right is Antonius Flaccus, a soldier risen from the ranks. Strength is written in every line of his Herculean frame, and if the set of that square jaw means anything it bespeaks a determination to win. He wears the blue of autumn, and he drives a team of pure white horses imported from Gaul. They are bitted

with the cruel wolf-teeth fretted bits, and Antonius has taken a turn of the reins round each wrist.

"Beyond, on the outside, is Chrysippus. His features proclaim him of Greek extraction. He is slight in figure and of somewhat effeminate appearance, an effect which is perhaps heightened by his white racing tunic; but his mixed team—two roans in the yoke and a chestnut on either hand—seem perfectly trained, and he handles them like a master.

"We line up on the rope. There is a tense silence now throughout that vast concourse of people, broken only by a vicious squeal from Marcus's off-side trace-horse as he lashes out behind and just misses my near-side horse. A momentary pause as each charioteer presses his team up against the rope; and then a short, sharp blast on the trumpet. The rope in front is cast off, and the four teams plunge into their stride and hurl themselves on to the course.

"A subdued roar as of the multitude's pent-up emotion let loose greets the start, and for a while deadens the thunder of the horses' feet and the rattle of the chariot-wheels. What an ecstasy of feeling is this! There is nothing on earth to compare with it. The chariot-wheels seem hardly to touch the ground as my four bays lay themselves out to their work. Marcus, to whom fortune has given the inside position, is hugging the wall, and is keeping a slight lead. He seems determined to force the pace even at the outset of the race. On my right Antonius is leaning far forward over his team and encouraging them with his voice. Chrysippus, his lissom figure answering to every motion of his chariot as it rocks and sways upon its course, is leaning over to the left as we approach the first corner ready to bring his team round as close as possible.

"We are nearing the corner now, and it is time to steady the horses in their first mad rush; so, leaning far back out of the chariot, I put the whole weight of my body on the reins and throw out a little to the right to avoid being fouled by the inside chariot at the turn. Even in all the turmoil of the race I can appreciate the masterly driving of Marcus. Within a few yards of the corner he steadies his team. He has calculated the corner to a nicety. His near wheel just grazes the meta as he leans far over to the left and brings his horses round with unerring precision, and the next moment he is leading in the straight on the other side of the spina. It is evident even at this early stage of the race that it will be no light task to steal the inside berth from such a master of his craft.

"As we turn, in spite of having steadied my team, my chariot seems to be almost swung off the ground; but my horses answer

perfectly to the rein, and the way in which the young horse Sirius on the outside increases his pace at the corner and leans in on the others fills me with confidence. Antonius appears to disdain any delicate handling of his team; hardly decreasing his pace at all, he catches short hold of his horses and seems to bring them round by sheer strength. Chrysippus, who has the worst of the positions, bears in very close on Antonius, and although perforce losing ground at the corner, lets out his horses as soon as he has them in the straight, and we surge up the course, Marcus leading. The pace he sets at the start, considering that the seven circuits of the course cover a distance of over four miles, is tremendous. Still, with his advantage of position we dare not slacken our speed. Another corner at the head of the circus is taken, and we pass our starting-point, having completed the first lap with our respective positions unaltered.

"At the end of the second lap Chrysippus has fallen a little to the rear. As we come into the straight for the third lap Antonius sends his team to the front. The four white horses, with a wonderful turn of speed, forge right ahead of us.

"I see his object at once. He intends to reach the meta first and seize the inside berth. He is actually using his whip thus early in the race. But he places too much confidence in his strength of arm. He will never be able to turn his team at that pace. Mark what happens! Though he leans far over to the left and exerts all his tremendous strength as he comes to the turn, his fiery Gallic steeds, excited to madness by the use of the whip and the cruel jagged bits, run wide, and for a moment it looks as if they would charge the high barrier wall at the end of the circus. The shrill scream of a woman rises above the roar of the wheels. But as by a miracle at the last moment Antonius manages to turn his team, and his chariot, balanced for a few seconds on one wheel, comes round, almost grazing the barrier on the outside of the course.

"At the same instant a team on my right shoots to the front, and Chrysippus, barely moving a muscle, slips into the place of Antonius.

"A storm of applause marks this skilful piece of manœuvring, and so we hold on our way. Meta after meta is passed. Ever at the corner there is the same frantic turmoil of the turn, and ever as we turn, like the breakers of an angry sea, the teams come surging up the straight in their mad impetuous career. Marcus, with the same quiet smile upon his face, keeps his position on the inside. At each turn his near wheel grazes the meta, and his driving calls down the repeated plaudits of the spectators. So far he has not given his rivals the slightest opening.

"In the fifth lap, however, at the far end of the circus the black horse in the traces, who until now has shown no signs of temper, takes the bit in his teeth and bores out to the right. It is with difficulty we avoid a collision. Marcus and I approach the next corner level. All the way up the straight Marcus punishes the black horse. At the turn the brute, his temper now fully roused, bores outwards again. Marcus, battling furiously with his team, is borne across my front. By a supreme effort I manage to check my horses ever so slightly and throw off to the right.

"Now is my chance for the inside berth, and I am in the act of pulling across to the wall when out of the eddying dust a chestnut horse appears close on my left, and Chrysippus, who during the last lap has been driving just behind Marcus, forestalls me. His triumph, however, is short-lived. He takes one corner perfectly, but he runs the next too fine. His near horse and near wheel strike the meta with terrific impact. Chrysippus is hurled out over his horses' heads and lies prone in the dust. There is a sound of splintering of wood, and I catch a glimpse of a confused medley of horses struggling and kicking on the ground. Fortune has smiled on me at last. The inside place is mine, and only one lap remains.

"Marcus is on my right now, and has punished the black into submission. Antonius, whose horses have had rough handling and are now showing signs of distress, is thundering in the rear. As we approach the last corner my heart seems to leap into my mouth. The whole multitude rises to its feet to see the duel fought out.

"Every inch of ground is precious now, for if there is anything in it Marcus's team is staying better than mine. I take the bays in a grip of iron, and we skim round the meta, never yielding an inch of ground. Out of a thick haze of dust Marcus comes round hard on my right, but the turn has given me the lead.

"As I round the corner and come into the straight once more, a hoarse roar of applause greets me. With crests laid low, their flanks beflecked with foam and covered with dust and sweat, the four bays, staunch to the end, are straining every muscle and every sinew. Old Pollux, the master-horse of the team, is setting the pace, and the others are answering stride for stride.

"I am half up the straight when I hear the swish of Marcus's whip, and out of the corner of my eye through a whirl of dust the four blacks, well driven out by a consummate master of the game, appear on my right.

"As their heads come level with the rear of my chariot the whip swishes through the air above them. It is the signal for one of those lightning swoops for which my adversary and his team are

famous. Time and again I have seen him win races like this. The blacks respond gamely, and they are level with my axle-tree.

"I dare not urge my steeds until the last moment; so, though it is an agony to refrain, I leave them alone the while I watch with a curious fascination the distended red nostril and bloodshot eye of Marcus's near-side trace-horse as he thunders at my side. Once more he calls upon his horses, this time with his voice, and I hear the long-drawn hiss that his team know so well. Again they respond gallantly, and their heads draw level with the front of my chariot.

"Only sixty yards now remain—fifty!—forty!—thirty! My rival's erstwhile confident smile has given place to a look of grim determination. Leaning far out over his horses, by sheer force of will he seems to hold them on their way, as they ever creep up and up on my right. Their heads are level with my horses' quarters, and they are still gaining. There are only twenty yards now, and I must hold him or lose the race. My whip, used now for the first time in the race, flashes out left and right, and at the same moment, quick as lightning, Marcus has brought his thong down on the two trace-horses.

"But the race is mine. Marcus gains no more, and as the wild plaudits of the assembled multitude rise to a deafening crescendo my team hurls itself past the winning-post in a cloud of dust."

* * * * *

I awoke with a start. The first streaks of dawn were lightening the sky, and a milkcart, with a great rattling of cans, was clattering down the street outside. I looked round the room, almost expecting to see my visitor, but he had vanished with the night. I didn't feel inclined to go to bed, so I just sat down and, with the thing still fresh in my mind, wrote out all that I could remember of Q. M. Piso's yarn.





BOOKS ON SPORT

DOWN CHANNEL IN THE VIVETTE. By E. Keble Chatterton.
With a Frontispiece in Colour and Fifty Illustrations by
Norman S. Carr. London: Sidgwick & Jackson. 1910.

For a lover of the sea with a good knowledge of how to handle a boat it is difficult to imagine a more delightful way of spending a holiday than by taking such a cruise as Mr. Chatterton enjoyed. The frontispiece, which shows the *Vivette* bowling along in what must have been a stiffish breeze, is calculated to inspire those who share the owner's tastes with a wish to get hold of a similar craft and follow his example.

The author is ardent in his admiration of his boat. She is 25 ft. over all, 21 ft. on the water-line, with a beam of $7\frac{1}{2}$ ft. Her draught of 4 ft. 3 in. enables her to get a good grip on the water and at the same time to enter many snug little creeks which would be impossible for vessels drawing more. She carries a mainsail, topsail, staysail, and has three jibs as well as trysail, spinnaker, and balloon staysail, which latter Mr. Chatterton says proved in suitable winds the most useful extra sail on board, and on many an occasion added at least a knot an hour to the speed. He unfortunately omits to say what she cost; though this perhaps matters less, as it is possible to pick up a serviceable craft at all sorts of prices.

Port Victoria, whence he started to run round the south coast to Falmouth and back, is described as "one of the dreariest and most melancholy habitations in our country"; but the charm of yachting is that if you do not like one place, unless the wind is wholly unfavourable you can go to another. Mr. Chatterton was not a novice, and understood how to take care of himself. He knew his way, for instance, through the narrow Horse Channel leading to the Gore Passage between the mainland and the treacherous Margate Hook Sands, on which many a vessel has come to grief, and about which he tells a story of a young Guardsman who "with

greater daring than knowledge had chartered a yacht, and unhappily got stuck on the Margate Hook. This was espied by the Margate men as a sure and certain chance of earning salvage money, so the *Friend to all Nations* put out from the shore, and was soon alongside the gallant young officer. 'What the blazes do you want?' he shouted angrily, as they came on with the confidence of a pack of wolves, sure of their prey. 'You're ashore where you are,' they shouted back, 'and we've come to get you off. But you don't need to worry, sir,' solaced the sharks, 'we knows this bit of sand all right, don't we, Bill? We'll come aboard to get you off when the tide rises.' The offer, however, was not received in quite the same spirit in which it was made. 'I'm not ashore, you something idiots. Can't I go where I like, without your confounded interference? I've come here to play golf!' and with that the salvage that might have been was not, while the *Friend to all Nations*, full of all uncharitableness, went back against wind and tide to Margate." What happened to the Guardsman is not stated.

The man who knows the ropes may possibly, however, get into trouble on occasion. Mr. Chatterton when off Brixham found himself extraordinarily unpopular with a cluster of what it seems are called "mumble-bees," big fishing-boats, which clustered round him with the apparent intention of running him down. He had considerable trouble in evading their attentions, and could not at the time in the least make out what he had done to incur their animosity. An explanation was furnished later. The fishing industry had been going from bad to worse in those parts; trawling was forbidden within a line drawn from outside Dartmouth to the Start. Warnings having been disregarded and fines levied without any abatement of the wrong-doing, it was made clear that the next offence would be punished by confiscation of nets and gear, and the fishermen imagined that Mr. Chatterton was what is called "a bogeyman," bent on bringing some of the offenders to book.

Round about Plymouth it appears that the voyager sometimes has lively times. "Someone had warned us not to be surprised at anything in Plymouth Sound," Mr. Chatterton writes. "If," said our counsellor, "you should find shells whizzing over the top of your mast, destroyers rushing across your bows, and submarines bobbing up under your stern, don't get anxious; it is the Plymouth manner, and you will soon get used to it."

Mr. Chatterton was aware of some shells, but they were not unpleasantly near to him. The pictures are somewhat slight, but sufficient to convey an idea of the expedition, and there is a chart showing the course taken in going and returning.

A SPORTSMAN OF LIMITED INCOME. *Recollections of Fifty Years.*
By J. A. Bridges. London: Andrew Melrose. 1910. (7s. 6d.)

Towards the end of his book Mr. Bridges casually remarks that his mother was the daughter of the Rev. Sir Robert Affleck of Dalham Hall, near Newmarket, and the fact of the author being connected with that sporting centre of England possibly goes far to account for his tastes, the exposition of which, discursively narrated, makes up the present volume.

Mr. Bridges has been a good deal abroad, though he has farmed in England, and he has seen so much of sport, that it is rather surprising to find him speaking of a "battue." The present writer has shot for a good many years in all sorts of places, from one where the bag for eight guns on occasions approached 2,000 head; but he has never heard the word "battue" used by any living creature. It is chiefly employed in books written by men, and particularly by ladies, who know nothing of sport, and it is therefore strange that it should be employed by Mr. Bridges.

He has played the game all round, and we warmly appreciate what he has to say about the various methods of dealing with hares. He confesses to having witnessed the cruel farce of coursing on a gate-money racecourse, a barbarous exhibition which we have scrupulously avoided: but Mr. Bridges speaks of it as one would like him to speak. Few things are more pitiful than the cry of a hare in pain or terror. Mr. Bridges went to Eton, and describes the life of the most famous of schools at the time he knew it. Thence he proceeded to Oxford, devoting himself, as we gather, chiefly to sport. This was a long while ago, in the year, indeed, when Wild Dayrell won the Derby (1855), and the author had the luck to back him at longish odds, furthermore investing part of his winnings on Marchioness, who won the Oaks. He drew his winnings from Bignel, the proprietor of what Mr. Bridges calls the "Argyll Rooms." The superfluous "e" suggests bad memory or carelessness in the correction of his proof.

The author is frank with regard to his pecuniary position, as the title of his book shows. He went to America in the hope of retrieving his fortunes, and it is rather curious, it may be incidentally remarked, to find in the chapters which deal with his American experiences pictures of Eton; of the Broad Walk, Christ Church, Oxford; of Dr. Hawtrey and Dr. Goodwood. Of course, he found some sport in America, and pursued it on the unorthodox lines which circumstances rendered necessary. He had a contract with a game-dealer in the Chicago market, who took all the prairie chickens Mr. Bridges could supply. "I used to start out with a light buggy," he says, "drawn by an old mare, between whose ears I could shoot

without disturbing her in the least. If I was intending to avoid the settlements, I would drive quietly along the dusty tracks across the prairie, leading no one knew whither, which the prairie chickens resorted to for a dust-bath. My dog—about the best pointer I ever knew—would lie at my feet with his nose over the wheel. On scenting game he would jump out, and come to a point twenty yards or so from the track. I would drop the reins and descend leisurely. When the birds—rising one by one and not in coveys—were accounted for, the dog would quickly remount to his seat on the buggy. No amount of persuasion would induce him to continue his search once he had made up his mind there were no more. When we were not following a track, he would range at a distance of half a mile or more from the buggy, the white spot on his left side visible in the short upland grass. When he stood, I would turn the mare's head in his direction. In a quarter of an hour or so I would arrive, when he would give me a look as if to say he thought I might have hurried a bit more."

The birds had to be got off quickly, as in hot weather (and it was always hot in the shooting season) if the greatest care were not taken they would be fly-blown in an hour or two. American gunners, he notes, never attempted to shoot at flying birds. They would wait in the woods in the neighbourhood of well-known roosting-places and get sack-loads at dusk off the boughs.

In time Mr. Bridges returned to England and took a farm in the neighbourhood of Bridgenorth, where he bred cattle and gratified his propensity for racing. Many familiar names occur in the course of his narrative. At the Midland meetings which he attended matters were conducted in a rough-and-ready manner. There used to be an old-fashioned fixture at Sutton Coldfield, run by Mr. Sheldon, who played several parts. Occasionally he would officiate not only as clerk of the course, but also as starter and judge. "When he had started the horses, he would jump into his shandrydan, whip up his horse, and make the best of his way, the last part with the field close at his heels, to the judge's box, into which he would barely have time to shut himself before they went by." If by chance his horse had stumbled, presumably the race would have been declared void; so that backers had to encounter many risks.

One story which he tells of the qualification of hunters is certainly remarkable. He had a mare for whom he required a certificate, and sent her several times to meets of the North Warwickshire Hounds. When he thought she had had enough of it, that is to say, had shown up sufficiently, he asked his friend, Tom Pickernill, to ride her over to the meet at Solihull and call the Master's attention to her, saying she had been out several times and that he was going to send

for a certificate. Pickernill, he continues, "turned out very smart in hunting costume, and was interviewing the Master when the Hunt Secretary interfered, and told Mr. Tommy that he had made a rule never to give any certificate unless a five-pound note were sent with the letter. He said he would make no exceptions to this rule, even in favour of a regular subscriber. If, however, I wanted some certificates, he would give me any quantity at five pounds apiece. I was at the meet, and Tom Pickernill rode up and told me what had happened. I thought it an awful piece of impertinence, said I should send for my certificate next day, and if it was not signed the matter would appear in the sporting press. However, the Master signed and returned it at once without more to do."

The date of this little episode is not given, but it is difficult to believe—though, of course, we credit Mr. Bridges's circumstantial account—that the Master of such a hunt as the North Warwickshire would have been a party to so discreditable a business.

Mr. Bridges is a very severe critic. In talking of Liverpool he says: "I have seen a Grand National won by a gentleman-rider who, however good he may have been with the hounds, was an absolute duffer between the flags." We cannot regard any man who wins the National as an "absolute duffer." Grand Nationals have been won by inexperienced steeplechase-riders—Lord Manners and Count Kinsky, for example—but it is very far from certain that a man who airily stigmatises them as "absolute duffers" would himself have safely completed the four and a half miles at Aintree.

One of Mr. Bridges's chapters is headed "Trainers and Publishers," but in the course of it he does not make at all clear what connection he perceives between the two. Publishers, he says, "do little or nothing except to lend their name to the venture and receive the money." Mr. Bridges apparently does not realise the fact that sometimes when books are published there is no money for the publisher to receive. He not only lends his name but provides capital. "Publishers never read books," he says; "all that is left to the 'reader.'" As a matter of fact there are publishers who do read books; and if they leave them to a reader, why should they not do so? They back the reader's judgment and venture their money on his opinion.

Another of his complaints is remarkable: "When a book is accepted by a publisher," he says, "the author has to see to the arrangement; he must correct the proofs, and—if he does not wish the book to be unintelligible—put in the stops, which last (as the fashion of stops is constantly changing) one would have thought the publisher might have found himself capable of superintending."

We have rarely found anything more foolish than this within

the pages of a book. The publisher, or someone connected with his firm, is perfectly "capable of superintending" punctuation; but every author who has any respect for his work naturally insists upon punctuating his book himself, seeing what a vast difference the placing of even a comma may make. If Mr. Bridges, whose style is not immaculate, likes to leave an undigested mass of verbiage at a publisher's office, he differs from the ordinary author, who naturally insists that the significance of his sentences shall be faithfully given. An author would have reason to be extremely indignant if his punctuation were altered. What is meant by the fashion in stops constantly changing we have no idea.

In spite of all his experience Mr. Bridges does not seem to know much about racing. He quotes the earnest advice of a friend who urged him to back Old Joe for a place in the National, declaring that "he was certain to get one." No horse is ever "certain to get" a place at Liverpool. As a rule only one-third of the runners finish. Last March about a fifth of them completed the course. Old Joe, moreover, did not start at 40 to 1, as Mr. Bridges tells us; his price was 25 to 1. We cannot believe, again, that Fred Webb told anyone Florence "could not lose" the Cambridgeshire. It is true that she won the race, but it was only by the shortest of short heads, and she might very easily have lost..

I. M. D. (THE IRISH MOTOR DIRECTORY AND MOTOR ANNUAL).

Edited by Henry G. Tempest. Dublin and Dundalk: W. Tempest. 1910-11. (2s. 6d.)

When will anyone fly from England to Ireland—or the other way about? The question is suggested by this book, which, very much what is called "up to date"—the phrase is so convenient that one wonders how writers used to get on without it—by no means neglects the subject of aviation. There is, indeed, a portrait of Mr. John Dunville, who crossed the Irish Sea in a balloon from Dublin to Cheshire; but that is not an aeroplane. The I. M. D. is a most useful little book, full of information which will prove of service to motorists; and the list given of them shows them to be far more numerous than would probably have been expected in Ireland. There are special articles on motors and the roads along which they travel, much attention being paid to the latter subject, and one section is devoted to "The Law and the Motorist," with specially written notes giving important cases heard and decided, by "A Solicitor." The Motor Act is, or we should rather say the Motor Acts are, quoted in full, and the pages on "Roadside Troubles" must prove a huge convenience to drivers who are not past-masters of mechanics and construction

BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

It is interesting to note the manner in which the requisites for aeroplanes are improving and developing, and from this point of view the large pamphlet issued by the Aerial Manufacturing Company of Great Britain and Ireland, Ltd., 26, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, W., may be studied with advantage. Among their specialities is a petrol tank which it is maintained weighs nothing in actual flight; brackets which enable the airman to dispense with wires; special propellers; gliders which may be described as infant aeroplanes, and indeed practically everything necessary in the new science.

Earlier pages of this number are devoted to a description of the Great Dublin Horse and Sheep Show, which takes place at Balls Bridge on August 23rd and three following days. Among the judges in the various classes are such eminent authorities as Lords Coventry and Southampton; Sirs Merrick Burrell, Bart., Henry Hoare, Bart., Gilbert Greenall, Bart.; Sir John Robinson; John Porter, the famous trainer; Majors John McKie, George Franks, and others whose names carry the greatest weight.

As up to the time of writing we have had practically no summer, a great deal of fine weather is at present due, a fact which draws attention to camping and caravanning. Messrs. John Langdon & Sons, of Duke Street, Liverpool, have produced the most astonishing articles in the shape of tents and conveniences. They have reduced their manufactures to a science. The feather-weight tent, for instance, weighs 22 ounces, the top being practically waterproof. Tents of all sizes, together with sleeping bags, and indeed everything the camper can require, are supplied.

Those whose tastes lie in the direction of caravanning may be recommended to apply to Mr. E. Arundel Petter, 85, Springfield Road, Bristol, Manager of a company designed to supply caravans of all descriptions, from the "Tom Tit," suitable for a party of two or three, to large vehicles built for the conveyance and shelter of a family. Useful hints about caravanning are contained in the pamphlet issued.

Within a comparatively few days the shooting season will have begun, and Messrs. Curtis's & Harvey's "Shooter's Year Book," obtainable gratis from 3, Gracechurch Street, E.C., is issued for the fifth time. This little waistcoat-pocket brochure contains a variety of hints and items of information on guns, charges, and dogs, the last by Mr. Harding Cox.

For those who can take advantage of it, the offer of the Round the World Scientific and Sporting Cruise is put forward as "the chance of a lifetime." All information is obtainable at the offices of the Company, 166, Piccadilly, W., where a plan of the ship, and details of the itinerary, can be inspected, though all information can be had by correspondence. One by no means unimportant item is that the catering is in the hands of Messrs. Fortnum & Mason, Ltd.

Holiday-makers with a fancy for cruising on the Norfolk Broads are invited to communicate with the Norfolk Broads Yachting Company, Ltd., Queen Street, Norwich. Yachts and boats of all sizes, with the necessary attendants if they are wanted, are offered at all sorts of prices, from £2 2s. per week for the smaller vessels. This cruising is certainly one of the most economical of all possible methods of taking a holiday.

In the matter of tents, marquees, etc., it may be remarked that all kinds and sizes can be obtained from the maker, Mr. Thomas Black, 32, Brymner Street, Greenock, whose position is guaranteed by the fact that he is Contractor to the War Office and Admiralty.

All those who have any idea of settling in Canada, where it is declared that the purchase of land in the rapidly growing Canadian cities must result in huge profits, may apply to the Mid-West Agency, Palatine Bank Buildings, Manchester. As little as £5 would purchase something in the way of "real estate."

Mr. J. R. Eagleton, of 9 Hogarth Road, Earl's Court, S.W., is still preparing pupils for the Army Qualifying Examination, and claims that many of them have passed after repeated failures in classes elsewhere.

Ladies and gentlemen of artistic tastes should note that Mr. Norman Garstin, of Wellington Terrace, Penzance, is holding his summer sketching classes from the middle of June to the middle of October at Oudenarde, the picturesque old Flemish town within an hour of Brussels and within two hours of Ostend. Details may be obtained at the above address.

Proprietors and Agents of Estates may have their attention directed to Black's Creosoting plant, manufactured by Messrs. George Black & Sons of Berwick-on-Tweed. Visitors to the Highland Show at Dumfries can see the plant in operation.

Probably no motorist of any experience has escaped the annoyance of punctures. The injury can be most effectually repaired by "Surridge's Patent Holdite Patches." These can be readily and easily affixed, and are sold in all shapes and sizes at 58 George Street, Camberwell, S.E.

"Supplolil" is maintained by its Agents, Messrs. Thomas Palmer & Co., 18 St. Peter's Road, Leicester, to be invaluable for the preservation of leather-lined motor clutches, belting of all descriptions, as well as shooting, fishing, and golfing boots, and there is said to be no better preservative of leather.



A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the August competition will be announced in the October issue.

THE JUNE COMPETITION

The prize in the June competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels; Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath; Mr. Basil Owen, Lieutenant R.N., H.M.S. *Drake*, 5th Cruiser Squadron; Mr. T. Brittain, Johannesburg; Miss Una D. Osborne, Breach Bighton, Hants; Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge; Mr. E. Fletcher, Blackpool; Mr. Irving Dexter, Felixstowe; Mrs. A. G. Smith, West Didsbury, Manchester; and Mr. B. N. Wood, Holland Park Avenue, W.



SCHOOLING IN BELGIUM

Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels

SPORTS DAY AT CAMPBELL COLLEGE, BELFAST—THE OPEN HUNDRED-YARDS RACE

Photograph by Mr. W. H. Gregg, Belfast



A CLOSE RACE—MONKTON COMBE SCHOOL SPORTS

Photograph by Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath



OFFICERS PLAYING HOCKEY ON THE QUARTERDECK OF H.M.S. "DRAKE"

Photograph by Mr. Basil Owen, Lieutenant R.N., H.M.S. "Drake," Fifth Cruiser Squadron



CORPORAL WALLACE, TRANSVAAL POLICE, WINNING THE RIDING AND JUMPING COMPETITION ON "BOBS" AT THE ANNUAL POLICE SPORTS AT JOHANNESBURG

Photograph by Mr. T. Brittain, Johannesburg



A SUCCESSFUL MORNING IN THE PUNJAB—WOLVES AND BLACKBUCK

Photograph by Mrs. W. Wallace, Solwaybank, Annan, N.B.



FISHING FOR SALMON ON THE SHANNON

Photograph by Miss Una D. Osborne, Breach Bighton, Hants



SCHOOLBOYS WRESTLING IN THE WESTERN PUNJAB

Photograph by Major A. J. O'Brien, Kew, Surrey



ROYAL ARTILLERY POINT-TO-POINT

Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge



2ND DESTROYER FLOTILLA REGATTA AT INVERGORDON—START FOR WHALERS' RACE

Photograph by Mrs. John Warren, H.M.S. "Itchen," Second Destroyer Flotilla



"KINFAUNS"—WINNER OF THE DINGHY CHAMPIONSHIP OF VICTORIA, 1910
Photograph by Mr. A. F. Johnstone, Melbourne



"SHAHEEN" FALCON CAUGHT AT SATARA, BOMBAY PRESIDENCY,
AND SUBSEQUENTLY TRAINED
Photograph by Captain A. Delmé-Radcliffe, 105th Maratha Light Infantry, Indian Army



CORK PARK RACES—SPRING MEETING

Photograph by Mr. J. Keyms, Summerhill South, Cork



A HIGH FLIGHT AT SUNSET BY M. PAULHAN

Photograph by Mr. E. Fletcher, Blackpool



THE TOTALISATOR AT KARACHI SPRING MEETING—PAYING OUT AFTER A RACE

Photograph by Mr. H. L. Woodhouse, Sind Club, Karachi



Mlle. M. CRASENSTER IN THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT AT
THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION

Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels



EPSOM—FINISH FOR THE DERBY, 1910

Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington

DANIEL STEWART'S COLLEGE ANNUAL SPORTS—THE OBSTACLE RACE

Photograph by Mr. G. A. Thomson, Edinburgh



ROYAL HARWICH YACHT CLUB REGATTA—"SHAMROCK" AND "WHITE HEATHER"
START FOR THE 23-METRE RACE

Photograph by Mr. Irving Dexter, Felixstowe



HOCKEY IN GIBRALTAR—54 CO. R.G.A. V. 4 CO. R.G.A. IN THE FINAL TIE FOR
THE HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIP

Photograph by Mrs. A. G. Smith, West Didsbury, Manchester



JUMPING AT RICHMOND SHOW

Photograph by Mr. B. N. Wood, Holland Park Avenue, W.



AFTER A GOOD DAY WITH SNIPE ON THE YANGTSE RIVER

Photograph by Dr. G. H. Monro-Home, Imperial Naval College, Nanking, China



DRUID'S LODGE—BACK VIEW

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

The Badminton Magazine

“THE COLOURS”

IX.—CAPTAIN W. B. PUREFOY

Light Blue and Black Hoops

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

THERE are many owners whose names appear in the *Calendar* without attracting attention unless they happen to own a horse who has been doing particularly well. They win in their turn, perhaps, that turn not coming very frequently. Their horses are now and again reported to have been well tried, and it is therefore recognised that probably they may have some sort of a chance; but it is regarded as not unlikely that the strength of the opposition has been misjudged. Many trainers make mistakes, their fancied animals do not win; and as for the owner of the description we are now considering, what he thinks is merely what his trainer tells him.

A very few owners are of altogether a different variety. They are fully competent to take the control entirely into their own hands, and they do so. They know quite as much as, if not more than, the professional who has charge of their horses; if it is ascertained that an animal in their stable has been well tried and is being backed it may be anticipated with a good deal of confidence that it will win, for it may be assumed with something approaching to certainty that the trial showed the true aspect of affairs, and that it was judiciously arranged, for owners of this class usually have a correct conception of what their horses will be called upon to do in the race—of the strength, that is, of the opposition.

Among the few Captain W. B. Purefoy ranks high. Owners



DRUID'S LODGE STRING
(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

such as he resemble poets—they are born, not made. If you have not “an eye for a horse” I do not believe you can ever acquire one, at least I am certain that many men go racing day by day and learn less than nothing about make, shape, and condition. Of course to a certain extent experience does bring knowledge, but the gist of the matter must be innate.

Mr. Bagwell Purefoy, as he used to be called, may or may not have intended to devote himself to a military career; at any rate, he obtained a commission in the 3rd Hussars, but none of his war-

like achievements is on record, and indeed it is not from that point of view that he is being discussed here. I think his name first appears in the *Racing Calendar* in connection with the Regimental Meeting at Kempton Park in 1883, where in the Subalterns' Challenge Cup he rode a five-year-old called Tribune, and ran second, or rather was moved up there after Mr. Wogan Browne's Prince Barlu had been disqualified for inability to draw the weight; and I note that in this race Mr. F. Forester started two, himself riding Prince Charlie. Later in the day Prince Barlu had another try and won the Starkey Challenge Cup, Mr. Bagwell Purefoy's Network starting, not this time ridden by his owner, who was preparing for a match he had made with Captain Alexander. In this Mr. Purefoy rode his own Norah—there were no fewer than six Norahs running under National Hunt Rules at the time—and it was evidently supposed to be a good thing, 6 to 4 being laid on the mare, who was, however, beaten three lengths. Mr. Purefoy never seems to have distinguished himself greatly in the saddle, though his name appears at intervals; but it would not be particularly interesting to follow at length his defeats and occasional successes on animals whose names were never known outside a very limited circle.

Mr. Purefoy has owned some notable horses, he has been in a way connected with many others; it is with a sketch of the chief of these that I propose to fill these pages, and in writing about him to include horses belonging to his allies which are understood to have been under his management. The "Mr. F. Forester" who rode in the Subalterns' Challenge Cup is of course Captain F. Forester, Master of the Quorn, and it need scarcely be said one of the best of all-round sportsmen, whose career I dealt with at length after paying him a visit a couple of years ago, though I did not go into details of some of his winners.

The horses whose names I have jotted down are so numerous that I must omit all mention of a good many of them, and confine myself to those who figure conspicuously in Turf history as winners



CAPTAIN W. B. PUREFOY
(Photograph by Sport and General Illustrations Co.)

of famous races ; and making a long leap from early days, I come to the year 1903, one of the most remarkable in the experience of the Netheravon stable. In the summer of 1901 a son of Galore and Stefanette, called Ypsilanti, trained by the American Wishard, came out at Hurst Park after two previous failures, and with odds of 6 to 4 on him won a two-year-old selling plate, being knocked down to Mr. A. P. Cunliffe, one of the allies, for 420 guineas. It is very certain that at the time it was not realised what an excellent bargain had been secured. The colt carried the familiar white, black seams and cap in the Osmaston Nursery at Derby without success, amongst those behind him being Croceum, the dam of Yellow Slave. He came out the first week of the following season at Liverpool, and won the West Derby Stakes, worth only a couple of hundred ; but it is recognised that when the syndicate were successful something more than the stakes was hanging to it, for they usually backed their horses with considerable freedom. He did still better at the next attempt, carrying off the May Plate at Kempton by three-quarters of a length from Pietermaritzburg, and this stake alone yielded nearly double the amount originally paid for him ; moreover, he started at 10 to 1. Ypsilanti was a good deal more than a plater, and it seems odd that the Americans, who were supposed to be so clever, and as a matter of fact frequently gave proof that they were so, should have let the colt go.

He was third for the £1,000 Durdans Plate at Epsom ; third also for the Ascot High Weight Stakes ; third again for the Duke of York's Stakes at Kempton, a course which suited him particularly well. In the Durdans Plate next year he improved on his previous effort by running second. The Derby Cup was another race in which Ypsilanti distinguished himself, for he was third to Royal Lancer and King's Courier ; but it was at Kempton that he was to make his reputation. After a third for the Lincolnshire Handicap he came out for the Jubilee, strongly fancied, though 8st. 1 lb. seemed a substantial weight for the five-year-old whose beginnings had been so modest and who had not indeed won much. It has been noted, however, that when a horse from this stable was really fancied the chances were that it would not be far off, and this being well understood, notwithstanding a strong opposition, 7 to 2 was freely taken about the son of Galore, who justified the confidence of his friends by winning from Duke of Westminster. Ypsilanti, as we have seen, was bought for 420 guineas ; Duke of Westminster cost his owner 20,000 guineas, and the plater gave him 4 lb. and beat him a length and a half. His only other appearance this year was again in the Derby Cup, in which he made little show.

It was at Kempton that he led off as a six-year-old. Aggressor

was favourite for the Queen's Prize, being nicely in with 7 st. 8 lb. Ypsilanti had 9 st., but it was not thought too much for him; 11 to 4 was freely taken, and he won in a canter by four lengths. This meant a 10 lb. penalty for the Jubilee, raising his weight to 9 st. 5 lb., and it was not supposed by critics at Newmarket that he had any chance of giving 25 lb. to a four-year-old in Mr. Gilpin's stable called L'Aiglon, who possessed a considerable reputation and had easily won the Esher Stakes. Lane the jockey was at this time at the height of his success, which partially accounted for the taking of 3 to 1 about L'Aiglon. Dean Swift, then a three-year-old,



YPSILANTI

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

with only 6 st. 2 lb., was also well backed at 100 to 15, and there was a strong fancy for Kilglass, as also for Templemore and Cerisier, the latter a four-year-old with only 5 st. 13 lb. Dean Swift had been second for the City and Suburban just in front of Cerisier, with Bachelor's Button fourth, and several well-tried horses in the rear; but for the second time Ypsilanti scored, the lightly-weighted Cerisier, in receipt of 3 st. 6 lb., following him home. Ypsilanti was unbeaten during the year, and what was thought of him may be judged from the fact that when he met Wargrave at Hurst Park odds of 9 to 2 were laid on the son of Galore. He won at Kempton again next year, a minor but a sensational race,

for he started at 20 to 1 on and only got home by a head. In the Jubilee he had 9 st. 13 lb., and even with this weight he was backed at 13 to 2, third favourite, the burden, however, proving too much for him; but the old horse was by no means done with, and took his next two races, in one of them giving his old opponent Wargrave, who had won the Cesarewitch the previous year, 7 lb. and beating him twenty lengths. Ypsilanti came out as an eight-year-old, and after a creditable show in the Liverpool Spring Cup, and a third for the £1,000 Haydock Park Handicap, won the Rothschild Plate at Windsor, beating St. Wulfram and Chaucer, the latter winner of two Liverpool Cups amongst other races. Of course all the credit of Ypsilanti's successes must not be put down



A GENERAL VIEW OF MR. CUNLIFFE'S RACING ESTABLISHMENT
(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

to Mr. Purefoy; for Mr. Cunliffe, an excellent sportsman from every point of view, is one of the soundest judges of a horse amongst contemporary owners; but it is probably safe to assume that Mr. Purefoy had a good deal to do with the horse's triumphs.

It was not only Ypsilanti who made the year 1903 notable for the stable. In the April of 1902 a daughter of Hackler and Comma came out in a Juvenile Plate at the Curragh and was backed to beat a smart colt named Roe O'Neill who started at evens, 4 to 1 against Hackler's Pride. So far the filly did what was expected of her, that is to say she beat Roe O'Neill, but she in turn was beaten by a son of Gallinule called Goldlock. Hackler's Pride does not seem to have been much fancied for the Phoenix Plate at Phoenix Park, as

she started at 7 to 1; still, it was only by three parts of a length that she failed to beat Bushey Belle, and after failing again in a nursery at Cork, in which she had 9 st., she made her first appearance in England, cantering away from twenty-five opponents in the Chesterfield Nursery of Derby, for which she started favourite at 9 to 2. Old Japan, who is still hard at it at the age of ten, was here second to her.

Hackler's Pride was next seen in the Prince of Wales's Handicap at Sandown, backed or on offer at 100 to 7, and she ran much as horses so priced usually do run; but she was favourite for the Whitsuntide Plate at Hurst Park, in which she failed to give Wild



HACKLER'S PRIDE
(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

Oats 7 lb. She was at 100 to 7 again for the Wokingham Stakes, at 25 to 1 for the Stewards' Cup, and got into the Cambridgeshire with 7 st. 1 lb., which was reduced to 6 st. 10 lb. by reason of the apprentice allowance of which little Jarvis was then able to take advantage. As readers are probably aware, the rule with regard to this allowance has since been altered, and it cannot be claimed except in handicaps of a guaranteed value of not more than £200. No mistake had been made about Hackler's Pride, who started at 6 to 1 and won very easily by three lengths. Possibly she was lucky to beat the favourite, Kilglass, who finished third; for Miller,

who rode him, had weakened himself by wasting, and quite lost his head. Burses was second, and Hackler's Pride upset a contemplated coup. The colt belonged to John Hammond, who had taken the Cambridgeshire with Florence twenty years before, and was one of the few men of late years who secured a large fortune on the Turf. Burses, after having been "down the course" in five races, had been a good third for the Cesarewitch, behind Grey Tick and Zinfandel, more to the surprise of the public than of his owner, and, a juster estimate of his real capacity being now taken, was second for the Cambridgeshire, freely supported at 100 to 12.

Whether Hackler's Pride was really fancied for next year's City and Suburban I am unable to say; she was second favourite at 11 to 2, it being supposed that Darling had a practical certainty in a filly called Niphetos. This was the race in which Robert le Diable astonished most people by coming to the front. The year before he had started favourite at 100 to 30, and had got no nearer than seventh to the French filly Brambilla. This time he was an outsider at 40 to 1, and cantered home three lengths in front of Dean Swift, Niphetos not in the first ten. Hackler's Pride was in retirement till Doncaster, when she ran nowhere for the Cleveland Handicap which Niphetos won. She was in the Cambridgeshire with 8 st. 10 lb., an equal favourite at 7 to 2 with the French colt Caius, 9 st.; and of course the son of Révérend and Choice, who had won not much short of £10,000 in stakes in France the previous year, and eight valuable races as a four-year-old previously to his appearance at Newmarket, was a really good animal. Mr. Gilpin's extraordinarily speedy colt Delaunay was also backed; but Hackler's Pride did what was expected of her, though with her increased weight naturally not in the style of the year before; she only got home by a neck from Vrill, in receipt of 30 lb., with Nabot, to whom she was giving 4 lb., half a length behind; Delaunay and Caius close up.

Hackler's Pride was now thoroughly exposed; no animal had ever won the Cambridgeshire twice since the race was started in 1839, and the prospect of her doing so a third time was too remote to be worth consideration. She started as a five-year-old by walking over at Kempton, and she practically walked over at Salisbury, having an unworthy opponent in the Longleat Plate, whom she beat by a distance with 50 to 1 on her. At Ascot only Chaucer turned out against her in the Rous Memorial, and, 25 to 1 on, she cantered away from him. She walked over again at the Bibury Club Meeting. But a check was in store. For the Members' Welter Plate on the last day of the meeting she was supposed to be a practical certainty with Mr. Lushington on her back. But the

odds of 9 to 4 on were upset by Mr. George Thursby on Mark Time, and at Kempton she failed by three-parts of a length to give 26 lb. to a useful colt called Nutwith. It was on the whole rather surprising to find her failing in the Alexandra Plate at Doncaster, which one would have supposed she ought to have won; but she resumed her successes at the Newmarket First October Meeting, easily beating Nabot and Vedas, and in the Champion Stakes a fortnight later she was the only one in the entry who ventured to oppose Pretty Polly. Major Eustace Loder's famous filly won without difficulty, but that Hackler's Pride was regarded as worth serious consideration is shown by the fact that the ring were contented to take 5 to 2. Nabot] must have been tired of seeing her,



THE PRIVATE STARTING-GATE ON SALISBURY PLAIN

(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

for her presence always meant a most fatiguing experience for him; but he was produced against her in the Select Stakes at the Second October Meeting with the usual result. Evergreen was the third starter here, and now the children of all three are continuing the antagonism of their parents.

Perhaps I ought not to have passed over Merry Methodist, for though he did not belong to Mr. Purefoy or to either of his three chief associates, Captain Forester, Mr. Cunliffe, or Mr. E. A. Wigan, the son of Hampton and Heresy, the property of Mr. J. H. Peard, was trained by Fallon, and so within Mr. Purefoy's range of influence. Merry Methodist did nothing as a two-year-old, but he evidently trained on, and that too at an early date next season.

He led off at Liverpool by running second in a Maiden Plate, for which he started favourite. The result of his failure was to get him into the Castle Handicap at Warwick with 6 st. 5 lb., which he won easily enough, as he did the Sunbury Handicap at Kempton Park and the Cheveley Park Plate at Birmingham; but after walking over at the Bibury Club Meeting he did not quite do what was hoped in the Middlesex Handicap at the Alexandra Park, where he ran a dead heat with Phœbus Apollo; Merry Methodist, a three-year-old, giving the other, a six-year-old, 2 lb. That he should have failed to give Clarehaven 10 lb. in the Brighton Cup is little to his discredit, seeing what a good mare the winner of the Cesarewitch must have been—so good, that in commemoration of her



MISS HOYDEN AND FOAL

(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

successes Mr. Gilpin has called his house at Newmarket after her. His only other win as a three-year-old was in the Sandown Foal Stakes, which he took by a head from Solitaire, a 20 to 1 chance, this animal not being looked on as dangerous in a field which included St. Gris, Desmond, and Fascination.

The colt progressed during the winter and spring, was let into the Jubilee with the nice weight of 7 st. 6 lb., and regarded as having something more than a chance. The Grafter, who had won the City and Suburban with 8 st. 10 lb., carried 9 st. 2 lb. at Kempton, so much being thought of him, however, that he was favourite at 7 to 2, 6 to 1 being obtainable about Merry Methodist, and his backers were on excellent terms with themselves until the last half-dozen

strides. Merry Methodist, ridden by the American jockey, B. Rigby, was always well placed, and looked like winning without much difficulty; but when the race had seemed practically over, Mr. Neumann's Sirenia came with a rush, and whether she had or had not caught Merry Methodist no one could say until the winning number was hoisted. The daughter of Gallinule and Concussion, whose brother Llangibby was to distinguish himself a few years later, and to lose the St. Leger by a piece of cruelly bad luck—he strained himself while being saddled for the race—just upset the good thing by the shortest of short heads, to the dismay of the backers



LALLY (B. DILLON UP)
(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

of Merry Methodist, who could not believe that the 100 to 3 chance had really got there, especially as her stable companion, Clarehaven, had been backed at less than half the odds. But so the good mare who was to become the dam of Siberia, Electra, and others most unexpectedly distinguished herself. Merry Methodist's subsequent career was uneventful, may indeed be described as a failure, for he won nothing during the rest of the year, did no better the season following, and as a six-year-old only carried off three little races, worth together less than £500.

Queen's Holiday, a daughter of Royal Hampton and Cimiez, bred by Sir J. Blundell Maple, was put up for auction at the sale of his horses after his death. She had won five of her eight races as a two-year-old, and had been placed for the other three. Captain Forester gave 4,600 guineas for her at Newmarket in the April of 1904, that being the highest price paid for anything during the sale, though 3,000 was twice exceeded. Still, long as the price was, Queen's Holiday seemed worth the money to a betting stable. It may be doubted, however, whether she proved remunerative whilst in training. There was not much to be made out of her first win in a Regulation Plate at Windsor, as she started at 2 to 1 on, and a trifle more had to be laid when she won the Coventry Plate at Worcester. It taxed all the ingenuity of her friends to place her, and on various occasions she frightened away the opposition. But it is to be presumed that they had a good race when she won the Wokingham Stakes in 1905, though here only 5 to 2 was laid at the finish, and the odds of 9 to 4 on were not landed in the Sandringham Stakes. She only won afterwards a £100 Apprentices' Plate at Windsor. The filly appeared to advantage in the Challenge Stakes at the Newmarket Second October, running Thrush to a neck and beating Xeny; but the three-year-old carried 9 st. 3 lb., Queen's Holiday, four years, 9 st. 5 lb. Probably she was not backed, as in a field of three she stood at 10 to 1. As a five-year-old she won a handicap at Windsor and walked over at Ascot.

The best horse Mr. Purefoy has ever owned is Lally, the son of Amphion and Miss Hoyden, who, if he had only been able to stay, would have ranked high among the chief of his generation. If he would not have beaten Spearmint in the Derby he must have been very near to Major Eustace Loder's colt.

Lally came out in the Cobham Plate at Sandown, as Slieve Gallion was to do next year. He was not ready; 8 to 1 was laid against him, and he ran third in a field of nineteen moderate horses. Of course, this was not his form or anything distantly resembling it, and he was soon to be seen in different guise. He started favourite and readily won the Salisbury Stakes, the Landport Plate at Lewes—11 to 4 on—and meeting a better class in a Biennial at Ascot, landed a 5 to 4 chance. Perhaps Mr. Purefoy did not show his usual discretion when he pulled the colt out again two days after for a Triennial in which he encountered amongst others a then smart filly called Ulalume, to whom he ran third, giving her and Merry Moment 5 lb., beaten a neck and three parts of a length; but he soon resumed the list of his successes: won the Hurstbourne Stakes at the Bibury Club, Newbury—10 to 1 on; the Champagne Stakes, giving 9 lb. to a good two-year-old in

Picton, who was to run second in Spearmint's Derby; so that on two-year-old form he should have done something notable at Epsom, for Picton was fancied at Salisbury and backed at 3 to 1, evens Lally. Odds of 4 to 1 were laid on him for the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, and then he was to experience a reverse, which, however, could not be considered to his discredit. There was a smart two-year-old in Ireland, Athleague; Lally went over to meet him in the Phoenix Plate, and giving no less a weight than 20 lb., failed by only a short head. It sometimes happens that when a horse is beaten he really shows better form than when he wins, and so it was here. Returning to England he took the Breeders' Foal Plate at Kempton Park, and this must be considered a remarkable



LALLY WINNING THE ROYAL HUNT CUP

(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

performance. The race was thought to be a certainty for Black Arrow, 5 to 2 on; but Lally led all the way, and won from Succory, giving him 9 lb., Black Arrow, in receipt of 4 lb., beaten six lengths. His seven races were worth £4,055.

During the winter he was as good a favourite for the Derby as anything, Black Arrow, The Admirable Crichton, Flair, Malua, Picton, and others being backed. Just to remind him what racing was he ran for, and of course won, a little race at Warwick. He had not been put into the Two Thousand Guineas, which fell to Gorgos; but he was in the Newmarket Stakes, and landed the odds of 5 to 4 on, only by a short head, however, from Malua, Gorgos a head behind, the fact, which his friends were a little reluctant to

admit, being that Across the Flat was really too far for him. Nevertheless, he started favourite for the Derby at 4 to 1; to demonstrate, however, that he could not get the distance, for he was nowhere near the front, Major Eustace Loder's 300-guinea purchase, Spearmint, having things all his own way, with Picton, Troutbeck, Radium, Malua, Beppo, Gorgos and others, a long way in front of the son of Amphion and Miss Hoyden. Lally beat a moderate field for the Hurst Park Yearling Plate, and that was all he managed to do as a three-year-old. Black Arrow disposed of him in the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot, he was unplaced behind Llangibby, Beppo, and Wombwell in the Eclipse, and could get no nearer than third for the Surrey Stakes at Gatwick, starting at 5 to 4 on. Lally as a three-year-old can hardly have been very remunerative, notwithstanding that he won rather over £3,000 in stakes.

He led off next season with a failure in a poor little Apprentices' Plate at Lingfield. His reputation seemed to be gone, and it was by no means retrieved by a success on his next appearance, for a very bad horse called Guy Middleton ran him to a head for an Apprentices' Plate at Wolverhampton. He was put into the Hunt Cup, few people regarding him with any respect. This was the year when the Duke of Devonshire was supposed to have a comparative certainty in Hillsprite, though the previous year's winner, Andover, also had friends, and there was money for Lord Carton, Dalkeith, Dean Swift, and others. Lally started at 100 to 6, and aroused much astonishment when he won by half a length from Andover.

More astonishment still was to be created a little later. In the Eclipse Stakes this year it was generally supposed that Sir William Bass's Sancy could not be beaten. He had cantered away from Polar Star, on whom odds were laid, at Ascot, after running a dead-heat, giving a stone more than weight for age at Chester (when probably backward) to a decidedly useful three-year-old, Earlston, and in the Eclipse Stakes odds of 5 to 2 were laid on him. But after a vigorous finish Lally beat him by a head. Mr. Purefoy had, I remember, told me that he had great hopes of success; but it seemed impossible that Sancy could be beaten. He was only to run once more, when Mildew II at Doncaster beat him three lengths for the Cleveland Handicap, and he is now at the stud, priced at nineteen guineas.

In 1907, when Lally came to the fore again, winning over £11,000 in stakes—and, it may readily be guessed, a great deal more in bets—a two-year-old brother called The Nut appeared. He did not come out till September, and ran unpriced—significant considering the ownership—at Kempton; but he was backed, though not

favourite, in a little race at Lingfield, and won, then starting favourite and finishing third in the Moulton Stakes, the race which preceded Land League's Cambridgeshire. He did not seem likely to rival his brother's achievements; as a three-year-old he only won a couple of races, being twice second, and thrice third; but he did better as a four-year-old, winning three of his four races, the fourth of them Dark Ronald's Princess of Wales's Stakes. This was the race which exposed the pretensions of Your Majesty, 11 to 8 on. The Nut, second favourite at 4 to 1, was almost last; but it was said that he met with bad interference in the course of the race. This season,



LALLY BEING LED IN AFTER WINNING THE HUNT CUP

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

a 5 to 2 chance, carrying 9 st., he was beaten a head by Macedoine, 6 st. 6 lb., for the Old Newton Cup at Haydock Park, and an idea prevails that before the year closes The Nut will win a good race. Though a son of Amphion, he stays—about the only one of Amphion's children who has done so.

I must pass over Cappa White and a number of winners of more or less importance, and come down to the present occupants of the Netheravon stable, in which two or three years ago Lewis succeeded Fallon as trainer. Colonel Hall Walker having in 1908 more yearlings than he cared to train, accepted an offer from the

syndicate of £10,000 for the choice of six. Captain Forester had first pick, and took Placidus, a son of Cyllene and Jean's Folly. Mr. Cunliffe came next, the order of selection having been decided by tossing, and he took Charles O'Malley, a son of Desmond and Goody Two-shoes. Mr. Wigan followed with Ulster King (Count Schomberg—V.R.). These three and William Rex for a fourth have made a remarkably good bargain for the purchasers.

Charles O'Malley was generally set down as best. After a first appearance in the Hyde Park Plate at Epsom, where his name is not mentioned in the betting, he went to Ascot, won the Windsor



LALLY WINNING THE ECLIPSE STAKES

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

Castle Stakes, took the Seaton Delaval Stakes at Newcastle, the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, and the Autumn Breeders' Foal Plate at Manchester. He ran also for the Prendergast Stakes at Newmarket; but though odds of 13 to 8 were laid on him, I remember Mr. Cunliffe telling me that he was by no means confident, as the colt had not been doing well for some time before. The races he had won as a two-year-old were worth £6,373, an amount to which it may be assumed that the ring added a good deal. Ulster King won the Great Kingston Two-year-old Plate at Sandown; Placidus last year got no nearer than second, which

place he filled in the Champagne Stakes at the Bibury Meeting; William Rex was unplaced in his three attempts, all, however, races of an ambitious character.

Charles O'Malley came out as a three-year-old at Windsor, and with odds of 7 to 2 on him beat Willonyx for the Slough Plate, the latter colt giving 7 lb., so that the success meant little. Ulster King had previously been seen on two occasions, having won the Isaac Plate at Warwick and the Hastings Plate at Newmarket, and



CHARLES O'MALLEY
(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

it was a surprise on the Derby Day to find Ulster King the better favourite of the two, it having always been supposed that Charles O'Malley was superior. Ulster King, however, did not get off, Charles O'Malley finishing third, two lengths from Greenback, who had run Lemberg to a neck. Placidus, moreover, had distinguished himself. After a creditable second at Kempton he had easily won a three-year-old handicap at Warwick, carrying 9 st., and in the

Two Thousand Guineas had been close up with the third and fourth, Whisk Broom and Tressady, in front of Admiral Hawke, Rochester, Sanctuary, Cardinal Beaufort, and others. William Rex had also won a race, a Biennial at Ascot, worth £1,457; but he is accepted as inferior to the other three. Placidus has a wayward temper. It was expected that he would win the Hunt Cup, but he would not gallop, and put no heart into his work at Sandown in the Eclipse. Charles O'Malley, Mr. Cunliffe tells me, was a good deal cut about in the race for the Grand Prix, which he seemed to have a chance of winning in the last half-mile. He is right again, and his St. Leger prospects must be far from hopeless, for he showed by winning the Gold Vase at Ascot that he can stay.

There has been so much to say about horses in the Netheravon stable that I have rather neglected direct reference to the chief puller of the strings. Mr. Purefoy, a man of many acquaintances, does not seek popularity, and, engaged as he is in racing and breeding, would probably be rather amused if anyone asked him whether he was greatly interested in what is supposed to be—and happily with many owners is—the main object of the Turf, the encouragement and development of thoroughbred stock. Mr. Purefoy's chief concern is probably with the ring. He is at least imagined to be out mainly for the purpose of backing winners. He stands, however, among the most prominent of contemporary racing men, and no one better understands the business of racing.





PARTRIDGE-DRIVING AT BROCKET HALL—GOING TO THIRD DRIVE

(Photograph by Sport and General Illustrations Co.)

DETAILS OF PARTRIDGE-DRIVING

BY OWEN JONES ("GAMEKEEPER")

PLENTY of successful driving takes place, but there are probably very few, if any, drives in which those who know the nicer points of the art of driving partridges could not see some room for improvement. For this we should be grateful. It would not be much fun if every partridge-drive were perfect. There is no man who can command perfection; that, I suppose, is partly why the achievement of the as-near-perfection-as-may-be makes the art of partridge-driving so subtly attractive. It is a fatal mistake to imagine you are perfect at driving partridges. There is no man even who is perfect at hitting them when driven—which is the easier task, since it is more under a man's control. Partridge-driving is like photography: one little bit of thoughtlessness, and the best of calculations may be knocked on the head. A clever, resourceful manager may do something to palliate effects, but the apparently trivial little slip can never be quite blotted out.

Among the threadbare claims made in disparagement of driving is that it is a lazy form of shooting, that it gives no scope for the exercise of woodcraft, and that the guns are reduced to the position of mechanical marksmen—more or less accurate. While birds are actually coming over, the less one has to do besides shooting the better; most people find the mere shooting of driven partridges with anything approaching mechanical accuracy more than they can manage. As to the laziness of the matter, I suppose by laziness is meant lack of exercise. Certainly, if a man motors or flies to within a few yards of his stand for the first drive of a day, if all the drives are thereabouts, and he drives home in the evening, there is not much exercise of the walking sort. Of fourteen drives in a day I have had eight to the four sides of the same field; to have gone away would only have meant inferior sport. It is possible, with the best results, to drive to and fro over the same hedge all day. (The to-and-fro drive I like is over opposite hedges of a good-sized, bare field, immediately adjoining two super-attractive pieces of cover, with a generous expanse of ordinary arable beyond.) Yet a man who had a fair amount of shooting, but all day never walked a yard when he could ride, would obtain quite enough exercise in the gymnastics he must go through in getting on to his birds, to save him from death by general muscular atrophy. And, after all, though it is whispered that some people shoot because it is fashionable, most people shoot with the idea primarily, not of exercise, but of sport—shooting. The fact that the guns may be required to do little walking does not make a day's driving good or bad.

The tendency is, the less walking for the guns the more successful the driving. Much walking for the guns means fresh, unbroken birds—unavoidable, perhaps, and better than no driving at all—but far from conducive to satisfactory driving. The question of walking for the guns must be subservient to the question of what is best for obtaining the most satisfactory driving. The question of walking for the beaters may be dismissed with the remark that they always get enough. People who complain of a lack of walking about partridge-driving probably would not be walking furiously if they were not driving; they are mostly people who cannot hit driven birds, or don't get the chance.

Driving originated as a means of bringing within shot birds which were unapproachable by walking. I do not wish to imply that this is the only reason of most of the driving nowadays. It was found that driving made for an improvement in the stock of birds, as we all know, by mixing them up over a wide acreage. It provided a much more difficult sort of shooting; and since as many shots could be obtained in one day by driving as in a month of

walking-days, it was only natural that men whose leisure is limited should welcome any means which enables them to obtain as many shots as possible in the time at their disposal. Still, there is no doubt that a good many people who own or rent shooting go in for driving when they would do a great deal better by walking, because they think it in keeping with fashion, and have heard what others have accomplished by driving. But driving is not a short cut either to a maximum of shooting or a satisfactory bag. There are numbers of shoots which, if they do not yield much of a bag by walking,



KING GEORGE SHOOTING ON LORD MOUNT STEPHEN'S ESTATE, BROCKET HALL

(Photograph by Sport and General Illustrations Co.)

certainly will not by driving, though the stock in time may increase, because fewer birds are killed by driving. And there are any number of shooters who, though unable to hit walked-up birds, like to imagine they can tackle them driven. I have never known a man who was a failure at walked-up birds to shine at driven ones.

The principal cause of failure of driving—that is to say, of a day's driving—is insufficiency either of birds or ground, or of both. Inability to manage birds and ground is another. Failure to hit birds when they do come over must be the fault of the guns. For insufficiency of ground there may be no cure. It is annoying when,

though both of ground and birds there is enough, the ground does not lie compactly enough for driving purposes. There is this consolation about insufficiency of birds: driving should show up twice as many as walking; but it should not be forgotten that of two coveys found on a drive, one may break back and the other pass over an outside gun or escape on the flanks. It is much better fun to walk with a reasonable prospect of one shot an hour than to stand about on the chance of a shot in half an hour. And in driving, when shots are few and far between, they always seem to come at inconvenient times, when using your handkerchief, lighting your pipe, or loading after two vain barrels at a hare—the most likely time of all. For insufficiency of birds the remedy is obvious. There is very little ground, where partridges thrive at all, that, if judiciously nursed, will not soon produce enough birds to afford an enjoyable day's driving. Twenty-five, fifteen, or even ten brace, to ordinary guns will mean the firing of a good many shots. The smaller the possibilities of a day's driving, the less can one afford to ignore those points of detail which make a difference.

On a large extent of ground in one block, more or less square or round, so as to permit to-and-fro drives in any direction, with plenty of birds, driving may be enjoyed any day in the season after the corn is cut and carried. Even so, the best results are to be obtained when shooting takes place in October. The birds then are to be found spread about fairly evenly in their home-haunts, and are strong enough for anything; the weather is cool enough and warm enough; although the mangels may have been pulled, the late-sown turnips will be useful as cover, and there will still be a nice sprinkling of natural cover on the stubbles, besides mustard and charlock, which is cut down by the first serious frost. There is, too, this advantage: the birds will not have attained their extreme winter wildness, so that there will be a saving of time and patience through over-long drives being unnecessary. Off bare ground, late in the season, the only way to intercept birds at all, not to mention getting them over the guns, is to have long drives; and where birds have been driven over guns, you cannot tell within half a mile how far they have gone; so an ample margin must be allowed as to how far back beaters must go, which does not help to shorten drives. On the score of sporting shooting, the partridge, driven at any time, is quite enough for most people. It is only people who are very fine shots and have lots of shooting who genuinely can afford to postpone their partridge driving till December. One Christmas partridge goes a long way.

On small shoots the chief cause of the failure of driving is that the ground is not driven soon enough. Boundaries do not stretch

according to the strength and wildness of birds and the bareness of ground. Fashion has managed to decree that driving is not in season till October. Yet the very same fashion regards with great favour the driving of grouse on the opening day. If by October birds become so strong that your ground is not large enough for them there is not the slightest reason why they should not be driven in September. There is another reason for driving in September on shoots so small that October driving is too much of a speculation—there will be available a good deal of cover which by October will



ON THE ALERT

(Photograph by Topical Press)

have disappeared, forward rape and turnips, mangels (which are pulled betimes in October), clover-heads, sainfoin, and very useful fields of stubble shaggy with couch and other persevering weeds. The length of flight taken by driven partridges is regulated by four factors—their strength; the direction and strength of the wind; the sort of ground, open or enclosed by hedges, undulating or flat, bare or with a certain amount of cover; and the distance to attractive cover. You must adjust the date of driving to the acres of your ground and the position of your cover.

You may drive with one gun and one beater ; the miniature form is fine sport, but you do not get many shots. It is best for the beater and the gun both to be guns, so that they may take turns at being the gun. It is astonishing the quantity of sport a party of two who know their ground and the flight of their birds may obtain in bagging a few brace. For driving on a full scale it is a fine schooling.

Temperature has a much greater influence on the satisfactory driving of partridges than most people imagine. In the early part of September the weather may be outrageously hot—if it be so hot as to cause guns, not to mention beaters, to be distressed, you may be sure it is too hot for birds to stand driving. Even well on in October there may be days when it is too warm for birds to drive properly—there was two seasons ago a spell of sultry weather which interfered with regulation driving. On the other hand, the 1st of September may be so cool that the birds are quite equal to a day's driving. Generally speaking, the only chance of a really satisfactory day's driving on a small shoot is to have it as soon as possible after the middle of September, harvest permitting. Given a few fields of light cover, it is possible then to enjoy a very pretty day's shooting by driving all day on ground which a month or six weeks later would produce about one decent drive. The rule rather than the exception of early driving is plenty of short drives. In proportionate results, driving on an ordinary small shoot in the middle of September, October, and December, the day and guns being equally favourable, may be put down as a hundred, fifty, and thirty brace.

When driving in good time there will be sufficient hiding for the guns behind hedges, which after the fall of the leaf and the dying down of the herbage would be useless. To obtain the best results by driving early on a small shoot all the ground should be previously walked, without serious shooting, by a skeleton party, so that the natural flight of birds and other useful points may be observed.

Driving gives sport without inconvenience to many more guns than walking. Suppose there are half a dozen or so guns walking, unless arrangements for marking and picking up the birds that fell are exceptionally well organised, there is everlasting delay and upsetting of the line's formation, with the natural result that everyone's patience is tried, many birds that might have been found are lost, and the direction of the flight of unshot birds is not influenced as desired. In driving there is none of this bother and annoyance. The fewer the guns in driving, the more must birds be pressed by each flank, and that means increasing the risk of the birds breaking at the sides, birds which not so pressed or squeezed in all probability would have gone over a length of hedge not so restricted by fewness of

guns. In driving a plenteousness of guns tends to increase, in walking to decrease, the sport of the individual.

Late driving, to be a success, is possible only on a large extent of ground, or where there are enough conveniently situated pieces of cover on an ordinary shoot, or when birds have begun to pair. A good deal also depends on whether the birds have been disturbed by previous shooting. There are two golden rules for really good



KING GEORGE SHOOTING DRIVEN PARTRIDGES

(Photograph by Sport and General Illustrations Co.)

driving—not to kill half your birds beforehand by walking, and then to drive only once. I do not suggest for a moment that birds should not be driven more than once; there are plenty of teams of guns that go forth to shoot driven birds who would not wipe out the stock if they shot every day of the season. Other conditions being favourable, birds never come as well again after being driven once. It is quite certain, too, that although there is a gain in difficulty of

shooting by deferring driving till, say, December, there is no possibility of making the same bag that would have been possible with the same birds, ground, and guns in October.

To drive birds in January when they have paired is not altogether in keeping with the spirit of sport, unless for some reason or other it was impossible to shoot earlier, or with a view to reduce the stock; however, it is not often the case that a stock of partridges really needs reducing. But where there is an accumulation of old birds a little judicious driving towards the end of the season may do good, since the birds most likely to come fatally to the guns are those that have paired—and the old birds pair first.

A word about butts. These are used for the guns to stand behind, either when there are no hedges or when such as there are prove too scanty or are not situated so as to fit the drives. Hedges often are plentiful enough, but only high enough to hide a man up to the knees. When natural butts are being made during the trimming of hedges, their position, height, and so on, should be decided by someone who understands driving the ground. You may just as well have them of the best usefulness if you have them at all. I have seen this matter left to the discretion of an axe and bill-hook wielder who knew no more about the requirements of partridge-driving than he did of throwing a fly. As to artificial butts, the sooner they can be put up after the drives can be “looked out” and more or less decided on the better. It is just as well to make them suitable for driving-to from both ways. I have seen crescent-shaped butts that were very satisfactory when the driving was toward their convex side, but when the reverse way the guns had to set to work to make the best alterations they could in the time. And I have known a gun to convert a double-drive butt into a sort of arbour—he either did not think, or care, about the man who would occupy it for the drive from the opposite direction. Another time, where a favourite driving hedgerow had been cut and cleared, the keepers made most elaborate and strong fortifications of bavins bound together. But their height was such that no ordinary man could see over; to shoot over them was quite out of the question. They had all been made to suit the host, whose stature was exceptional.

Butts should be made not too high as to their framework, for which a hurdle is as useful as anything, feathered with fir-boughs, gorse, bracken, or other suitable local material. Lengths of coarse-mesh wire-netting fixed to a couple of stakes make a convenient framework. There should be at each butt a supply of material for adjusting its height to that of individual shooters. It must not be imagined that butts take the place of a hedge. Of course they do so while birds are coming over; then they are better than a hedge

because the guns have a wider field of view and can see and shoot better in front—if the beaters are far enough back or the birds are high enough. Guns and their attendants ought to stand well up to their butt lest they turn birds coming otherwise than straight. The common drawback of butts is that the guns cannot reach their places behind them without exposing themselves to the view of birds on the ground about to be driven. For this reason, when it is desirable to have a line of butts across open ground, they should not be erected immediately adjoining that part of the drive on which the birds will probably be as the guns go to their places. If there



THE BEATERS

(*Photograph by Topical Press*)

be a ridge of rising ground running in the right direction the butts should be erected behind it; and better still, if there is to be a return drive, two lines should be erected, one on each side of such a ridge, below the level of the brow.

Butts are a great advantage when a hedge is not high enough to stand well back from or low enough to stand right up to; a line of butts about forty yards behind the hedge may help towards some pretty shooting. Also where there is a gappy hedge on the brow of a hill birds are as sure to see the guns against the sky as the guns are to get in the gaps. A line of butts settles all that, and also

preserves a good line to the safety of the party. Some men have a mania for spoiling a line.

The distance at which a line of guns is from the hedge is important. So far as convenience is concerned, far enough back to enable two barrels to be got in in front, or as far as the height of the hedge will permit, is the rule. It does not do to stand far back when birds are being driven against the wind, or after topping the hedge they will right-about-turn; and they probably will not try to come over at all when from high ground, before they have risen, they can see over the hedge-top the guns standing back. Unless guns are standing right up to a hedge, spectators and others should not be posted at the hedge. They form a second danger-line. The best place is just behind the guns.

Belts of high trees birds do not drive over merely for the fun of the thing, but when they do go over them they are not likely to turn back. Also when passing over such obstacles partridges possess a delightful habit of spreading out, so that often enough three guns instead of one can have a go at a covey. Another gain is the saving of time in getting on birds; their height makes them safe to shoot at practically in any direction, even up or down the line. And not only that, they are easier to hit, since they come at a convenient angle and offer a clear mark against the sky. When birds come low, beside the disadvantage of light you must waste half the time they are within range for safety's sake. There is no bird so easy as the one that comes over at a respectable height. A hedgerow crowned with thin-topped trees, such as larch or beech, through which birds about to come over can be seen, also favours the guns. The first bird can be taken as it reaches the tops. It is all very well to talk about always taking your first bird as it tops the hedge—a thing a great deal easier to say than to do—when all you know is that birds may top the hedge somewhere at any moment. Birds are most likely to come over a low place, or between trees, or through a gap. Yet another gain about high birds is that the beaters from afar can see them crumpled up; and there is nothing like seeing the crown put to their labours for bucking up beaters. The reverse of this is equally true.

When it is necessary that the line of guns should be divided by a cross-hedge a mark should be placed therein, on each side, so that it indicates precisely the line of the guns. This is better than the gun on each side making a mental note only of the position of his neighbour; that may be easily forgotten in the excitement of swinging on to a bird. A mark in the hedge will act as a danger signal. There must be no shifting of position whatever, backwards or forwards. A secondary use of such marks is that they turn birds into

the guns on either side when they come over by the cross-hedge and are inclined to hug it. If there are two hedges, as is generally the case when driving over a road, the rule is to stand behind the second one—that is, the one farthest from the beaters. I have seen guns posted in a road between its two hedges so that it was impossible to get in anything more than shots at a venture at birds either coming or going. Even the man who can cut off a bird's head or tail at will is severely handicapped in such a position.

The keen man takes heed of his clothes. A partridge-drive is



RETRIEVING

(Photograph by Topical Press)

certainly not the occasion for airing a brilliant suit, conspicuous hat, or extensive collar. The man who dresses in striking contrast to the surroundings feeds his neighbours on each side with birds that swerve from him as from a flag. This man is generally the one who will stand in gaps through which birds otherwise would have come. He does not improve possibilities for anyone—the partridges have most and the keeper least reason to appreciate him.

The secret of the art of driving partridges is to encourage them to go in the direction you wish, and to use every power of persuasion to prevent their going where you do not wish. "Guiding

partridges" is really a better term than driving, for you cannot make them go where they do not want to go. Thus it follows that the secret of what we are pleased to call driving is to know where your birds are, and whither they will be willing to go. When an icy wind sweeps the usual haunt of birds, do not expect to find them at home; they will be on the nearest lee-side ground. When birds have gone as far as pleases them from their usual haunts, they will want to come back; do not wait till they begin to break back; you must find out how far they will go, and then turn about and persuade them to return over your guns. Two things influence undisturbed birds as to which way they will go—wind and cover, and the greater of these is wind, if it be strong. But when there is just a nice breeze, cover which the birds appreciate (not necessarily which you think they should) will prove the stronger attraction. When you have pushed the birds with the wind as far as they care to go there is seldom a wind against which they will not drive back; but you must not hurry them, or they will fizz up too high in the air and be hurled back over the beaters' heads. The stronger the wind against which you are driving, the slower drive.

For getting birds quickly broken up, and for taking the edge off their swerving when they come over the guns, there is nothing better than a cross-ploughed fallow just "tacky" enough to clog their feet, but not the beaters'. When birds are scattered and conveniently tired, you should be careful not to let them get into over-dense cover. Once let them get into gorse or furze and they are as good as lost. Beware of woods, though very young underwood is splendid for driving birds that are fairly fresh. A drive with guns standing in thick roots or other cover is to be avoided. Occasionally this cannot be helped, as when the only available hedge is between two fields of roots. Bare ground saves loss of valuable time in picking up the fallen.

A common fault of beaters is to frighten rebellious birds as much instead of as little as possible. The beaters mean well no doubt, and it is human to do something when birds tear back overhead. But nothing in the world except straight shooting will stop birds so determined when they are pretty well on you. Even when yet some distance away, when setting their heads backward, no good is done by the beaters creating a diversion; though, if the drive happens to be with the wind, it is possible the birds may hesitate and find themselves swept down wind. No doubt beaters who are experienced enough to know better perform this useless flag-flourishing business for fear of being rated for apparent indifference and slackness by the guns who may be able to see what is going on. The time of all times to influence the direction of birds is imme-

diately after they have risen, and that is about the most important thing in the training of beaters, who should always be on the watch for birds that rise with a sideways swirl. A flick of a flag will restore order.

This brings one to the question of flags and flankers. Flags, unless very discreetly used, do more harm than good. It is difficult to make beaters understand that because they carry a flag there is no need to hold it waving aloft continually. By grasping a flag by the banner-end it can be sufficiently furled in a moment, ready for instant use. It seems almost unnecessary to say so here—but I have had to “mention the matter” in no uncertain way to beaters



THE BAG AFTER THE DRIVE

(Photograph by Topical Press)

dozens of times—that the less seen of flags the better on the down-wind side of a cross-wind drive. When there is more than one day's driving over the same ground, I have found it better not to use flags at all on the first day, except when the wind is very strong—just a couple may be held in readiness on each flank. Otherwise a little judicious flicking of a handkerchief will accomplish all that is wanted. It may save disappointment to remember that few beaters are equipped naturally with handkerchiefs of any colour but a more or less dingy red.

The flankers are the non-commissioned officers of partridge driving. They must be good men and true; and not only that, they

must know every field and hedge and gap on the ground backwards, and every possible landmark, such as an elder-stem in a certain hedge, the oak sapling somewhere else, where the weeders flung the big pile of docks, and the "bury where all they rats was" in the wide hedgerow. They must have the eyes of hawks all round their heads, and ears for every sound, be of fine judgment, swift decision, and observant withal. In directing your flankers to reach a forward position, before the main body of beaters starts moving, a very great advantage is often to be gained by telling them to get forward on the far side of the hedge bounding the ground to be driven, then to come through, or, concealed in the hedge, to watch, ready to flick or not to flick a flag or handkerchief, and able, willing, and ready to do a sprint, or to lie low and see that others do too. It pays to give promising flankers private coaching, take them over the drives beforehand, and give them a little extra reward. A ticklish flanking job it is safest to do yourself.

Beaters should be lined out thickly or thinly according to the nature of the ground in each drive. Usually, if you let them place themselves, they will be found thickest where the going is good, and birds consequently easiest to flush—the opposite of what is wanted. This is only human, but it is not good for driving. And when dells and so forth are encountered by the driving line, see that the beaters nearest them walk through them. They have a way of strolling round, giving perhaps a casual tap or two with their stick, and as a rule sending birds back.

It pays to post experienced men (in hiding, of course) to note where birds really go after being shot at. Birds have a way of appearing to go straight on and then turning off, especially in a cross wind. They usually turn up a valley instead of crossing it, and skim over the brow of a hill instead of settling on the near side. Captive kites are useful for preventing the expected breaking of birds in some undesirable direction.

For the man who knows enough of the art of partridge-driving to see his own imperfections there will be details worth the learning so long as men go on trying to bag four birds out of every covey.





THE LATE HON. C. S. ROLLS'S CHANNEL FLIGHT

(Photograph by Topical Press)

“FLIGHT”: SCIENCE, SPORT, OR SUICIDE?

BY MAJOR C. G. MATSON

SINCE I had the privilege of chronicling two months ago in this magazine the happenings in the world of flight, it has become evident that there is in many quarters a definite revulsion against the appalling loss of life which seems to be inevitably associated with most aviation meetings. For a long time a sensational and irresponsible section of writers in the daily press have had things pretty nearly their own way; but now, not only in many of the important monthly and weekly organs of serious public opinion, but also in more than one of the daily newspapers, a more commonsense aspect of the whole question is quickly becoming manifest. The old tag is doubtless true enough that the aeroplane is here, and here to stay; but it must be remembered that the art of flight is now recognised as being an exact science, and the public in general seem to be coming round to the opinion that the flying machine should be

treated as a scientific instrument, and not as a dangerous invention whose prime function is to make one's flesh creep.

The aeroplane as we know it to-day might be fairly well defined indeed as "an intricate scientific machine put to most ignoble uses," for up to the present time the only application which has been made of it has been in the direction of gaining money by its use under conditions which closely approximate to extremely perilous music-hall "turns." The matter has largely been forced upon the public notice on account of the lamentable death of Mr. C. S. Rolls, whose young life was cut short in an instant of time, to the inexpressible grief of his many friends and acquaintances, among whom I had the honour of numbering myself, having been driven by him through the mountainous Peak district for some days on end, when he was engaged in demonstrating the excellences of one of those fine motor cars which bear his name. While on this topic I would like to note a few extracts from a recent leading article in our contemporary the *World*, headed "A Science, or a Show?" the opening sentence running thus: "Sensationalism is the bane of progress, and the desire to tickle the crowd has never been more widespread than at present, and never more disastrous in its results," so at the very onset the writer puts his finger on the exact truth, for sensationalism most certainly *is* the bane of all progress, especially when science is involved. Who does not remember the clap-trap announcements that cancer had been "conquered" by some advertising quack or other, or that consumption had been "abolished" by a brother of the same kidney? The article proceeds: "It is self-evident that most of the so-called competitions with aeroplanes have only the remotest bearing on the real problems of flight; they have been devoted to speed, high flying, descents without the use of motor power, and the silly alighting competition in which Mr. Rolls lost his life; extravagant prizes have been established to induce the airman to take desperate risks, while never a penny has been offered"—mark this—"to encourage the development of automatic stability in the machines. The aim has been to induce personal rivalry between the competitors, and thrilling and daring exploits have been freely advertised to draw the mob." I put this extract in comparison with one culled from our also esteemed contemporary *Flight*, which is devoted entirely to the doings of airmen. "A flying meeting is organised solely with one object in view, that of being a financial success; to attain this result the general public must be attracted in large numbers to visit the aerodrome."

I will leave these two extracts to balance one another, but I am extremely pleased to note that the fact is placed on record which everybody who was present fully recognised: "As an entertainment

the Bournemouth meeting was oftentimes dull in the extreme, there was no incentive for the competitors to fly regularly, and a kind of apathy pervaded the proceedings to such an extent that many of the events passed off with little more than an apology for a contest, the result being that the scientific aspect of the meeting as an indication of the progress of flight suffered considerably."

So much for an up-to-date aviation meeting which has been boomed throughout the length and breadth of the land in the interests of—what? Certainly not of either science or progress. So far as thrills are concerned the Bournemouth show has been compared to



BOURNEMOUTH—"MR. JONES" (MR. LORAINE) IN GETTING-OFF COMPETITION

(Photograph by Topical Press)

the prize fight at Reno, somewhat to the advantage of the latter. Personally I have seen nearly all the aviators or airmen, and when I witness one of them making a *vol-plané*, or direct swoop to terra-firma, from a height of some three or four thousand feet, I think of the melancholy humbugs who indite powerful articles against the Brutality of the Spanish Bullfight, or the Atrocities of the Prize Ring; for people go to both these from curiosity blended with the distinct knowledge of the danger that attends on participators in these shows. It is not exactly known how Mr. Rolls lost his life, but it is highly probable that owing to an unusual strain being thrown

upon a portion of his machine it collapsed and fell headlong to earth ; so that the demand of the *World* is by no means unreasonable that the Royal Aero Club, which governs these meetings, should refuse to sanction any competitions where too great danger to human life is necessarily involved, and it should also demand that a margin of perfect security should be insisted upon, so that by no possibility could any competing machine ever again crumple up in mid-air. At the present moment, having in view the ultra-dangerous aspect of competitions which the Royal Aero Club now unfortunately persists in promoting, many of the well-known flyers will no longer fly in public. "No good thing," says the *World*, "is ever invented in the rush and strain of competition amid the clamours of an ignorant crowd."

Watching aeroplanes in flight round and round a course where one can see them easily, to say nothing of trying to keep them under observation when up in the clouds where they can hardly be descried at all, is, after a time or two, a most boring spectacle; and so we may not unreasonably hope that after the zeal of the modern sensational newsmonger has died down the aeroplane may begin to find itself regarded as a scientific invention rather than as a wonder-working toy.

Talking to a coroner of my acquaintance the other day he was bitterly lamenting that owing to the silly rubbish which is being served out day by day on every subject under the sun by certain newspapers, he found that juries were now becoming so sentimental and mawkish in their ideas that they could not be depended upon to give a commonsense verdict on matters into which they were sworn to inquire; but it is a hopeful sign that at the inquest on the unfortunate "Viola Spencer," who died from injuries received while making a parachute descent from a balloon, twelve good men and true for once acted up to the terms of their oath, returning a unanimous verdict, to which they coupled a rider that such public performances should be rigorously suppressed by law as being demoralising to the spectators; an opinion in which they were backed up by their coroner. As a plain man I am unequal to differentiating between the moral obliquity of a performance in which a poor girl is hurled to destruction in the attempt to earn a miserable guinea or two, and the now well-known sensational feat of ascending in an aeroplane high above the clouds whence a man darts down to the earth sometimes with success, sometimes with disastrous results, in order to win £1,000. The idea is the same anyway, and sooner or later the Government will have to intervene; but we shall wait, as we always do, for the hideous tragedy which will precede legislation: somebody will get up five thousand feet, something will go wrong,

and from that altitude a human being will be dropped perhaps into a crowded thoroughfare, accompanied possibly by the dead weight of half a ton of the wreck of his machine. If only a few "people of quality" (say in Bond Street during the shopping hour) are killed, or at any rate knocked senseless by the impact, stringent laws will very soon be promulgated.

What, then, should be the line of real progress? Undoubtedly that something may be invented that will ensure absolute automatic stability for the aeroplane. Pretty nearly everything else is already the subject of patents. The helicopter has been tried, and, so far,



BOURNEMOUTH—LORAINÉ STARTING ON HIS OVERSEA TRIP

(Photograph by Topical Press)

found altogether wanting—this, it may be remembered, is a device whereby the heavier-than-air machine may be made to rise directly from the ground into the air and remain there; but in spite of much talk about helicopters, I do not believe that the object aimed at has ever been attained; and even were it possible, this machine would be just as unstable and liable to be upset by a puff of wind as is the aeroplane proper.

Many interesting experiments have been made by attaching a pendulum or hanging weight to the frame, so arranged that when a portion of the supporting surfaces was out of place the weight

of the pendulum would restore the balance. Nothing practical, however, has come of this at present. It is on these lines that the energies of inventors might well be projected, as automatic stability is absolutely *bound* to come sooner or later. The principle of the gyroscope is somewhat favoured, and experiments are now being made in this direction, so far with distinctly negative results. As a matter of fact a pendulum swinging free gives more trouble in one direction than it attempts to cure in another, so that greater hope is concentrated on the gyroscope aforesaid. It is, of course, the dominating factor in those machines which range from the child's top that will spin on the edge of a wineglass to the monorail now running at the Japanese Exhibition. Let the Royal Aero Club therefore, at present so serenely situated at great height above the heads of its fellow mortals, "come down the pole a bit," and think out some better way of dealing with sums ranging around £10,000, which at present are only utilised to attract a gate of presumably sanguinary-minded spectators, who, if they were in Spain, would be throwing bouquets, cigars, and coins to toreadors in the bull-ring of Seville or Old Madrid, and if they had lived about eighteen hundred years ago would doubtless have assisted sympathetically and cordially at the spectacles in the Coliseum so ably arranged by that celebrated impresario, the Emperor Nero; but, as nobody has dared to approach the Royal Aero Club with any suggestions except the journal mentioned above, I am emboldened to use the pages of the *Badminton* in order to plead for a little less barbarism in our latest of modern spectacles.

Adopting the title of the beautiful melody now so popular in London, entitled "For months and months and months," I once upon a time hammered away in the pages of this magazine "for months and months and months," lifting up a humble voice of protest against the ridiculous and absolutely childish proceedings in which the Royal Automobile Club were then engaged in the direction of promoting speed competitions for motor cars. Not one organ of the technical press, and hardly any of the ordinary journals, took a similar line; but now motor-car racing along the highways is a "sport or pastime" which is as dead as a dead dog, and automobilism is all the better for being rid of a senseless incubus which for a long time obsessed it.

The "conquest of the air" is *not* a fact. Over a dozen lives have been sacrificed, however, most of them uselessly, and without any scientific knowledge having been gained thereby. It is now known that a human being can, if all goes well, ascend four thousand feet into the air, and, if all continues well, can come down again; *but* that, if anything goes wrong, he will come down vastly quicker

than he went up. We *all* know it; it is a commonplace; let it go at that, and let the Royal Aero Club now decline to sanction any more of these altitude prizes. If no prizes are awarded at future meetings for ascending to these dizzy heights, it is likely enough that no one will be foolish enough to take such risks for nothing. Flying anyway is a tricky business, and it is unreasonable for a club deliberately to make it far more dangerous than it otherwise need be.

From the naval and military standpoint it is abundantly evident to the meanest intelligence that neither the heavier-than-air



THE LATE HON. C. S. ROLLS IN FLIGHT

(Photograph by Topical Press)

machine nor the dirigible balloon can be neglected if we are to keep pace in the race with other nations for marine superiority. The Germans long ago recognised this, and are well ahead of us, as are of course the French, in the construction of such monsters of the air, which certainly would in time of war be called upon at all risks to work in connection with our own navy. The Government fortunately have this matter in hand, and not the Royal Aero Club, which is a self-elected body of amiable individuals, most of whom have no more idea of personally flying than has the present writer,

but are merely engaged in egging other people on to accomplish most dangerous feats in order to draw a gaping public through the turnstiles of an aerodrome; and this I contend is not a very dignified position to take up. The Aero Club should offer substantial prizes (if they can get the money for them) for award for those features in machines which would render them more stable and more safe. This it will be generally admitted is the first thing to be done. Fortunately there is no "Club for the Regulation of Sub-Aqueous Affairs"; if there were, submarines, which are neither more nor less unnatural instruments of warfare than aeroplanes, would be induced by the attraction of extraordinarily large sums of money to dive, let us say, a mile or two down towards the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. Such feats accomplished by vessels moving beneath the water would have the same value as those of aeroplanes moving at a similar elevation above the sea, *nothing* would be gained and *nobody* would be any the better; yet one feat would be just as sensible as the other. The submarine is a scientific instrument of destruction, very necessary for the due protection of the fleet of our Sovereign Lord the King, and therefore a security for such as pass the seas upon their lawful occasions. It is now time that the aeroplane should also be regarded seriously, and that it should not remain, as it now is, a sort of counter-attraction to tight-rope walking, "looping the loop," and other hair-raising diversions.

Unfortunately, however, the mere mention of the unnecessary taking of tremendous risks leads to immediate misunderstanding, for everyone who up till the present has attempted to voice a feeling that is certainly becoming very widespread indeed is immediately assailed in the columns which are devoted to the views of the enthusiasts as being not only what is known as a "calamity-howler," but is accused of "snapping around the heels of men of action whenever development in any new direction is taking place." His qualms of conscience are termed "doctrines of decadence and counsels of cowardice," and on the mere publishing of an unvarnished account of the terrible catastrophes that have happened to many unfortunate airmen, the assertion is seriously put forward that "there is a disposition to err on the side of giving undue prominence to the things that were better ignored or at least made little of." It is difficult to see that "ignoring" or "making little of" the lamentable results of the present exploitation of a scientific instrument which we know little about in any way tends to real progress in the art of flying. I should like furthermore absolutely to controvert the statement that "flying is safer than mountaineering or steeplechasing, quite as safe as professional football or hunting, and very little behind a good many more sports in point of safety." The

proof of this lies in a simple reference to the terms upon which life assurance companies issue their policies. No undue premium is demanded from Alpine climbers, jockeys, football players, or hunting men generally, whereas should the "airman" feel disposed to take out an insurance policy on his own life covering all risks, he can, I believe, be accommodated at Lloyd's at the rate of 10 per cent. per day, but most insurance companies refuse to issue policies to him on any terms whatever. This compares somewhat unfavourably with the modest 15s. per £100 which is the ordinary premium for professional motor-car drivers.



PREPARATIONS AT WOLVERHAMPTON

(Photograph by Topical Press)

Turning from these somewhat pessimistic and lugubrious reflections it may perhaps be worth while noting what are some of the net benefits accruing to the science on account of the Bournemouth Meeting. Our admirably informed contemporary *Flight* is, in spite of Mr. Rolls's death, of the opinion that the Wright type of biplane has not yet been surpassed for serviceability, and that, with increased engine power, increased general flying efficiency will be the next step; also that the Blériot monoplane and the Gnome engine have both emerged triumphantly from the stresses and

strains which they have undergone, and that a combination of these two is at present the best thing in sight.

Most aeroplanes are fitted with wheels which keep the landing skids clear of the ground when starting. On alighting, these wheels first touch the ground, and are then supposed to be thrust upward out of action on account of the elasticity of the rubber spring which holds them in their place giving way, the skids then coming into use; but the fact that the *first* point to touch the ground is a small and fragile wheel has been the cause of many accidents, especially on rough ground, the whole weight being thrown on that point of the wheel circumference which comes into contact with the earth, and which at times is driven into the soil before the skids come into play. The wheel-and-skid arrangement is all right in theory, but it only works satisfactorily where the ground is perfectly smooth.

It may be interesting perhaps for some of my readers who may peruse these pages somewhere on the other side of the globe, or deep in an Indian jungle where news does not readily penetrate, to give a brief *résumé* of what was actually achieved at the Bournemouth Meeting. The speed prize of £1,000 for eight miles 1,620 yds. (five laps) was won by Morane, as was the "fastest lap" prize of one mile 1,380 yds., as also the prize of £1,000 for greatest altitude. He ascended to just over 4,100 ft. on his Blériot monoplane of 60 h.p. (7-cylinder Gnome). It is stated that this machine has since been sold to Grahame-White, who in a Farman biplane (also fitted with Gnome engine) won the Royal Aero Club's prize for ascending 1,000 ft. in the shortest period of time, namely 6 min. 36 sec. He also won the Motor Union prize for the British competitor making the highest ascent, namely 1,660 ft., and likewise the distance prize of 91 miles, which he covered in 2 hrs. 35 mins. Morane also won £800 for his flight round the Needles and back at a speed of 50 miles an hour, Drexel on a similar monoplane winning £400, travelling at 35½ miles an hour. The weight-carrying and starting prizes of £350 and £250 respectively were won by Captain Dickson; in the former the load was 407 lb. and in the latter he ascended at a distance of 35 yds. after the order "Let go!" The prize of £500 for general merit was awarded to Morane, and Drexel and Grahame-White divided a similar sum for second prize, the first with a Blériot monoplane, the second with a Farman biplane. One was glad to observe that Audemars, who was certainly one of the pluckiest flyers at the meeting, took a good prize for his Bayard-Clement monoplane. This was a tiny little machine which went buzzing about the course looking like a large yellow bee, the driver seated some distance beneath it, which one would conceive to be a most dangerous position. If the plucky Belgian took a toss once he

must have been upset about half a dozen times; but he never came to any harm, and was up and about again like the good sportsman that he is. He certainly well earned his £100. He was also placed third in a distance prize in which he travelled 18 miles in 27 mins., receiving £60.

What the future holds in store for us it is difficult to surmise, but it is abundantly evident that there will be no lack of competitions



WOLVERHAMPTON—GRACE IN FLIGHT

(Photograph by Topical Press)

for prizes where the most extreme risks will have to be taken so long as such prizes are on offer, but no longer. If the Royal Aero Club are perfectly satisfied that the aeroplane is being exploited in the most sensible manner possible, doubtless things will go on as they are until something happens that will really shock the public conscience, which, however, is not easily stirred, and the newspapers will probably continue to worry round the subject in their usual

manner, viz., until the public show signs of being satiated. Whether flight will ever emerge from its present purely spectacular environment and become a common mode of transit, as is the motor car, the bicycle, or even the balloon, I for one take leave to doubt, unless the whole scope of it is greatly altered. One sensible proposition is that aeroplanes ascending to a great height should be fitted with a rolled-up parachute which, on the machine beginning to fall vertically, would automatically come into action and so break the descent. If an individual can jump out of a balloon holding a parachute which only becomes operative after his body has dropped some little distance it is conceivable that the same fitment, if not applied to the aeroplane itself, might be attached to the person of the driver, and so yank him out of his seat in time of trouble, to deposit him later gently on the ground. This would only be applicable, however, to monoplanes where the driver sits above the supporting surfaces.

My humble plea is that the heavier-than-air machine should be rescued from what I consider to be its present state of degradation. It earns money for a few, kills a large percentage of its votaries in a peculiarly shocking manner, and so tickles the crowd. The dirigible balloons are not thus mishandled, being either Government property or in the hands of serious people who have a proper regard for human life. For all operations of war, soldiers and sailors are carefully trained to take any conceivable risk as a matter of course, and be truly glad to have the opportunity of participating in it at all, as witness the attitude of both officers and men employed on duty on submarines, where there is always a long waiting list of eager candidates for that particular branch of the Service. It will doubtless be urged that no application to warlike purposes of aeroplanes can possibly be made unless the present system is allowed to continue so that men may be trained. On this, however, the public will have something to say. In any case the organisation of aviation meetings is by no means so perfect that it is incapable of further improvement. At the time of writing 120 individuals hold the Pilot certificate of the French Aero Club, but not more than eighteen have been issued by our British club to natives of these islands. So far, fifteen flying men have perished. This death rate is too high, and both British and foreign aero clubs should lose no time in relieving themselves from direct participation in any future disasters, in order that flight as a movement may not fall under general condemnation.

Germany is taking the lead in attempting to regularise the use of aeroplanes, for amongst the police decrees recently promulgated one notes that in cross-country flights flying over towns and villages is forbidden, and that the boundaries of the aerodrome may not be

passed when exhibition flights are in progress; also that no one may undertake flying for prize money at all unless he holds the certificate of competency above alluded to, which is issued under the rules of the International Aeronautic Federation. Promoters of aviation meetings have, moreover, to give three clear days' notice



WOLVERHAMPTON—COCKBURN ABOUT TO START FOR QUICK-RISING COMPETITION

(Photograph by Topical Press)

beforehand to the local police authorities. Let us hope that before many more lives are sacrificed due safeguards may be arranged to minimise the risk both to flying men themselves and to the British public, with whom they have already begun to come in collision with, at times, fatal results.



A JOURNEY ON WHEELS

BY "TINKLER"

MY DEAR GUARDIAN,

The interest you took in my projected caravan journey makes me think that you might like to receive an account of it. You complain that my letters consist, as a rule, of erasures and endearments only, and that they contain no news. So this time I have written such a detailed account of my experiences that I am only encouraged to send it by the knowledge that you have brought the art of skipping to perfection. To avoid the "erasures" I am having it typewritten; the "endearments" have to be suppressed for want of room. I wanted to put down just what happened, and it is more amusing to me to write a diary in the form of a letter to you. But a diary must be detailed. Hence its fearful length. Please forgive it—and the grammar.

I caught the 12.30 from Waterloo to Lyndhurst Road Station. The journey by rail was well fitted to make caravan life shine by contrast. The train was crowded, and the waiters in the restaurant were too hot and grimy for description. One of them had placed a piece of butter on his nose, and such was his distracted state of mind that he was quite unconscious of it. The best dog in the world¹ was chained in the guard's van, and as every one walked through it to the restaurant, the excursionists treated him like a side-show, much to his annoyance.

Upon the platform at Lyndhurst Road Station Barry² appeared to meet us. This was embarrassing, as it meant that the caravan

¹ Neil = Irish wolfhound.

² Barry, hired out with the caravan.

was at the station itself, instead of waiting round the corner outside as had been previously arranged. Fortunately the excursionists were too busy climbing into their brake to notice us. Watch¹ and Allumeuse² had not appeared at Waterloo, and now proved to be nowhere in the train.

Saturday.—There was nothing for it but to make for Beaulieu, leaving directions for Watch to follow. We started therefore. The caravan was drawn by Bill, a gaunt but powerful animal. I only walked for the first three miles, and then climbed up with a blistered heel. Barry, affably surrendering his seat, continued to drive from the coal-box. Neil, to his annoyance, had to walk.

We went through beautiful wild country, and the afternoon was heavenly. As we pursue our way, sitting comfortably in the warm sun, sheltered from glare by the spreading roof, I must describe Barry to you. His appearance was that of a cheerful scoundrel, his face round and set upon a very short thick neck, high square shoulders which looked much padded by the tailor, and the figure of a balloon. He wore a thick, light-coloured tweed suit, which increased his size. He was full of energy, and when he walked it was with great swiftness, an incredibly fast waddle, waving his arms with extreme violence from side to side. He was one of the most entertaining characters that I have ever come across, and I never discovered whether he meant to be entertaining or not. I despair of making him appear so to you, because I cannot reproduce his voice and manner. His voice was very loud, his manner deliberate and very polite, but when he said anything amusing it was with a kind of concentrated bitterness accompanied by a twinkling eye which was irresistibly funny. If I repeat any of his remarks during the course of this diary, please supply in your imagination the manner of their delivery.

On this the first afternoon he began speaking to me about rather a shady character whom I had never met, but to whom he had heard that I had written upon the subject of caravanning. "Very clever gentleman," he snapped; "owes me seven-and-sevenpence-halfpenny." (He must have been clever indeed!) I said that he seemed very enthusiastic, not only about caravanning, but about fishing, &c. "Full of theories, lady," was the reply. "He told me once he recommended ballooning for people of weak intellect."

Also, apparently, this individual used to keep a diary, and showed it to one of a party who, having hired his caravan, took him with them as guide. Opposite the name of one hotel was

¹ Watch, our groom.

² Milanollo Allumeuse. Pyrenean. Home-bred.

written "P.G." "You will never guess what that stands for!" said Mr. Y. (the shady character). "Perhaps for 'pretty good,'" said the other man. "Pretty girl," answered Mr. Y. "And that," concluded Barry, with acerbity, "made the other gentleman think very seriously of a man who could write down such a thing. He said to me that he felt there must be something very wrong with him after *that*."

Occasionally I looked back along the long yellow road, but no signs of Watch's approach were visible. Then we rumbled into the village of Beaulieu, and Barry waddled swiftly away to find a pitch. I went inside and brewed some hot chocolate whilst waiting, and Bill tried to chew his way through a wooden paling, jerking about to the peril of the chimney. Suddenly Watch appeared in a small gig, Allumeuse at his feet, his box and a sack of dog biscuits behind. I was so glad to see them that I gathered but little of the reasons for their delay in arriving. As far as one could make out the saddler at Aylesbury was responsible, in some way, for their missing the train at Waterloo.

We waited patiently for Barry's return. Watch insisted upon remaining motionless in the middle of the road, standing at respectful attention. The inhabitants were unable to explain him to themselves. He looked like a cross between an automobile scout and a mummy. The village policeman came up and guarded him carefully. Barry reappeared only to say that the butcher had "a beautiful field," very easy to enter, but *quite impossible* to leave, being very "soft"—*i.e.*, in which the caravan would become embedded during the night. So off he went again.

Beaulieu, as we finally entered a field for the night, appeared to be a lovely village. Imagine a large sheet of (salt) water in which the pink clouds of the sunset were reflected, and over which the moon was rising. Round about clustered beautiful trees and gabled cottages, all looking old and pretty in the twilight. In fact there was everywhere such a rare mingling of the picturesque and the prosperous that one almost expected the inhabitants to come out of their houses and dance round a Maypole, as in a Gaiety play. Fortunately they did nothing of the kind, and we were able to settle down in peace.

Watch was initiated into the mysteries of tent-pitching, and I heard him assured by Barry that he would wake "fresh as a daisy" upon the following morning. I, sitting on the step, after unpacking what provisions I had brought for us all, felt what everyone is not given to realise, the fulfilment of a long-planned ambition, and, what was delightful, the reality of caravanning proved far more enchanting even than the dream.

Saturday is a bad day to begin caravanning from the food point of view. Fortunately we had enough provisions of a potted description to last us over Sunday. The dog biscuit was prepared immediately, and Neil, upon seeing a food which he despises, flung himself upon the ground as though dead. After supper, however, I made a "cache" in the dog biscuit consisting of cheese parings, scraps of the "glass" tongue, and some bloater paste, which I had been beguiled into bringing. And this seemed to tempt his jaded palate.

Allumeuse tore round and round in circles, ate everything she was or was not offered, and seemed bent upon passing through the ordeals by fire and water, as she drank of the lake, which was salt, prowled into the camp rubbish heap, to which a match had been set, and also stepped upon a knife—all without injury. Finally she was tethered inside the tent to the funny little brass and wooden box that Barry politely called "Watch's portmanteau." Just before getting into bed I pulled Neil up after me into the caravan. It was curious to see his horror of the Jaeger-pyjama-clad female after the less substantial fabrics to which he is accustomed.

Barry, after washing up, beguiled the time by entertaining Watch with stories. His voice, perfectly grave, never paused, and sounded as if he had a cold in the head. This, he had confided to me during the afternoon, was the result of having his hair cut, which process he seemed to regard as an illness, for, as he said impressively, "It was done a fortnight ago, and I never seem to have got through it." Watch's conversation consisted only of interjection varied by a prolonged chuckle, so I suppose that he was amused. I only heard the sound for a few minutes, for I cannot remember my head touching the pillow, and I woke next morning at six with a wonderful feeling of exhilaration, and perfectly rested.

My first action on awaking is to drink deep of the Thermos flask (contents, tea) carefully prepared the night before. This was Mr. E.'s valuable piece of advice. Then I lay deliciously comfortable, listening to the soft cooing of the wild doves and watching the sun flooding through every chink. Rising, I shoot Neil out of the caravan, propelled from behind, in order to get room to dress. This seems to be the signal to awake the tent-dwellers, for a prolonged snore from that direction suddenly ceases.

Sunday.—In front of the caravan stretches the glittering water, across which two swans are flying, and the dogs and I break across a thick carpet of dew when we leave the camp for a walk before breakfast. Bill is being rudely treated by the bay pony in the next field, with whom he attempted to make friends overnight. She has

a long, loose chain trailing after her, and looks round at him with the same peevish expression that a woman wears when she thinks that her dress is about to be trodden upon. At 10.30 Watch lures him away with a feed, and, accustomed, I suppose, to these ephemeral friendships, he goes off contentedly enough. It is different when he is asked to start the caravan. Barry, ever hopeful, remarks that he will be all right "once his collar is warm." But the collar has an unfortunate habit of cooling again whenever we come to a hill. The best way seems to switchback him down the end of the last and up half the next, before he realises that there is an effort to be made. We draw up by the side of the road in the forest for lunch, arriving about five at Brockenhurst, where Barry has obtained a welcome permission to use the polo-ground. I do not know who plays polo there, but the ground was then occupied by five cows, a mare, and a foal.

It is a sunny evening, and we are very comfortable. Bill is dispatched to a neighbouring inn. It is now thought to be a suitable moment for erecting my bath-tent. Last night we arrived too late at Beaulieu to do this. I went off for a stroll round the camp, leaving the tent at the skeleton stage, where four wooden legs, crowned by a little yellow flag, were all that had been achieved. Upon returning later I find it in the same condition, and hear that it is likely to remain so, as the wrong frame having been sent for the tent, it is impossible to put it up. One is reminded of the ancient proverb: "It takes more to make a bed than four bare legs." Well, I must wash in the caravan. When dusk becomes dark the inquisitive cattle draw round us. In vain whips are cracked and they are driven off; back they come. At last I have a brilliant idea, and give Barry the electric searchlight. Like a vast firefly he darts round the field, stalking the cows until an inch off, and then flashing the light in their faces. The result is completely successful.

Monday.—On Monday morning I wake with the sun streaming in, to hear Allumeuse jumping up against the caravan door and flopping down again upon finding it shut, exactly like a large fish rising. Then I feel something bumping against the side, and a low "Moo!" showing that a cow is using our chariot as a rubbing-post. I propel Neil out, and the shaking stops. Later, after breakfast, Watch, the dogs, and I go shopping. I got through it all right except that I walked absent-mindedly out of the butcher's without paying, and showed my ignorance by buying a dozen potatoes and by not recognising a vegetable marrow when in a state of nature.

Then we reach our appointed rendezvous with the caravan. Watch confides to me that a delay is to be expected, as Barry has

forgotten his razors and must get shaved before meeting my eye. So I sit down by the roadside between two parcels—one of fish, the other flesh—in the sun, which is nice and hot.

At last there comes the welcome sound of dragging wheels, and the caravan appears round the corner. It seems that during the night it sank a little, and three-quarters of an hour were spent in struggling to leave the polo-ground. Barry knots the reins loosely to the door, and as the caravan goes on, runs in and out cooking a lunch, which afterwards proves excellent. It is eaten by the roadside, followed by coffee all round and a rest for half an hour. This last is rather welcome after the long walk up-hill (at the foot of which we had, as by a miracle, encountered a suitable trace-horse); we had met one person on the way, a workman, and it was amusing to see Barry glancing anxiously back, like an old hen looking after a chicken. He explained when I came up at luncheon-time that "he did not know who the man was," which, indeed, was hardly surprising. In fact, (too!) lavishly as you always used to provide me with chaperons, I have never been so strictly guarded; and I remember on one occasion stopping to talk to a small boy about his lurcher, and suddenly seeing Barry peeping round the corner at me with an expression of agony upon his face.

After luncheon we set forth, the dogs and I leading, and taking what we falsely imagined to be short cuts across the heather. I will not inflict a tedious enthusiasm about the scenery upon you. But the country through which we passed was lovely. It was the brilliancy of the colouring that struck one so much: the bright blue of distant woods, the vivid green of the bracken, and the long yellow road against the heather.

The village of Burley lies at the bottom of a steep little hill. Watch and I sat at the top, and I prepared the meal of tea, while Barry hurried off to choose a pitch. Whilst inside and making my preparations, I heard a passer-by ask twice, "Are you Lloyd's?" but he received no reply. "I *would* not speak to him," Watch told me afterwards; "I just shook my head at him"—which must have surprised the man, who had meant no harm by his innocent question.

Barry returned to summon me to a council of war. It appears that he had rejected every field round the village; one was too soft, another already occupied by what he told me looked a "rum-looking camping-out party" (probably closely resembling ourselves), etc., etc. At last we invaded a small field about two yards from where we had been waiting all the time. The owner was at first reluctant to admit us, as there were scattered upon the ground a few blades of what *he* imagined to be hay. However, upon taking Bill as hostage

into his stable he consented. As we wheeled in we received a visit. This was from a neighbouring cottager, who, evidently crediting me with second sight, came to ask if our dogs would annoy his pig in the next field. Just after this the most frightful explosion was heard, and Barry's round face and figure were writhing in convulsions upon the steps of the caravan. He was sobbing, gesticulating, and apparently about to be very sick. Watch and I were stupefied. We thought that this king among men had gone off his head. Unable to articulate, he pointed wildly inside the caravan, and then collapsed again, a victim to paroxysms of renewed violence. Sublime courage and extreme curiosity made me look inside. The atmosphere was indescribable: rather like the smell after the eruption of Vesuvius (do you remember?). During our stormy entrance into the field, a large bottle of Scrubb's ammonia had fallen, and broken its neck neatly against the locker. Thus the contents, instead of being scattered, flowed in one strong, undiluted stream towards the door, and had been inhaled by Barry. His convulsions continued for some time longer, and were so exceedingly funny that the effort to hide my laughter from him became painful, and I hurried out of his sight behind the van, only to find Watch knotted up in uncontrollable mirth.

I seized a basket, for we were short of bread, and as I left for the village I heard Watch say in a comforting voice: "Well, Barry, you won't have a microbe in your inside for many a long day after this, that's one thing!" Neil always comes shopping. To begin with, he gives an added dignity to commerce, and then everyone treats you with the deference due to the owner of a circus. For nothing like him has ever been seen in this neighbourhood. Everyone was sold out of bread, but "you might try the post-office." I did; and after much burrowing behind rows of smart shirts and other objects for sale, with which one does not usually connect the post-office, a crisp brown loaf was produced. When I returned a few minutes after, the dusk had deepened and the owls had begun to call in the woods around our camp. We had abundance of provisions, but it was too late to cook them. The chicken which the butcher had produced for me from the depths of a locked safe, where it reposed like a jewel of price, must remain until to-morrow in the little larder between the wheels. But lurking in this dark recess were three salt herrings, which, with the bread, made us all an excellent meal. Unlike the parable of the loaves and the fishes, nothing was left over. Barry, ever at his best at the end of the journey, no matter how late we came into camp or how tiring the day had been, was always busy and cheerful, and, at the end, ready to become the entertaining raconteur in the tent. He must be

"The Decameron," "The Arabian Nights," and, I was going to say, Rabelais (but I trust not), rolled into one. For he is able to keep up the unflagging interest of his otherwise sleepy audience of one.

Tuesday.—The next morning Watch, Neil, and I descend to the village. Coming out of the grocery shop I find Watch silently contemplating a boy making friends with Neil. The boy looks about sixteen (he is really twelve), and is dressed in a striped sailor suit and a cricket cap. He is a French boy come over to learn English—so Watch says. Before I go into the next shop I say something to him in his native tongue, and from that moment till we strike camp he haunts me. Too shy to address me first, he runs in front, climbs trees like a large monkey, and squeaks like a squirrel: I suppose the climbing is to show me that he is hardy and fearless. On entering the field I give him a little cooking chocolate, and rapture loosens his tongue. He comes from Paris on the new system of exchange that takes place in some English and French schools. He begs me to explain to him the mystery of the "Pareesh Room." He is pleased but not surprised that I delight in Paris. He says that all the English who speak to him talk of his native town as "gay Paree," so he supposes that they all love it. We watch Bill reluctantly drawing the caravan from the field, and the French boy takes up the parable upon the subject of horses. These, he says, would never obey man if their eyes were not so made as to see us much bigger than we really are. I object to this that other horses must then also appear of stupendous size; and he can think of no suitable answer. He suggests that Neil and Allumeuse should be trained to bite Bill's legs upon starting as a help to make him pull.

We leave the boy—a solitary figure—upon the road. I propose that we should have a trace-horse, as our course looks rather hilly. Barry thinks this unnecessary; but I need hardly say that when well away from the village Bill suddenly agrees with me, and we come to a stop. Watch is dispatched, like the dove from the Ark, to fetch a trace-horse. Where he will find one we cannot imagine. I, sitting outside, write a few words to Charlie, saying ironically, "See how we are roughing it!" and giving the menu for lunch, then in course of preparation:—

Roast chicken, green peas, and cauliflower.

Stewed plums, cream, and brown sugar.

Coffee.

But there is many a slip! The trace-horse was so long coming that luncheon was ready, and I was advised to eat it at once. The

chef's advice is really a command. I was about to obey, when Watch reappeared upon his bicycle to announce the immediate arrival of the trace-horse. It seemed that he had been amiably received at a farm and pressed to remain to lunch, but had faithfully returned to us. Our meal had to be flung back into the saucepans, and while we jolted up the long hill our agonised cook kept basting and fidgeting and coaxing the food into a good temper. When eventually eaten the chicken was as dry as our national humour is supposed to be.¹ But that makes no vital difference when you feel so fit and so hungry that you could almost eat a piece of the caravan itself. And then the plums were delicious mixed up with the sugar and cream, and eaten out of a little pudding basin (this was my own idea; but doubtless the others ate theirs in a more refined way.)

We had arrived at Picket's Post, outside Lord Lucas's new house and stables. I took a tramp's privilege and walked round the outside of the house, which must have a beautiful view, for I climbed to the balcony of the cricket pavilion in a neighbouring field which had much the same outlook. Coffee was now ready, and was consumed in great comfort by the roadside under the dignified gaze of the family coachman.

Then came a long and delightful walk lasting all the afternoon, over miles of wild, heather-covered moor. The motors roused one's worst passions. Once, when near the caravan, Allumeuse horrified us by trotting suddenly across in front of one. I have never seen any dog so nearly escape being run over. We were all overcome with emotion. When we had mastered it Allumeuse was slapped and we proceeded. After one more attempt to commit suicide I coupled her to Neil, which proved effectual; although rather hard upon him.

On arriving half a mile from Stony Cross I sat down by the roadside to await the caravan, now far behind. Bill was in his most annoying mood; he kept jibbing and stopping, looking cunningly round out of the corner of his eye to see if the trace-horse was coming. Watch has developed, however, a very remarkable Salopian cry which has some effect. At last I saw the top of the chimney and she hove in sight (a caravan is apparently female). I firmly refused to go farther, and suggested that we should pull off the road on to the moor. There was a small double-grip (hardly a ditch) at which Barry shook his head. However, grasping Bill by the head, he determined to venture it. It was decided to "rush it" in case Bill should refuse; and before the startled animal had time to collect his obstinacy he was whirled off the road. Appalled at

¹ The writer is a Lowland Scot.

the obstacle (invisible except from a caravanner's point of view), and thinking that we had all taken leave of our senses, he dashed across. Both wheels on one side of the vehicle flew into the air as he fled up on to level ground, and a crash from within like the fall of Jericho made our hearts sink as lead, so that we hardly dared investigate the damage. A triumphant call from Barry reassured us, as he came out bearing aloft the chutney bottle, which, after dashing itself against the floor, remained intact. Nothing was broken. It seemed little short of the marvellous.

When at last it grew too late for the motor crowd our camp became delicious. There was no wind, and the moon hung above us like an orange-coloured lamp. After supper I took the dogs on to the moor, and they danced about like mad things in the clear light. When we had all settled down for the night, I went to pull Neil up (he always remains whining for assistance upon the shafts). The moon had changed to silver and the hush all around us was almost ghostly; I suppose that one had become accustomed to the rustling of trees; and here it was of course just the heather. One could imagine a phantom hunt sweeping in silence across the open moor. Close round the caravan was a space, bare except for some little stunted bracken plants, and these moved their fronds like fingers in the night air, which was so still that I could feel nothing of it. Behind, from the tent, came the murmur of anecdote and Watch's low chuckle. As usual, I cannot remember my head touching the pillow.

Wednesday.—The next morning we move off higher up, and have a fairly easy exit. Our way lies through the same lovely open country; but it gradually merges into forest. It is very cold up here. We set out with Barry standing in the doorway holding the reins in one hand and a knife in the other. After a few moments he relinquishes this Apache-like attitude, and Watch is promoted to the post of driver, while he retires inside to the duties of cook. From now on a pleasing difference is noticed in Bill's behaviour. Watch never loses his temper with him, but in spite of having spent all his life more or less in stables, he has not got "a way with horses." I do not think that you have ever seen Watch? He is one of those people who do stable-work not only as their duty, but because they love all horses. He looks after Bill as though he were a priceless hunter belonging to Charlie (I use this comparison as a figure of speech, since unfortunately Charlie owns nothing of the kind!) and feeds and waters him with anxious solicitude. Under his driving, Bill becomes a changed animal; he jibs no more, and the sullen kick with which he used to receive entreaties to start has become a thing of the past.

I go on ahead and see nothing worthy of record except that, upon a little green between two or three scattered houses, I come across a strange figure; it is that of a female adult masquerading as Cupid—only dressed. She carried a bow and some arrows, and, following her at a distance, I came to a large target. I saw her first make "a magpie," and then a very bad miss! Encountering my eye she put away her bow and arrows and went off. I had never seen such a thing before.

The midday meal was eaten by the road, sheltered from the cold wind by a clump of bushes. I watch the indefatigable chef passing the *mauvais quart d'heure* of hunger by beginning an apparently humorous tale to Watch about "a lady and a vegetable marrow." Hardly had we all finished when a storm of rain swept over us. The caravan was very snug, and we all had waterproofs. It did not last long, and I soon got down. Neil was rather sorry for himself. No rain seems able to penetrate the white fleece which composes a Pyrenean's coat, or to damp the creature's spirits.

We came to the highest point in the forest, called No Man's Land, and consisting, oddly enough, of a brisk little village; then down past Bramshall. The dogs and I took a short cut through a beautiful tract of forest. One lovely old tree was profaned by a socialist poster which seemed singularly out of place in a forest belonging to the Crown and kept solely for the nation's enjoyment. However, the caravanner is above these questions, and we pushed resolutely on. I distinguished myself at tea-time by entering the wagon and successfully preparing the meal while we were jolting over some pretty rough ground; and it was I who chose the pitch to-night, and with great success.

Barry had by now been impressed with the fact that the wilder the country the better I should be pleased, and that for me the sight of a house spoilt the landscape. Imagine us, therefore, doubling like a hare (at the pace of a tortoise), making *détours*, and changing our plans to this end. So that when I say here we went from "such a place" to "such a village" you cannot exactly realise our crooked course.

Little did I know what Barry must have suffered because of this, for it appeared that he had never used anything but a safety razor, and away from human habitation and from the succour of the village barber he had to experiment daily with Watch's implements in terror of his life.

Our camp was completely screened from the road by a belt of trees. A deep pool bordered by rough grasses lay upon our other side, surrounded by an open space where a little group of forest mares and foals were grazing. The forest came down to meet the

little green upon its farther side. Bill anchored the caravan safely under a large oak.

The moon is kind enough to pour a flood of welcome light upon the washing-up, and as the camp sinks into quiet I can hear the munching of the little forest ponies shyly hidden in the shadows. In the morning I awake later—about seven—having been disturbed in the night by the cold. Watch has called at Minstead Post Office and returns with a bundle of letters. It is odd, but once sure that nothing has happened to anybody one cares about, news from the outside is not required in the least by a caravanner. I suppose it is the chief point in this delightful life that one lives entirely in the present and in a world of little things. For instance, you do not envy, you merely *pity* the speed of the motorist. There is no place for gloomy forebodings when you are walking quickly to catch up the caravan over a delicious country. In the fresh air morbid thoughts fly away. I lie down in a state of happy sleepiness, to awake always with the same delightful exhilaration, and the same feeling that the air is lighter and that one is more rested and refreshed than ever in one's life before.

Thursday.—But I will spare you more of this, and set forth with Watch and Neil upon a little modest shopping. Should you ask Barry if there is anything left for lunch, he will answer in his unexpected way, "Bread, soap, salt, bacon, and candles." This quite seriously, and merely because he repeats the contents of the caravan as they are engraved upon his mind. In the same way if during the day you ask, "Is there any spare water in which to wash one's hands?" he replies, cheerfully, "Plenty; what I have used for cooking the dinner." He does not really mean what appears.

There is some delicacy needed in entering the only shop visible in Cadnam, as the proprietor sleeps in a tent by the door for his health. He tells me that an old couple named X also live in a tent here, their house having been burnt down. He believes it was insured, and another (superior) one is being built by them farther down the road. Coming back into camp, Mr. X passes, offering us a small basket of eggs. He is a little thin man, squinting excessively, and his face and clothes are all sandy-colour. Having first refused the eggs, we change our minds and I pursue him to his tent. It is very dirty-looking, with windows made of strawberry nets.

Having sold me the eggs he drifts into talk and makes a few remarks about Neil, which lead to the disclosure that he showed dogs for thirty years. A conversation ensues, and in the course of it he asks who judged Neil at a show to which I took him. When I tell him, "Ah, Frank Snooks," he says, lighting up. "Anyone

having a dog like that has a fine animal which shows you off, so to speak." "Poor Neil!" I said to myself, as I thought of my tramp-appearance; "his must be a hard task!" As I walk off he calls after me, "Stick to Frank Snooks when you show: he is a lady's man." A most uncalled-for and untrue remark.

I propose not to move until the afternoon, in order to camp near and see something of the hounds which I hear are coming next day. We lunch in the warm sunshine. Barry always announces the meal standing at attention with a formal military salute; why, I cannot imagine, for he was never a soldier. It is etiquette to call a compliment to him about the food, after tasting it. This would seem unnecessary, as he is eating exactly the same thing a few yards off; but he is very much hurt if it is omitted.

And now we must pack up our things and go. Our solitude is invaded by a huge black pig and two schoolboys. The latter are come to hunt the dragon-flies that whirr over the pool. During the afternoon Watch drives, and Barry, having borrowed the bicycle, goes on to Woodlands village to find a pitch. He races past the caravan like a meteor, but here I learn another of his peculiarities. He is quite unable to mount a bicycle, Watch tells me, except with assistance, either human or from a step or rail. So he gets on somewhere out of sight and dashes off at top speed until he reaches his destination, when "he tumbles off somehow."

A short wait occurs in the village. Watch and I have inexhaustible subjects of conversation: (1) "The horses," alas! only two (one a gift horse which has taken a dislike to military life upon manœuvres); (2) "the Pyreneans"; and (3) "the Colonel's retrievers." Also we touch lightly upon my dog-boy and his delinquencies. He is "not above telling a lie," which condescension is about to cost him his place. Barry returns; Mr. H. (a farmer) has consented to receive us. We draw into his field and settle down for the night.

Friday.—Next morning I am approached by Watch for some cotton wool for Barry. The strange razors have worked only too well. We tether Allumeuse to the caravan and he (Watch), Neil, and I set out for the chase. Barry says that he will be ready for us at 12.30 as to lunch, for we must start immediately after.

I board a pony-cart which is walking briskly up the road for a short lift and to obtain more information. I learn that the meet is, providentially, later than we have been told; also that the pony between the shafts is twenty-four years old and the offspring of an Iceland pony by a half-bred Arab; this in the midst of thousands of New Forest animals! The cart turns to the left and I get out again. Here we have great good luck. Upon the roadside, stand-

ing motionless, is a man whom I now call in my mind the "Sporting Freeholder." He tells us all there is to know about New Forest hunting. The deer they are after is well known to him. It is "a ten-score stag"—that is to say, weighs 200 lb., which is, of course, a good deal for fallow deer. I ask if they have ever been after him before. "For two years," is the surprising reply.

For an hour and a quarter we sit in the hot, delightful sun, the S.F. standing motionless by me (he explains that he never sits down, for fear of lumbago). His eyes and ears are absorbed by the hidden hunt in the woods in front, but he talks of his life and of the New Forest generally, only interrupting himself to exclaim, "Dusty Bounders!" as a huge motor, full of smartly-dressed people, flies past us. He asks me if I do not think that motors have "come to stay," and I hear him say to Watch that after all "It is a grand thing to go seventeen miles an hour; why, one could see England in a month! Perhaps I should like it if I had one." He knows every bit of the New Forest, where he has lived all his life; but he was born in Salt Lake City, his father having gone there with the object of becoming a Mormon. He returned disillusioned, and seems to have enjoyed no advantage from the cult, since he never had but the one wife whom he took out with him, and who was the mother of my acquaintance. So they returned to the cottage in the New Forest. His father (he himself is rather over fifty) is seventy-nine and "never once in his life has laid down without being able to get up if he wished to," which test refers, I find, to health, not to sobriety.

The "field" at this moment passes; a high official is pointed out to me, and I am told that "he gets £800 a year and the King's House to live in just for shooting anything he likes," which seems a pleasant life.

At this moment a great joy comes to us, for silently the stag himself leaves the enclosure and crosses the road, followed by the hounds and the whole hunt. He is a splendid beast, and seeing him one realises how he has defeated them for so long. For he canters along quite slowly, obviously at his ease, and not with the least appearance of being hunted, merely as though playing at a game of which he is a past-master. My S. F. is delighted with our pleasure (for both Watch and I are wildly excited), and we owe it largely to him. He has prophesied exactly where the stag would break, and has described the first part of the hunt to us (when the stag was headed back from the road by someone), and its exact locality in the woods, until we could imagine we saw it all.

Mr. H. (who rides races) and Mr. Z. are the joint Masters, and the S. F. tells us how, on their first day out, the former galloped into

a bog and the latter into a holly bush and streamed with blood. "Laugh!" said the heartless Freeholder, "lummy, I simply couldn't help it!" Apparently there was no one to hunt the hounds after that, and they had to go home.

He offered to set us on our way, and led us through the forest by a short cut. I learn all sorts of quaint things about the forest; for instance, that the biggest tree is near Lyndhurst—sixteen people can stand round it; that in the forest there is one wood consisting entirely of beeches with one oak amongst them; and another exactly vice versa. Living is fairly cheap in the forest, it appears; the land grows anything. You get firewood for nothing, and your ponies are only taxed 1s. 6d. each for grazing all the year round. There are all sorts of strange little rules. If you want twelve holly bushes you pay a keeper 1s., and you can choose any size you like. We speak of hunting, and he remarks patronisingly that the hounds gave him very good sport last year. Also that one day last year the huntsman came upon three deer and one fox drinking at the same pool; the fox standing between the deer—a thing never seen before.

Finally we separate; I could have gone on listening to him for hours. We were now just into Woodlands village. Before one cottage I saw a very old man arrived to pay an afternoon call. He did not trouble to go up to the house, but struck sharply twice upon the gate with a thick stick. His hostess, a meek-looking elderly woman, came out, and his way of breaking the ice was as follows: "You ought to have children as well as chickens, to keep the garden tidy."

We got back to our camp at three o'clock. On my arrival Barry produced something that he said was an omelette. Although it did not possess the classic outlines of one, it was excellent, and after lunch we started out of the field guided by a trace-horse and helped by the H.'s, father and son. Again Barry shoots past us upon the bicycle, having mounted secretly, and Watch and I occupy the coal-box and the driver's seat respectively. I drive this time. Suddenly we overtake Mr. W. returning from hunting. A sharp whistle from Watch brings him to an amazed stop. With many apologies I ask him for news of the hunt. The stag has escaped them again (one cannot help rejoicing, although expressing hypocritical regret). He had led them all round Stony Cross exactly as the Sporting Freeholder had prophesied. At Totton I jump off to visit the butcher, etc. The butcher is nice, and gives Neil a horrid tit-bit while I murmur grateful thanks and look the other way. Butchers' shops are *not* attractive.

We meet Barry—dismounted—at Redbridge Level Crossing, the weight of pitch-choosing heavy on his brow. I hope to see him

try to get on ; but he runs ahead of the van, leading the bicycle like a herald to announce our coming. The field is very midgy and rather soft. A train runs quite close ; but from experience I know that with every window open this will yet have no effect upon one's night in a caravan. At the foot of the field lies what must be the bed of a stream : but it is all filled with reeds which hiss in the breeze and alarm Allumeuse very much.

It grows dark soon to-night, and the moon rises slowly. In the distance someone is playing a sad little tune upon a flute, and I remember that it is the last evening of this happy week. So to dispel regret I jump down and suggest that Watch and I should make a camp fire. We collect dry sticks from the hedges by the light of a lantern, and a beautiful fire is soon burning. Alas ! a green bough thrown carelessly by me turns a stream of smoke full into the caravan. " And what could be better for driving away the flies ! " says our cheerful chef, who sees the bright side of everything. After supper, washing up upon the steps of the caravan, he makes another of his startling remarks ; I am enviously asking him about his next tour, and I say—speaking of the two men who have engaged the caravan, " What fun they will have ! " " They both drink nothing except claret for lunch and dinner," was the cold and unexpected reply. What must he have thought of my Malvern Water idea of enjoyment !

Saturday.—Sheets of rain descend upon us. On leaving camp we all stick to the caravan (as the road is level). I drive, Barry tidies up inside. Once we stop and Watch jumps overboard to purchase our lunch. On every sign-post is " Lyndhurst "—our journey's end—and my spirits are at zero. Deep groans of sorrow from within at a jolt show that cooking is in progress. Some way out, at luncheon-time, we stop, and the " biftek " is produced. It is very tough, and I suggest to Barry that he might have beaten it before cooking with the implement like a large wooden croquet mallet with which the wheel is stopped upon the road. I hear him bewailing this omission to Watch afterwards. As it is, one eats it, so to speak, by right of conquest and after wrestling with and overcoming it. What does it matter ? Then coffee. Afterwards Watch shaves again, quite unnecessarily, behind the caravan, during a few minutes' fine weather. Within, I accomplish an elaborate coiffure to meet the eye of Sophie. At some distance the occupants of a showman's van watch us curiously.

I may say here that the Sporting Freeholder maintained that the forest gipsies were very harmless, and never stole if you gave them something when they came round the cottages begging. Barry,

who knew nothing about them, declared that they "stick at nothing and would take life."

Lyndhurst Road Station is reached in gloom. Sophie beaming a cheerful welcome awaits us, and boards the caravan to remove my possessions. As to these she probably anticipates that "*tout est perdu sauf l'honneur*"; but here she is wrong. Nothing has been lost except most of my hairpins, and nothing injured except the historical ammonia, my straw hat upon which I inadvertently sat, and which is suffering from nervous prostration in consequence, and a pair of stockings which I stupidly burnt to pieces drying them on the stove. She is frankly amazed at my sorrow upon leaving the caravan; and stupefied that I have never even thought of buying a newspaper during our journey.

Then the train appears: Sophie and Watch get in, two dejected dogs creep into the guard's van, and an equally depressed tramp of uncertain sex, dressed in a long waterproof coat, a tweed cap, and very square hob-nailed shoes, bids reluctant good-bye to a man of strange appearance with the figure of a captive balloon. In the road near the station "she" is anchored. Bill is feeding in the stables near; how he will miss Watch's anxious care!

As for myself I have two frames of mind within me. One, an almost absurd gloom upon leaving the caravan; the other an absolute freshness and energy, a sort of renewal of mind and body—the only visible signs of which are hands sunburnt almost black and covered with honourable scars, the result of collecting firewood in the dusk and of one or two sharp skirmishes with the kettle and the stove.

And now you have borne with me long enough (if indeed you have laboured so far in the reading of this interminable letter). But having brought you here, how am I to make a graceful exit? Will it be majestically as Neil and I plunge into our taxi and are whirled towards the flat? Or decorously as I step into a hot bath and remain there so long that next morning every muscle aches as though playing a tune on me?

In any case affectionately, as with my very best love I send you the diary of a happy Snail.



THE TALE OF A SALMON

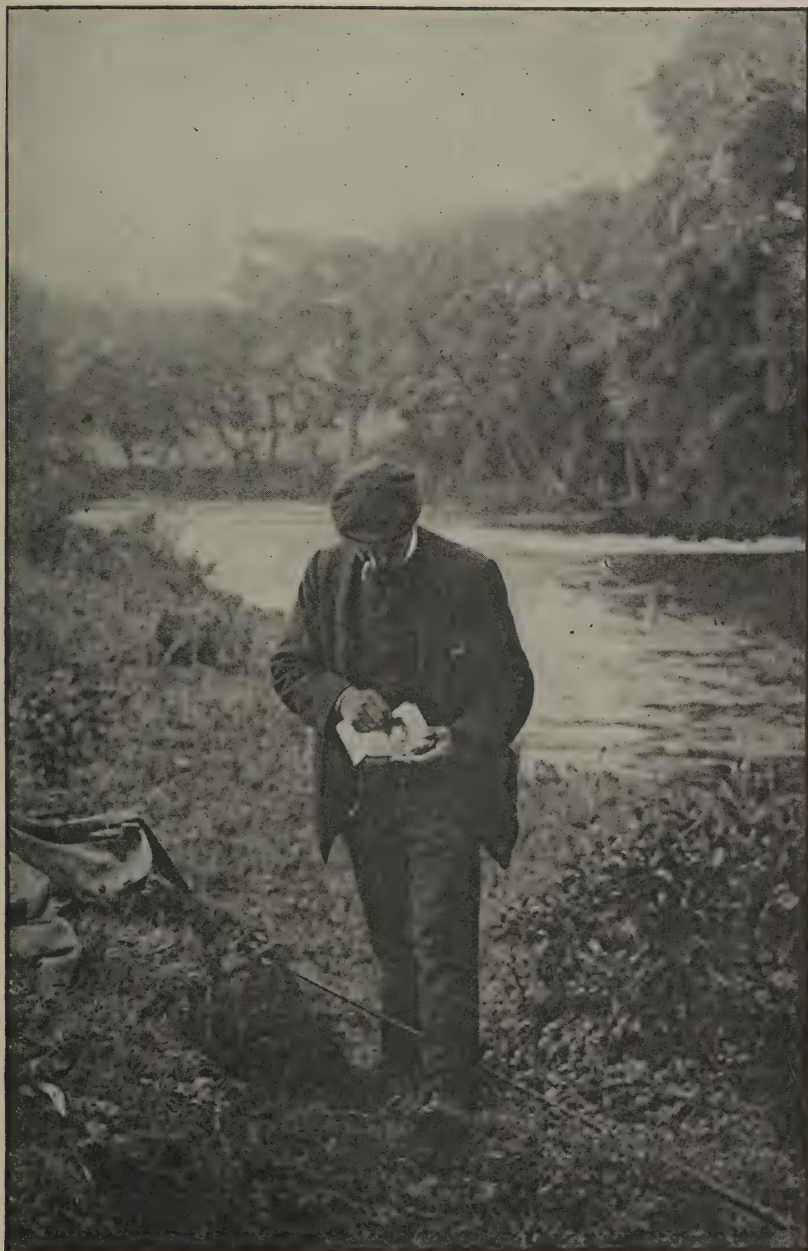
BY HORACE W. NICHOLLS



SELECTING A LIKELY SPOT—TAKING THE ROD FROM THE CASE



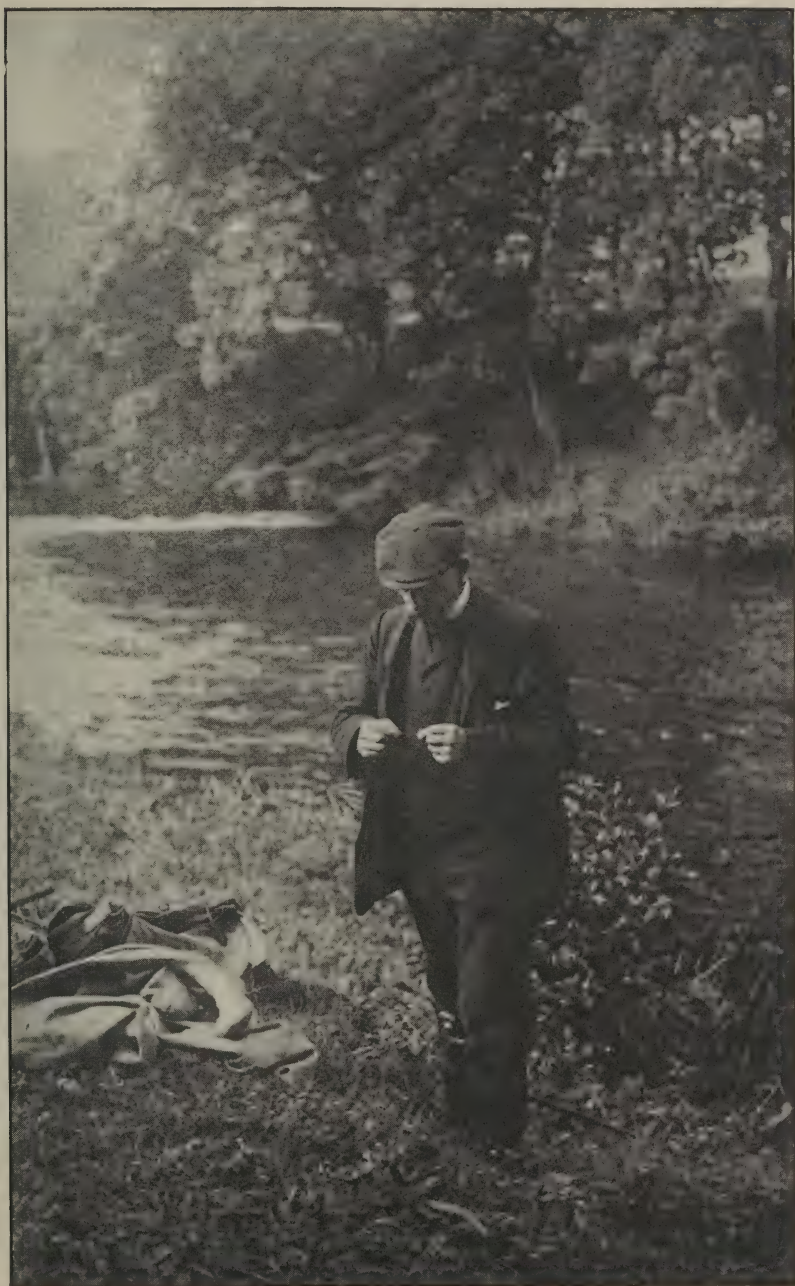
ADJUSTING THE REEL



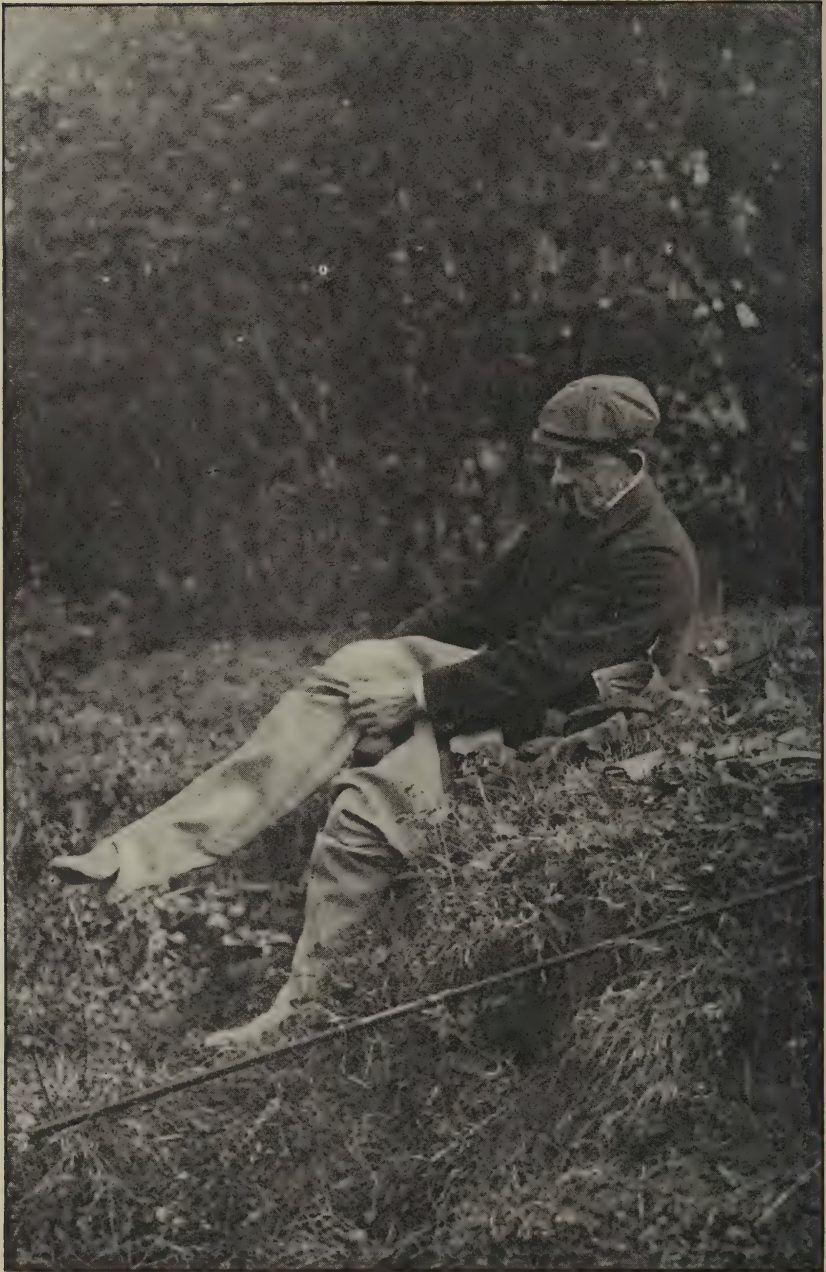
CHOOSING A FLY



SELECTING A BROWN TURKEY FLY WITH A RED BODY



FIXING THE CAST



PULLING ON WADERS



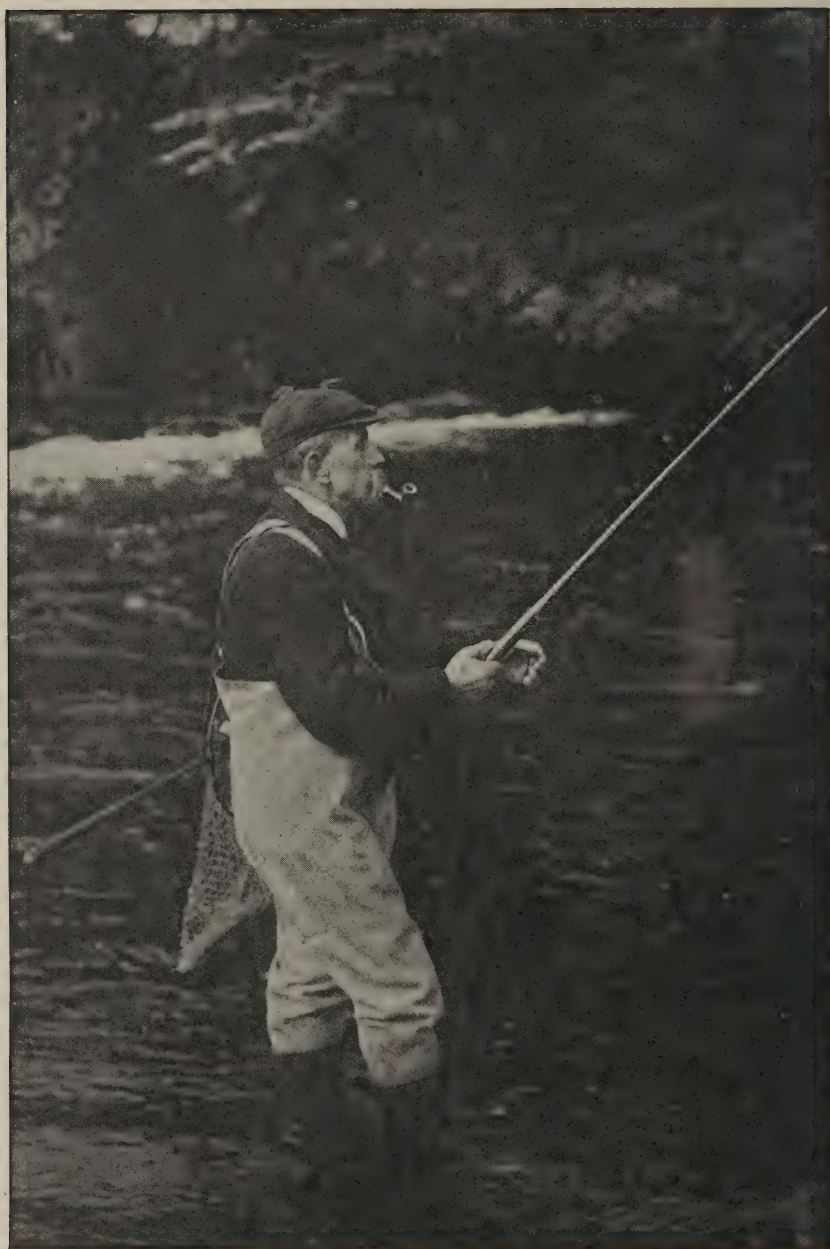
SOCKS TO PREVENT SAND CUTTING WADERS



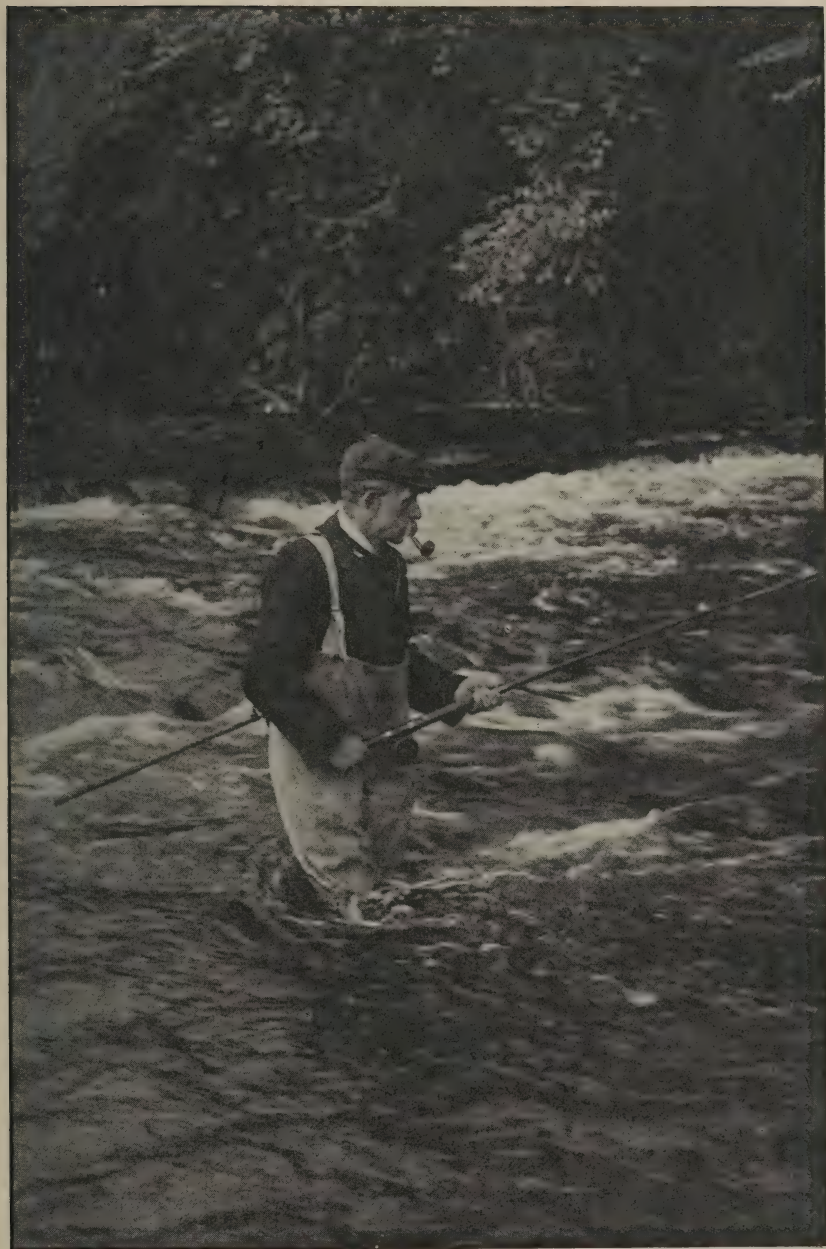
A STURDY PAIR OF WADING "BROGUES"



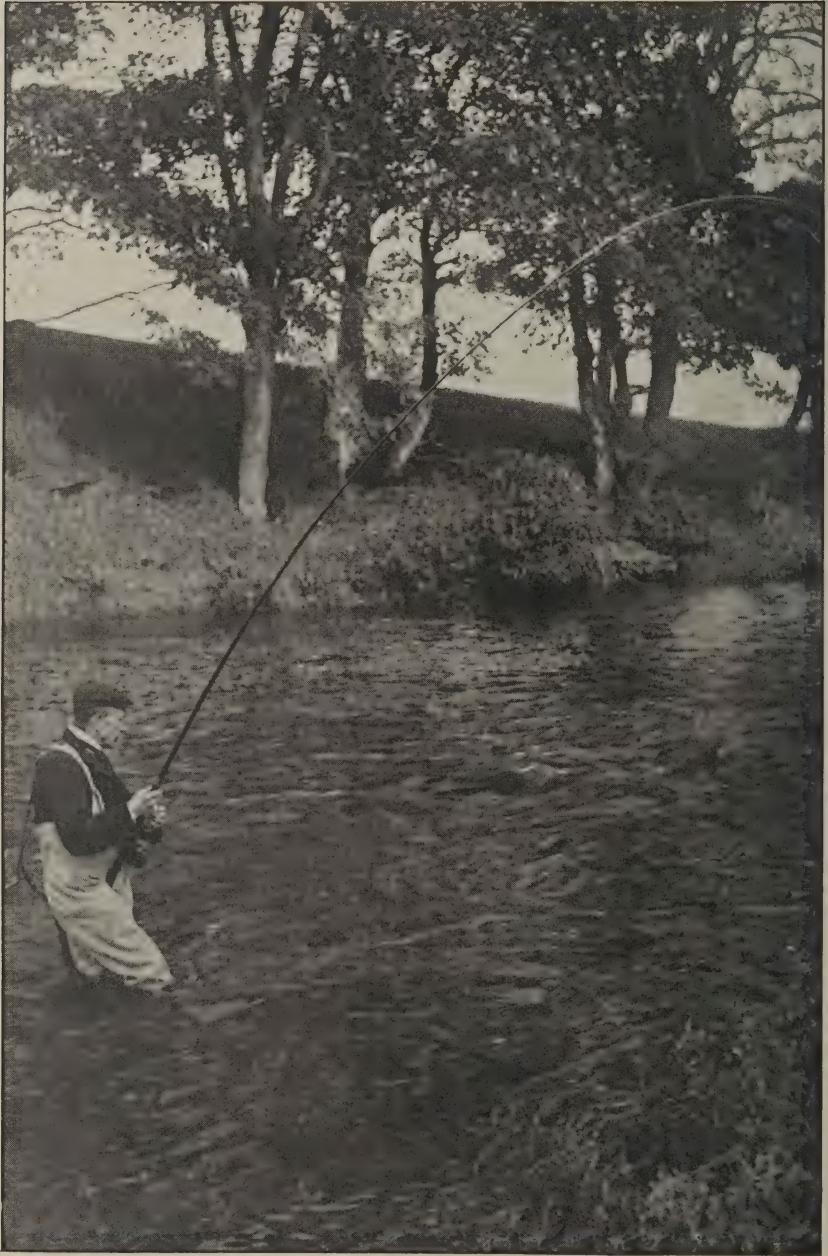
TUCKING IN COAT



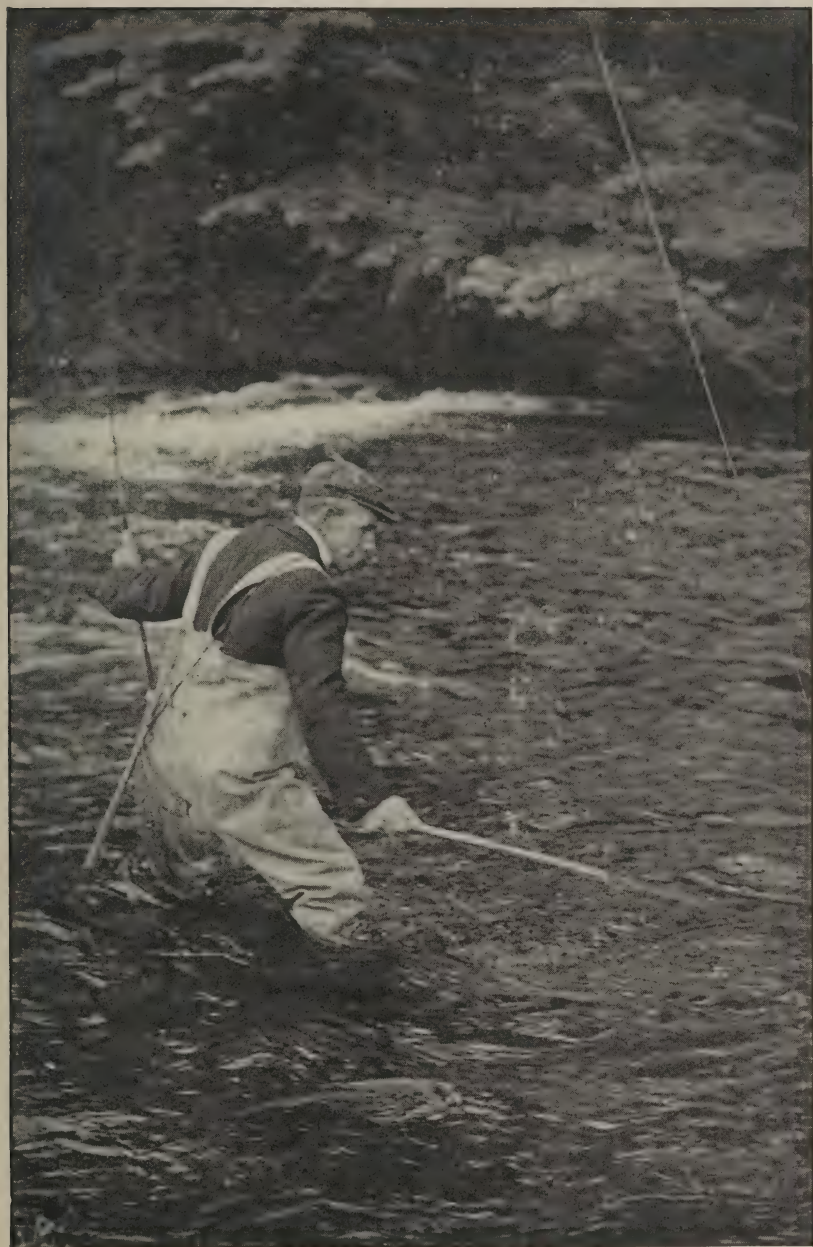
PREPARING FOR THE FRAY. (NOTE THE EXTRA HOOKS IN CAP)



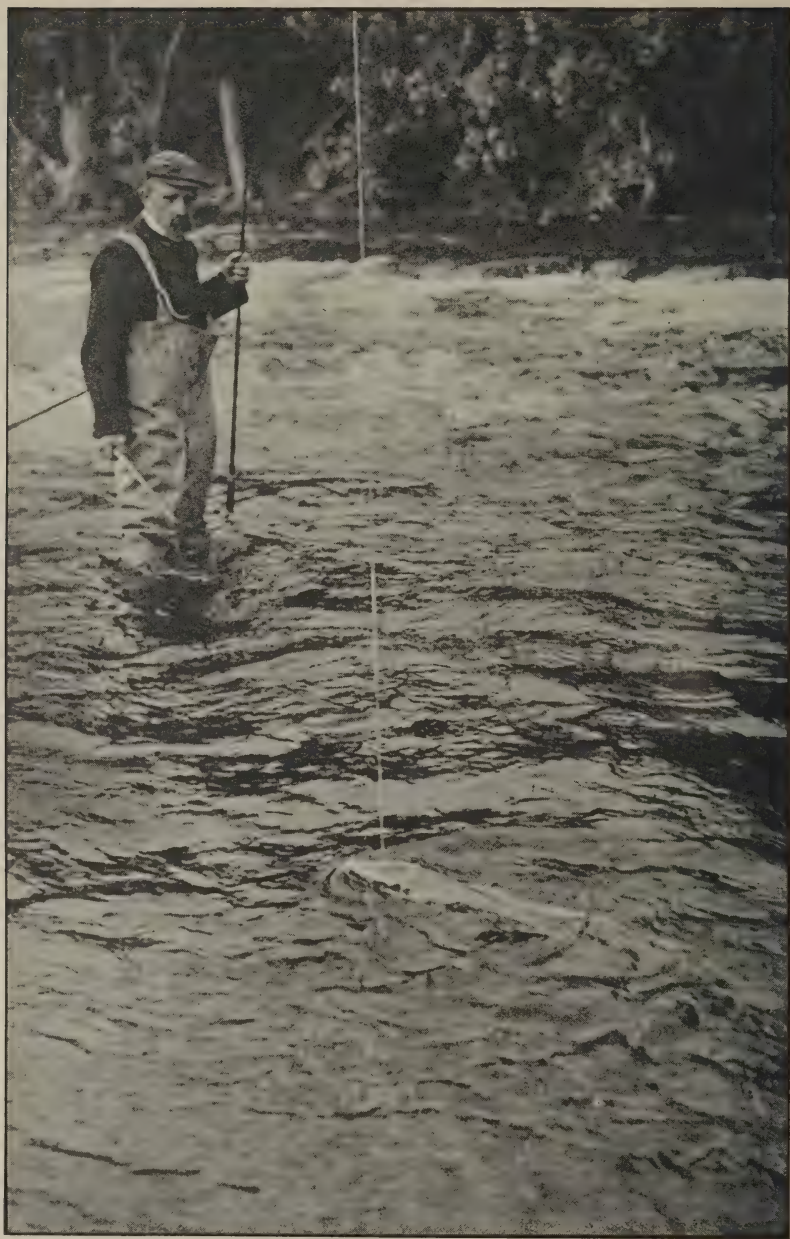
STARTING TO FISH



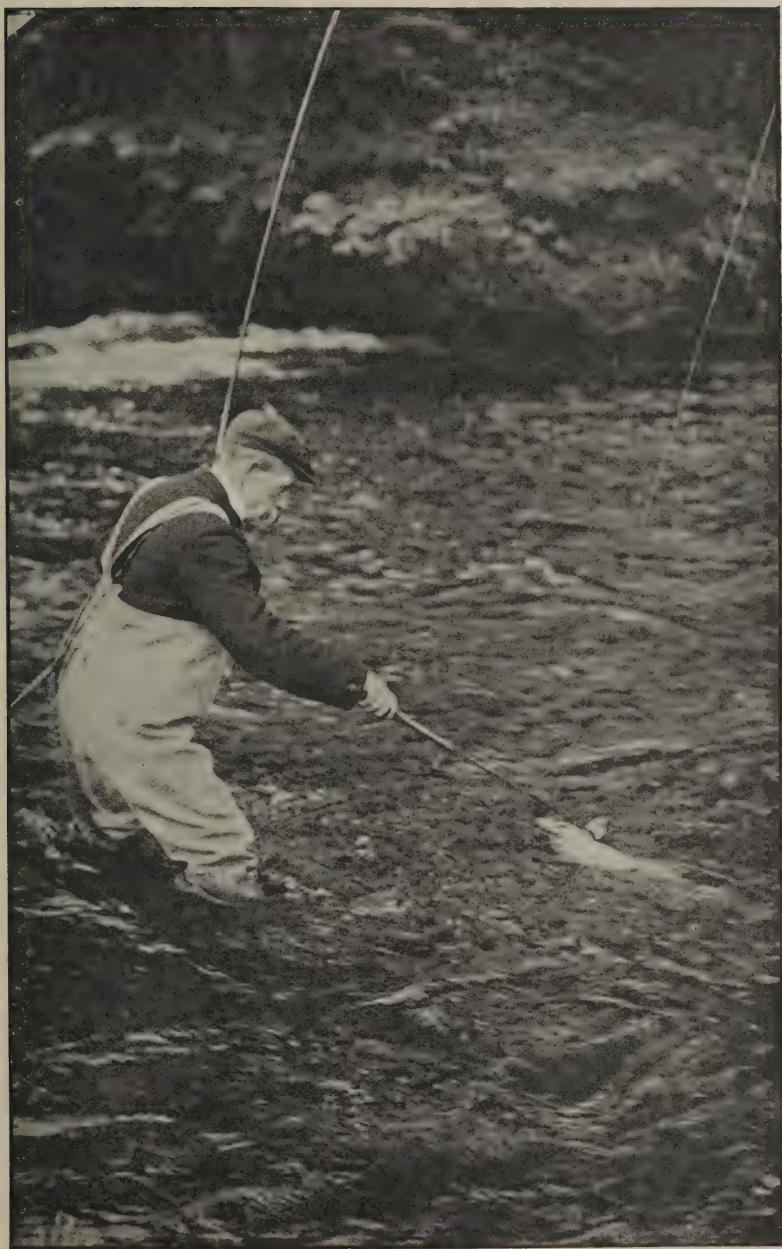
HOOKED. (NOTE HEAVY STRAIN ON ROD)



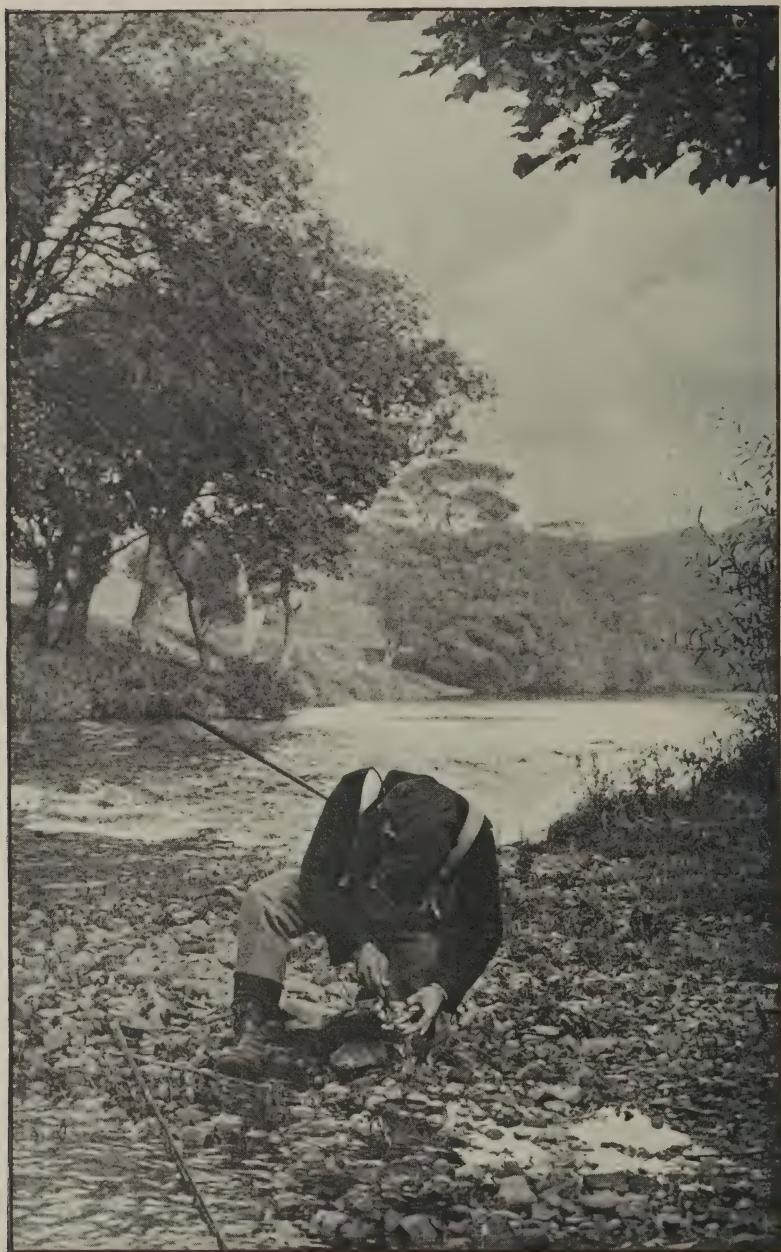
FISH SULKING IN DEEP WATER



WAITING TO GAFF. (HOW MANY A FINE FISH IS LOST)



GAFFED!



EXTRACTING THE HOOK



BRINGING CATCH ASHORE



ON THE MER DE GLACE, EN ROUTE FOR THE REFUGE "LE COUVERCLE"

IN AN AVALANCHE PATH

BY FREDERICK BURLINGHAM

With Illustrations from Photographs taken by the Author

IT was a narrow escape, and shows the infinite precaution necessary in mountain climbing.

When the avalanche started there were five of us roped together in a narrow, steep couloir, and for a moment there appeared no escape. Death, however, passed slightly to one side and overhead, and those few seconds which seemed an eternity are now only a memory.

The incident took place on the Aiguille du Moine, a scraggy needle rising precipitously 11,214 ft. in the chain of the Aiguille Verte on the east side of the Mer de Glace and facing Mont Blanc itself. This peak, which was first climbed on September 22, 1871, by Miss Isabella Straton and Miss Emmeline Lewis Lloyd, with the guides J. E. Charlet and Joseph Simond, is now considered a climb for amateurs, and in reality is quite easy. The danger on the Moine, or the Monk, as it is called in English, is losing the way, which we did.

The weather had been bad for days, and we waited at Chamonix, lolling in the cafés, for the sky to clear. Finally the sun broke through the mists, and as the barometer indicated better weather we left for the Montanvert Hotel, a two hours' scramble up

from Chamonix and overlooking the Mer de Glace. When we arrived there was still a mist on the upper crags of our peak, but this lifted slightly for a few moments, allowing me to take a photograph.

Our caravan comprised my friends Duval and Schaperelli from Paris, the guides Delmas and Simond, and as far as the Couvercle, the Alpine hut where we had planned to sleep, came some friends, making eight persons in all.

Now the Aiguille du Moine is an ordinary steep climb on granite. It is not like the Aiguille Verte or the Dent du Géant, where one may expect to be killed. What happened, therefore, is



PASSING LES PONTS AFTER LEAVING MONTANVERT

of special interest as it concerns hundreds of amateurs. The day is passing when persons climb like Mark Twain, sitting in an hotel veranda with a glass of whisky and a telescope.

To-day there is a wild scramble up the Alpine precipices—democracy triumphant on the dizzy peaks—so there is all the more reason to tell the truth and to avert wholesale accidents by crying out a warning. Some Alpine writers I read this summer speak of breaking away from the tyranny of guides and going “on their own.” An Italian artist named Cumani seventeen years ago abandoned his guides and tried to climb Mont Blanc alone by the Brenva Glacier. He has not been heard of since. Hundreds of accidents are never

reported, and nine-tenths of those which are happen to climbers who have dispensed with guides.

Our little caravan, therefore, even to climb the Moine, took every precaution. We had two guides, plenty of rope carefully examined before leaving, and caused any badly worn nails in our shoes to be renewed.

On leaving Montanvert Hotel I went slightly ahead in order to get a photograph of the party passing Les Ponts, a *mauvais pas* one is forced to take in descending on to the Mer de Glace. As this is an ordinary tourist trail, steps have been cut into a steep rock slope where if one slipped he would tumble to the glacier far down below. In the most ticklish places there is an iron rail cemented to the rock to which one may cling. Alpinists leaving Montanvert for the Col du Géant and Italy, for instance, pass this passage at night with lanterns, which, until the novelty wears off, is rather disconcerting. As we passed one of the guides pointed out a spot where a tourist, the day before, had been killed while descending *alone* from the foot of the Aiguille de l'M (so named because of its resemblance to this letter of the alphabet).

Ahead of us down the Mer de Glace was a tourist party including women. While we were eating lunch at the spring which supplies the Montanvert Hotel the antics of some of the tourists attracted my attention, and I changed my seat better to watch the spectacle. Suddenly I was amazed to see one of the women fall backwards into a crevasse. There was a wild scramble. Quickly the others got a rope and pulled her out. When we passed them, going out upon the ice, they told us the woman was bruised, but fortunately not really injured.

This sea of ice is full of curiosities. Bounding over the frozen surface is a rivulet which suddenly disappears with thunderous noise into a great ice-cavern, or *moulin*. M. Vallot, director of the Observatory on Mont Blanc, was so curious to know what became of the small river that he dropped into the ice cauldron a box of blueing, the kind used by washerwomen, and two hours afterwards watchers saw blue-water rush out from the lower end of the Mer de Glace.

When well on the glacier it was comparatively easy going until we reached the moraines, and were forced to pass from the Mer de Glace to the Glacier de Leschaux. Here Delmas lost the way, and while he went to reconnoitre we amused ourselves looking for crystals and pieces of amethysts. Guides have a habit of placing small stones one upon another in conspicuous places to mark an easy passage, but Delmas completely missed these signals. After losing an hour in the moraines, we finally got through by cutting steps in the ice and climbing up and down the seracked walls. The

delay, however, cost us dearly, for higher up on the glacier two other caravans got past us, and when we finally arrived at the Couvercle they had all the best places, had taken all of the cover, and we were forced to wait until they had finished before preparing our evening meal.

That night we were seventeen in this little hut, scarcely twelve by twenty feet. Duval's wife and a friend were in our party, but the German-Swiss climbers who had arrived first refused to make way even for the women. It was not until Delmas in a threatening manner picked up his ice-axe, by way of punctuating his pointed remarks, that we were shown any courtesy.



ALPINE REST-HOUSE BEFORE ATTEMPTING THE AIGUILLE DU MOINE

No one could be more polite than the real Germans one meets in the mountains. They seem to know by instinct what Chamonix guides sometimes tell beginners—that above the snow-line all men are brothers. But there is a growing class of climbers who travel without guides, who occupy the free mountain refuges for reasons of economy for days at a time, and who violate all laws of decency.

While the others were trying to sleep I slipped out of the refuge into the night air. The starlit scene was almost of unequalled grandeur. To the east were Les Droites and Les Courtes, rising rapidly 13,222 ft. and 12,648 ft. respectively; a little to the right was the sharp point of the Aiguille Ravenel, and, further, the Pass Talèfre,

on which one of the brothers Ravenel, guides of Chamonix, had his feet frozen while crossing to Italy the same week in July that we ascended the Monk. To the south, bathed in moonlight, stood the Grandes Jorasses, rising two and a half miles, the last mile being so vertical that even snow does not cling to the rocks. Directly below the refuge was the wild ice-fall of the Glacier de Talèfre, with its leaning ice-seracks tumbling every now and then with reverberating crashes; to the south was the Glacier du Géant and its frozen Niagara; and on beyond the silent Mont Blanc, eight miles distant, terrible in its grandeur. From the Chamonix side Mont Blanc is a great smooth dome of pure white snow; seen from the Couvercle it rises menacingly. The view to the west is closed by the scraggy Monk. From the Couvercle no vestige of green is seen save the Jardin, an oasis in the snow-desert over nine thousand feet high, in which 109 species of plants have been discovered.

One half-hour after midnight the Germans dressed and went off towards Les Droites; an hour later another caravan started for the Aiguille du Midi. As day broke we dressed hurriedly, drank some cold coffee, and, gripping our axes, turned towards our peak.

Though everything about us was frozen tight, the morning was perfect, the sky being a deep azure. Every now and then came the roar from an unseen avalanche. For the first few hundred yards we did not use the rope, although Duval grew somewhat nervous in crossing a hard, frozen tongue of snow, which ended in a precipice, for he did not possess the knack of making full use of his boot nails. Some climbers prefer the snow and ice to rock. Personally, I feel much more at home on snow slopes; but some good rock-climbers look down steep ice with something like terror.

Just before taking to the granite we roped ourselves together. Delmas went first, then Duval, and Schaperelli followed the second guide. Being last I was in an advantageous position for photographing, and being accustomed to the ice and granite, I could look out for myself, while the arrangement gave both Duval and my other friend the advantage of expert assistance. When once well on the granite ledge we left our ice-axes behind as being of no further assistance, and considerably in the way where both hands would be needed.

We had scarcely made a good start when the first guide discovered that we were too far to the right, and, instead of ascending the Monk proper, we were climbing one of the gendarmes, or one of the lower pinnacles which stand guard over the mountain like a sentry. It was a bad beginning, but we were enthusiastic, and took the matter philosophically. Losing the way, as I have said, is one of the difficulties in ascending the Monk. There was nothing left to do

but descend and bear a little to the left. Again we were in the crags, which were becoming very precipitous. The guide again lost the way—that is, if he ever found it—and we passed some rather dizzy places. I don't blame anyone if he cannot stand on a narrow ledge and look down a precipitous half-mile without uneasiness ; but if one is inclined to vertigo in such places, he would do better to confine his ascensions to peaks frequented by cows. All of the Chamonix



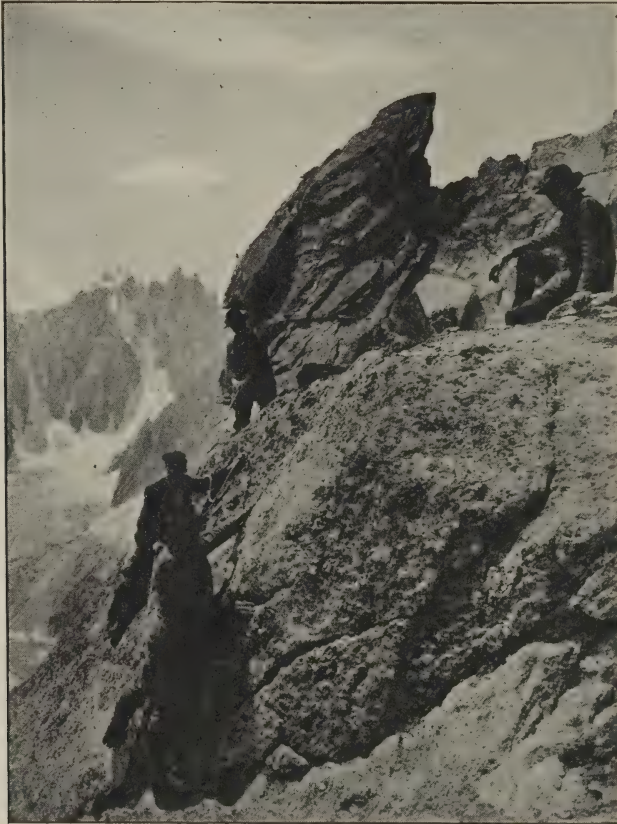
LES GRANDS JORASSES AND THE GLACIER DE LESCHAUX SEEN FROM THE COUVERCLE

aiguilles, or needles, are more or less vertiginous, and the Monk is no exception. There were places where the guide literally climbed with his fingertips. Once past the difficult ledge he installed himself behind firm rocks, and, keeping the rope taut, allowed the second and third to mount one at a time, while everyone else remained braced for a possible slip. In such places it is the man who goes first who does the perilous work.

Suddenly from behind came a noise like a great explosion.

Looking over my shoulder I saw across the valley a great avalanche of ice, snow, and rocks tumbling from the Pic du Tacul down on to the Glacier de Leschaux beneath, starting echoes in unsuspected directions. Such avalanches are the incarnation of desolation and destruction. When we were well on the face of the mountain the sound of falling ice and rocks was almost incessant.

By hard fast climbing we soon left the glacier far below. It



PASSING 'A TICKLISH CORNER'--ROPE HERE IS A GREAT SECURITY

was the finest exercise I think I ever had, for we climbed not only with our arms and legs, but with almost every muscle in the body, and the air was pure and cold. After four hours' nimble climbing, lengthened of course by our attempt to ascend the almost perpendicular gendarme, we neared the summit. Looking up, one saw very little mountain and a great deal of sky. Then there was a patch of steep snow, and Delmas said we had arrived. Boring our toes in the snow slope we scrambled up to the summit, a very small

rocky table. On every side was a precipice. How can one describe the panorama! Below nearly one mile straight down was the Mer de Glace with the Montanvert Hotel only a speck in the distance. To the west were the Chamonix aiguilles, the Charmoz, the Blaitière, and the Dent du Requin; in the distance was the Mont Maudit, the Mont Blanc du Tacul, and Mont Blanc itself. The view to the south and east comprised that seen from the Couvercle with the advantage of the great altitude. Where we stood there was just room to lunch comfortably. Schaperelli played with a small French flag which was waving on top, and then inscribing our



LUNCHEON ON THE SUMMIT OF THE AIGUILLE DU MOINE

names on a scrap of paper stuck them in a bottle found containing the names of the successful ascensionists. It may be insane to climb such peaks—I do not say the contrary—but the sensation of being there and watching the panorama with its ever-changing lights and shadows repays the toil and fatigue. It is the nearest approach to the sublime in nature, and this may account for the number of ascents made by priests. Alpine records and Alpine graves are full of these brave men.

We remained on the summit more than half an hour, but as clouds were gathering we turned our faces downwards and commenced the descent rapidly. It was exciting work, and one had to

be careful; but we passed over ledges overlooking precipices without thinking of danger.

In going down our order was changed. Simond went first on the rope to show the way, Schaperelli followed about fifteen feet distant, and I came next to hold him up; behind me was Duval, then Delmas, who was holding up us all. We kept our distances, descending in perfect order.

We must have again lost the way. At least the descent in a couloir became so steep that we halted, and Simond unroped and like a chamois went below to reconnoitre. Coming back after



SUMMIT OF THE MOINE, 3,418 METRES

investigating, he replied that he thought we could descend safely. I noticed Duval was getting nervous by the way he kept jerking me up instead of playing out the rope. Once or twice when I had to jump to a ledge below I was almost pulled off my feet. Duval wanted to stop to get breath, but Delmas refused to halt the caravan, saying we were in an avalanche couloir where stones were continually coming down. Every now and then a small stone passed singing, its velocity making it invisible.

"Watch out in passing this slab!" called out Simond. "It's loose!"

Schaperelli and I passed gingerly. Simond did not want to

dislodge the slab, which weighed two or three tons, for fear of killing a chance caravan below. Suddenly I heard a rumbling, grating noise above me, and Delmas cried out piercingly—

“Gare à la pierre!”

I jumped upward to one side. Fortunately it started moving slowly. Schaperelli, below me, miraculously succeeded in doing the same. Down it shot, gathering satellites, with ever-increasing momentum. Simond was directly in its path. It was all in a moment and no one had time to think. Down the stone thundered, upsetting other great stones, crashing and reverberating, the growing avalanche starting innumerable echoes. I literally held my breath, for Simond was missing. We all stood rooted to the spot, listening to the booming echoes now coming back from the Grandes Jorasses and the Pic du Tacul.

Almost instantaneously my mind dwelt on the perilous work of guides, and how they daily risk their lives for a ridiculously small pay. Suddenly from below a muffled voice cried out—

“Is it all over up there?”

It was Simond, safe after all. It appears that at the first cry of alarm he, with his mountain instinct, crouched under a kind of ledge, and the mass of debris passed over his head.

“That is about as close to an avalanche as I ever care to be!” said he, less startled than we.

Reaching the snow once more we regained our ice-axes and glissaded almost to the Couvercle, and by fast walking reached Chamonix that day in time for dinner, none the worse for our exciting experience.





THE AUTHOR

TWO DAYS' SPORT IN NYASALAND

BY MARY BRIDSON

THE rest of the party with the porters and all the paraphernalia of a camping expedition in central Africa were far ahead, but they had left me a "machila" or hammock, and with the help of this I hoped soon to catch them up. The "machila" was slung on a pole carried by two men, and while they proceeded rapidly along the path and I lay gently jolting inside I had plenty of time to meditate on the regrettable incidents of the past.

Three clean misses that very morning, and much the same sort of thing the day before. This was the first week of my hunting in the bush, and things had not been going well. Even those matter-of-course creatures, the "boys," must, I was afraid, have begun to wonder that so important a business as the providing of meat should be entrusted to a woman. Of course, it was easy enough to suggest reasons and excuses of a sort for these disasters. But did I perhaps expect to find in the bush the conditions of a shooting range? The secret of shooting quickly and steadily at a moment's notice, unaffected by distracting circumstances, is not to be learnt on the

range. And how can a patch of black on a vivid white ground prepare you for the targets of the bush, which are so well protected by their colouring that the outline is seldom clear and sometimes vanishes completely as you look along the sights? Altogether, I was feeling far from cheerful when, at the end of about half an hour's run, the "machila" came to a sudden stop and my gun-boy whispered "Reed-buck!" This time I was successful, and felt absurdly triumphant about a very ordinary achievement.

The luncheon-table looked wonderfully inviting when I reached it, set out in a sort of nest cleared in the long grass under the biggest of the shrivelled little trees, and I was thoroughly pleased with myself and the rest of the world as I sat there eating, with a real bush appetite, one of those excellent meals which a native servant can produce even in the wilds. At the time of which I am writing we were travelling in the Angoni Highlands of Nyasaland. This country lies at an elevation of 4,000 ft. and upwards, and the period of the year being August, when the weather is moderately cool, we were able to travel or to shoot without very much discomfort during the greater part of the day. The nights too, for the same reasons, were often bitterly cold, and it was delightful, strange though it seems within 14 degrees of the Equator, to sit in the evenings round a blazing camp fire.

We usually finished our day's journey before noon; but to-day, when we had been delayed by the shooting, it was quite cool enough after lunch to continue the march until we should find—a hard problem sometimes in this arid country—a water-hole by which to camp. I was very glad to go on, knowing that every mile brought us further into the good game country; but I often wished it were a month or two later, in spite of the heat, for by that time the chief part of the long grass, in many places from eight to twelve feet in height, would have vanished in the bush fires. At present this tremendous growth of grass still blocked up much of the country; it often prevented your finding the game, and it got in your way when you did discover it; and worst of all, if a wounded buck went into this thick stuff there was little chance of seeing it again.

At the end of five or six miles we came across a good camping ground above a half-dry river bed. The ground rose a little just there, and one got a splendid view of the bare rolling country where all the vegetation was dead and brown or blackened by the passing of the fires. With the field-glasses we could see game moving in the distance, and I decided to go after it at once. There is one feature about big-game shooting on a long camping journey through the bush that would go far, one would think, to reconcile the most earnest humanitarian. We had with us on this

occasion nearly one hundred and fifty men, including the servants and "machila" bearers, and the numerous porters who carried all our possessions on their heads. Their demand for meat was practically unlimited, and we ourselves highly appreciated the flesh of the smaller antelopes. Anyone therefore who could supply the party with fresh meat was regarded as a public benefactor, and the men, in consequence, were almost too anxious to accompany the shooters—a gun-boy and one or two others were useful to find and track the game, more would tend to lessen your chances of success.

About four o'clock we set out, walking in the usual fashion in single file along a narrow native track. We went up wind so as to give no warning to the keen-scented game, and my eyes consequently were soon full of the fine dust and ashes kicked up by the gun-boy, Jayula, who walked just in front of me. Not far from camp a small party of reed-buck was sighted, but there was next to no cover; we perceived one another simultaneously, and they bounded away uttering strange whistling cries. It cannot have been more than ten minutes after this that, with an inward thrill of excitement, I saw Jayula stop dead and, bending double, begin silently to move along, his eyes steadily fixed on something ahead. What it was I did not know, for in those days my unpractised eyes were slow; but I followed him closely all the same. Soon it was evident that he was trying to keep a certain tree between himself and a large dark animal. It was a waterbuck, and was feeding quite unconscious of us, so as soon as we were near the tree I sat down quietly to shoot, and this time one round was enough. Two boys were left behind to take the meat back to camp, and we continued on our way, keeping a vigilant watch on every side. There was evidently no lack of game, for there was plenty of spoor about, though to me it was often almost indistinguishable on that hard ground. Suddenly one of the boys who was following gave a very low whistle; everybody stiffened and looked cautiously round. A movement between some tufts of grass caught my eye, and, stepping sideways to get a better view, I saw a tiny oriby. There was too much grass to sit down, so I took a standing shot at about ninety yards, and, after springing high into the air, it fell dead. It was a pretty little fawn-coloured buck, standing only about 18 in. high at the shoulder, and with straight-pointed horns three or four inches in length. One of the men placed it easily on his shoulders, and again we advanced.

The next item was another oriby; but this time, alas! whether from over-haste or because Jayula did not keep back and I could just see him moving, the shot was a bad one and broke a foreleg just above the knee. The buck galloped away apparently hardly disabled at all. We raced after it, catching a glimpse of it from

time to time, but never able to creep up unseen, until at last it stopped near some tufts of grass. Agitated by this distressing chase of a creature with a gruesome flapping leg, I fired quickly and unsteadily, hoping to put an end to the job. The bullet only grazed its back, and another was necessary before Jayula could run up and cut its throat.

As I sat resting I began to wonder whether big-game shooting was really worth the chance of such a painful episode. I must con-



JAYULA THE GUN-BOY

fess, however, that these doubts were soon dispelled. Everything connected with shooting in the wilds has an interest and excitement of its own. To begin with, there is a certain sense of adventure about setting off through the bush alone, except for a few natives, all hunters by instinct and keenly interested in the business. And the peculiar characteristics of the natives as companions were a constant source of joy to me. I do not mean to slight their many

very human qualities when I compare these expeditions to a long walk in the company of three or four exceptionally intelligent dogs, so silent were they and simple, so keen and so observant. Then, to continue my eulogy of African shooting, there is the stimulating feeling that anything might happen, and at a moment's notice, and that every faculty must, for once, be wide awake. Moreover, there is the excitement of outwitting the wary, long-sighted antelope by a scientific stalk; the episode is rounded off perhaps by a successful shot; while, for a woman, her escape from the petticoats of conventionality may well put the finishing touch to her enjoyment. Above all, however, in estimating the value of this sort of sport the opportunities which it affords for the appreciation of untamed nature in all its forms must not be forgotten. I cannot agree with those who maintain that the two pleasures are incompatible; indeed, had it not been for the joy of long strenuous hours in the bright clean air and the strong sunlight, amid the sights and sounds of the primitive wilds, big-game hunting would, I think, soon have palled upon me.

It had certainly not done so as yet, however, and as the sun was still some distance above the horizon I decided to go on a short way further before turning towards home. After a time we found ourselves struggling through some tall grass, and as we rustled blindly along I felt that any animal within a mile must be scared away by the noise we made. Just as we emerged from it, however, Jayula, who was leading, whistled softly, looking towards the right, and I saw, sure enough, a herd of about twenty eland. The eland is the largest of African antelopes, and the sight was irresistible, so away we went to stalk them. Soon we were obliged to creep on hands and knees, and I followed Jayula, peering occasionally over his back. The light here, I thought, seemed rather peculiar, and even the big eland looked indistinct. Stealthily we crept towards an excellent point of vantage, a large ant-heap, 10 ft. or more in height. Peeping softly round the edge I was trying to pick out the biggest of the eland, when suddenly some reed-buck, which had been feeding unseen between ourselves and the eland, whistled a loud and emphatic warning, and the whole party, eland and all, crashed away. We ran to the spot where the eland had disappeared from sight, and stopped to find their tracks. At that moment I discovered, with a shock of amazement, the veil of darkness which lay spread as it were between my eyes and the ground.

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark.

This is exactly what happened when darkness took me thus un-awares and the aspect of the bush was changed so rapidly.

"It is no good trying to track them," I said to Jayula, who was kneeling on the ground in search of spoor. "Is it far back to camp?" It was a long way, he seemed to think, and we set off with all speed. There was a path after a short distance, but though we had this help it was not easy to walk fast when the back of the man close in front was almost indistinguishable.

I shall never forget an incident which happened soon after we had started on our tramp. Jayula stopped abruptly, and, in the dim light of the new moon, I saw that he was listening; he stooped down, picked up a clod of earth, and flung it violently into a tangled bush a little farther along the path. Across my mind flashed the



CROSSING A RIVER DURING A JOURNEY

memory of that lion spoor which we had crossed earlier in the afternoon, and I more than half expected a growling beast to emerge from the bush. A dead silence ensued, however, and Jayula walked on, reassured, saying, in answer to my question:

"Perhaps it was a lion, perhaps some game; I do not know."

The cold became very penetrating as we walked through the night air and the low white mist which in places lay on the ground, and I longed for a warm coat to put over my thin clothes. The exercise of walking was of little use, and when from time to time we dipped down towards a river-bed, nearly dry though it might be, the dank, icy breath that met us fairly made my teeth chatter.

Without the guidance of our local native we should have been even longer on the way, and he afterwards received a good present

of meat. It was late enough, however, when we stumbled into camp, quite an hour after our usual dinner-time. The others, perturbed at our non-appearance, had sent out men with a machila to look for us. It was cheering to see all the camp-fires blazing in the darkness, and, though the walk had ended successfully, I made up my mind that in future I would keep a more vigilant eye on the sun.

My most successful two hours during this trip occurred some weeks later, when, after a little more experience, the most ordinary events of the bush less frequently took me by surprise. We were descending now towards the Upper Shiré River, and the country was low-lying and hot. We had therefore risen before four o'clock that morning, and after breakfasting in the dark had made an early start, hoping by this means to avoid travelling in the heat of the day. The new camping-place was reached before noon, and at about three o'clock, wishing to make the most of a last opportunity, I set out, although the sun was still powerful, in search of game. My usual gun-boy accompanied me, and a man from the neighbouring village. A considerable number of our own boys followed behind, for we were nearly at the end of our camping journey, and they were especially anxious to secure some meat to take back with them to their villages. The tse-tse flies were a nuisance in this low country; they had an unpleasant habit of sitting unsuspected on your neck until ready to make you jump with a prod as from a pin. I had, therefore, a handkerchief round my neck as a protection against both flies and sun. The country was covered with good-sized trees and had very little thick undergrowth, so that it looked almost park-like, and was prettier and less bare than that of the Angoni Highlands.

For nearly an hour we tramped through the dry, brown woods, and saw no sign of life. I was becoming a little despondent, when all at once a magnificent solitary antelope appeared among the leafless trees. He was light grey, like the tree-trunks, while his lofty horns were themselves not unlike the bare, twisted branches through which we saw them. It was a koodoo, the most beautiful and one of the largest of African antelopes. He was very gracefully built, but his chief distinction was his horns, which grew to an enormous height in sweeping, spiral curves. There was very little cover in these woods except for a few of the ubiquitous anthills, but as rapidly as possible we got one of these between ourselves and the koodoo, and then we ran and crept towards it. Crouching at last just to one side of the heap, I could see the koodoo standing nearly two hundred yards away. Parts of him were hidden by the branches, but he seemed so uneasy that, daring to wait no longer, I fired,

aiming a little far back to avoid an interfering tree. He dashed off evidently badly wounded. Jayula seized the rifle, and, closely followed by me, did a tremendous sprint for about three hundred yards. Then we saw the koodoo stand still with his head down, and, taking the rifle, I finished him off. The koodoo is not a common species, and, by the greatest good luck, the bull thus chanced upon had a fine pair of horns which measured fifty-four inches. Jayula, who was always much gratified when I asked him to take a photo-



KOODOO ANTELOPE

graph, now reminded me that one of the men had got my Kodak slung across his shoulders. Even Jayula could not be trusted to hold the camera in his hands and point it in the right direction while he "pressed the button," and so, as is evident from the accompanying photograph, I was obliged to place it on the ground. When the picture had been taken the boys went gaily to work to cut up the buck, while I sat under a tree, my back to their operations. Presently one of the natives came up holding out a far from pleasant-looking hand; he had been so eager with his knife that his own thumb even had not escaped. I bound it up with an old

envelope and a spare handkerchief, and called to Jayula to come on again and leave three or four men to carry home the spoils.

In a few minutes after starting we came across a little duyker, but to the disgust of the boys I refused to fire, in case there should be any larger game close by. The wisdom of this was proved a little later when we saw three or four hartebeeste far away among the trees. I fired at one of them from about two hundred yards, and over it rolled; the others trotted a short way and stopped. From behind some grass I tried a long, standing shot at another. This hit it, and at the second it fell. But I never knew its fate, for at that moment Jayula called me very urgently from behind. He had evidently seen something out of the ordinary, and I ran back to a huge ant-hill behind which he was lying. I looked cautiously over the side and became aware of an exceptionally big and heavily built eland, not unlike a great bull in appearance, with thick upright horns. He did not seem to have heard my three shots at the hartebeeste, which I think was rather remarkable. He was at some distance from the ant-hill, and there was no intervening cover, so once more a long shot was necessary, and though the eland was wounded, he was, unfortunately, not greatly incapacitated. A long and breathless chase now took place; the ground was fairly clear, and our pace was only limited by my powers of running. Now and then we caught sight of the big antelope, and when I could I fired, sometimes standing, sometimes sitting, but always out of breath. Once only did I actually miss him, but he turned his back so persistently on me that it was hard to know where to aim. Perhaps, moreover, it may be true that with so small a rifle as a .275 bore these larger antelopes are not easily disabled, and must be hit quite accurately in a vital spot. Be that as it may, I was quite breathless when I got close up to him at last, and succeeded in ending the chase with another shot in the shoulder. I say "another" because I afterwards counted five shots all very near indeed to the right place! The rest of the boys soon came up and began the usual butchering business. I lay down on the black dust, my head, after all this running, throbbing as if it would burst. But daylight, I knew, would not last much longer, so after a short rest I left the boys to finish their job, and told the local native to guide me back to camp.

There were but few days when my "bag" was so good as this, for the game in Nyasaland does not exist in those vast quantities that one hears of in East Africa, and the country being less open it is harder to see even that which there is. Success depends, therefore, to a great extent on luck in coming across the game and on energy in looking for it, and you may sometimes walk for hours

without seeing a living thing. But I doubt whether this tends to lessen the attractions of this kind of big-game shooting, comparatively small though the bag may sometimes be. There is plenty of scope for the skill and experience needed for the art of spooring game and for the endurance required by a long tramp or a tiring stalk. There is no artificial driving of the game by beaters or riding it down on horseback. On the contrary, everything about this shooting is delightfully primitive, and at the same time so full of varied interest that there is small cause for wonder when it casts a charm, for a time at any rate, over anyone, man or woman, who enjoys open air and an active life.



ELAND

BOOKS ON SPORT

SHOTS FROM A LAWYER'S GUN. By Nicholas Everitt, F.Z.S.
Illustrated. London: Everett & Co. (10s. 6d.)

This is not a new book. The first edition of it was indeed issued ten years ago; but it appears to be less known than it deserves, and as it has a special value, containing as it does information which must prove exceptionally serviceable to landowners, lessees of shootings and their dependents, we treat it at some length. Many readers are certain to be prejudiced against it in consequence of the names which the author has been sufficiently ill-advised to adopt for his imaginary characters. He calls his lawyer "Mr. Six-and-eight," there is a "Mr. Skinflint," "Mr. Closephist," "Mr. Stingiman," "Mr. Hardup," and others exasperatingly christened on the same lines. This sort of thing was accepted in the days when Bunyan wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress," but it is powerfully calculated to make the modern reader throw down the book.

That, however, is all we have to say in dispraise. Many men who hire shootings are profoundly ignorant as to their rights, and this is one of the points which the author has set himself to elucidate. Thus for instance we are invited to imagine that one of Mr. A's guests has shot a pheasant which has fallen in Mr. B's land, whereupon B's keeper has picked it up and walked off with it. The problem is to whom the pheasant belongs? Could Mr. A have claimed it, or was Mr. B's keeper justified in taking possession? For the answer we refer readers to the book.

The author puts his cases effectively by means of dialogues between his lawyer and the clients who come to seek his advice. One, Timothy, wants to bring an action for assault and battery against a certain squire who has ordered his men to run him off what he claims to have been a public footpath. As a matter of fact the complainant was not using the footpath legitimately, but for purposes which may be guessed as the squire was shooting at the time, and Timothy was advised not to bring his action. Another chapter is devoted to "The Reservation of Sporting Rights to the Landlord," the matter at issue being what birds are included. Of course there is much to be said about dogs. Space is devoted to poaching; but, lawyer as he is, with legal remedies in reserve, the author gives some hints as to what may be effected without going to law. The plank trick is one of these. "The *modus operandi* was to take a good strong-looking plank and saw it nearly in half about the middle, filling up the crevices thus made with sawdust and mud, so that the defects will be unnoticeable and the

plank look strong enough to carry a horse. In a covered drain, hedgeway, or clump of bushes, our friend would pretend to conceal the doctored plank with one end exposed, as though it had been carelessly left, and in such a position that the trespasser would be almost sure to discover it, and congratulate himself upon his find, thinking at the time what a silly old fool the keeper must be to leave his planks so carelessly hidden." This little device would of course be practised in the immediate neighbourhood of some particularly broad and dirty ditch into which the trespasser, having sought to utilise the plank as a bridge, was tolerably sure to fall.

No lawyer can make clear the liability of men who let or hire horses, for the reason that everything depends on circumstances. Mr. Everitt devotes a chapter to the subject, which is all very well in its way, but does not cover the ground. If a person lets out a vicious horse, for instance, the author instructs us that unless he makes the vice known to the hirer he will be liable for any injury that may be caused to the latter. But the question arises what constitutes vice, and as to this endless disputes may always be confidently anticipated. Sometimes things happen in the course of a journey which are tolerably certain to upset the most placid of animals. Again, as regards the hirer, Mr. Everitt explains that he is "not liable for any accident that may happen to the horse unless through his own carelessness or want of ordinary skill." Who is to say what ordinary skill means, and what constitutes carelessness?

With regard to racing, the author is far less convincing than when he discusses the Game Laws. We read as follows:—"It is hardly necessary to say that every race is governed by the particular rules under which it is run, whether they be those of the Jockey Club, the National Hunt Committee, or the special rules imposed by the Stewards of the race. A person entering his horse for a race must abide by the rules, and if the rules provide that disputes are to be settled by the Stewards, the decision of the latter is final. The Stewards are in fact the proper persons to decide all disputes, and it appears to be their duty to appoint the judge."

A good deal of this is very wide of the mark, and in the next edition Mr. Everitt will be well advised to rewrite it on the authority of someone acquainted with the Rules of Racing. What he calls "Stewards of the race," meaning apparently Stewards of the meeting, cannot impose special rules as the author seems to think. Local stewards have, indeed, full power to make arrangements for the conduct of the meeting, but these must be in accordance with the Rules of Racing, and the decision of these local stewards is by no means necessarily final, as Mr. Everitt supposes, the Stewards of the Jockey Club being supreme. It would very much astonish the

local Stewards, moreover, if they were asked to appoint a judge. It is true that these local Stewards may appoint an unlicensed substitute to act as judge, or as handicapper, clerk of the course, or starter; but this is never done. The judge, starter, and other officials are engaged long before the meeting, and they are certain to attend, which as a matter of fact the Stewards who have accepted office frequently fail to do. Apart from the racing, however, the book is one from which the sportsman cannot fail to learn much that will prove extremely useful to him.

PARTRIDGE DRIVING. By Charles E. A. Alington. London: John Murray. 1910. (5s.)

This also is a second edition of a book which was altogether worth reissuing, though it is hard to find out when the first edition really appeared. Facing the title page is the statement that this first edition was published in October 1904. In his preface on the next page Mr. Alington most distinctly states that the first edition "appeared in 1906." Obviously someone is guilty of a blunder, which one would not have expected to find in a book coming from the Albemarle Street firm.

Experience and sound common sense are the features of this volume. Of course sometimes we have councils of perfection, as when we are told that "the first thing to be done in order to produce partridges in any number is to secure the services of a good man to look after them." The question is where the good man is to be found? We should be inclined to say that nothing like the majority of keepers can be so described. A keeper is much to blame, Mr. Alington writes, if he loses many nests in consequence of rats; and all that can be said is that many keepers *are* much to blame, strenuously aided by farmers, who for the most part, so far as our investigations go, do not in the least realise the mischief done by these vermin, and are most culpably negligent in their endeavour to prevent it.

Breeding operations are evidently conducted with admirable care and skill on Mr. Alington's property, and partridges would be infinitely more numerous elsewhere if the practice were adopted of summarising, as he does, what may be called the details of the breeding season. In 1902, for instance, by adopting the map system which he advocates, the following information was obtained:—

Number of nests found	-	-	-	-	104
Eggs hatched	-	-	-	-	1,031
Eggs bad	-	-	-	-	157
Eggs destroyed	-	-	-	-	401

NESTS DESTROYED, AND CAUSES							
Foxes	-	-	-	-	-	-	8
Hedgehogs	-	-	-	-	-	-	7
Drowned off	-	-	-	-	-	-	4
Deserted	-	-	-	-	-	-	2
Dogs	-	-	-	-	-	-	3
Rooks	-	-	-	-	-	-	2
Mowed over	-	-	-	-	-	-	2
Farm hands	-	-	-	-	-	-	2
Live stock	-	-	-	-	-	-	2
Stoat	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
Rat	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
Mole	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
Uncertain	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
							36

The following year is a melancholy contrast to this. More nests were found, 107, but only 311 eggs were hatched, and over a thousand more eggs were destroyed than in the previous year. The weather largely accounted for this. In 1902 it will be seen that four nests were drowned off, in 1903 the number rose to 65.

Few men who have not had shootings on their hands formulate any idea as to the number of birds which should be left for stock. Someone whom Mr. Alington describes as "a well-known and excellent shot at driven partridges" replied to a question that he supposed about five birds were left to an acre. The usual answer, the author thinks, is one bird to an acre. His conclusion is that a bird to three acres may be regarded as a fair stock on a large estate.

Mr. Alington has much to say about the distance the guns should stand apart when driving is in progress, and the distance also that they should be from the fence which is supposed to hide them. We find his arguments the more convincing because they are those which have always appealed to us. Useful hints crop up in well-nigh every page. The statement that "dog-breaking is not a difficult art" does, however, give us pause. Such a vast deal depends upon the dog, and such a vast deal more upon the man who essays the task. Good dogs are, we are strongly inclined to think, far more numerous than good dog-breakers.

WOOD CRAFT. By Owen Jones and Marcus Woodward. London: Pearson. 1910. (2s.)

The authors are keen observers of the life of the woods and fields, and this book is the result of their observation of many birds and beasts who would be described as familiar by those who use language loosely. Most people accept the presence of these creatures as a matter of course, and really know very little about them. The book tells many things that they have never suspected,

In a previous review we have spoken of the depredations of rats, and of the astonishing negligence of farmers in making so little effort, if they make any at all, to prevent them. "The ricks of many farmers," these authors remark—and it is a thing that all people except the farmers know—"are simply infested with rats, yet no notice is taken." Details are given: "We were present once while some stacks were being threshed, belonging to a farmer who was wise enough to thresh them early in the year before the rats had eaten half the grain, and also to surround the ricks with small-mesh wire-netting, so that the rats might be caught and killed. Four dogs accounted for six hundred rats that came from one of these stacks." On another day over a thousand rats were killed from two stacks, and yet again thirteen hundred from three stacks. These thirteen hundred, the authors calculate, if left in the comfortable security which most farmers are so anxious to preserve for their rats, would have cost their host quite fifty pounds.

Messrs. Owen Jones and Woodward are evidently much impressed with the new movements on behalf of scouts, and they show how much the scout may learn by carefully noting the behaviour of the furred and feathered creatures about whom they write. The scout must be extraordinarily cautious if the blackbirds do not proclaim his whereabouts, and then his cautious approach is given away. There is an interesting chapter on "Weather Lore," though we do not think that all the signs mentioned can be safely accepted as guides to coming weather; but we must admit that we have never striven to utilise the curls of a red-headed girl as a barometer. "Nature's medicine chest" contains some old-world recipes. Most boys and girls who live in the country are aware that the application of a dock-leaf to a nettle-sting will take away the pain; but many of the remedies will probably be quite new to readers.

CLIMBING IN THE OGWEN DISTRICT. By J. M. Archer Thomson, M.A. Illustrated. London: Edward Arnold. 1910.

The mountaineer who cannot get as far as the Continent may find ample opportunities for the practice of his pastime in the United Kingdom, and perhaps could not do better than visit the Ogwen district, the more so as if he does not exhaust his energies there Snowdon is near at hand. Mr. Archer Thomson is an admirable guide, vouched for—though readers will think the testimonial needless—by the editorial committee of the Climbers' Club, four members of which append their initials to the preface. The book is the more interesting because, in addition to all possible information as to the various climbs, bird life, botany, and folk-lore are also treated,

THE AVIATOR'S COMPANION. By Dick and Henry Farman. London: Mills & Boon. 1910. (2s. 6d.)

All who are interested in flight may be recommended to make themselves acquainted with this little book, and it is surely impossible not to be interested in a subject which is at length taking definite shape after having exercised the wits of mankind in all countries from the remotest periods of history. The name of Farman is a guarantee of knowledge, for after having done great things as a motorist, Mr. Henry Farman has become one of the successful pioneers of what is called aviation.

The little historical sketch which comes early in the volume touches on subjects with which probably few readers are acquainted. Whether the story of Dædalus and Icarus sprang from Ovid's imagination, or whether the poet based his description on something which had actually taken place, cannot of course be known; but four and a half centuries before Christ Archytas of Tarentum, the friend of Plato, who was seven times chosen as chief of the government, devoted much attention to mechanical flight, and constructed a wooden bird which moved its pinions and is said to have flown. Nearly 2,000 years ago Simon the Magician, in the reign of Nero, made what may be described as an aeroplane and killed himself whilst experimenting with it in the Forum; and the researches of Messrs. Farman bring to light other early aviators. The majority of them, it may be remarked, killed or injured themselves. A Saracen at Constantinople and an English Benedictine monk, Ollivier of Malmesbury, in the eleventh century, are two; Roger Bacon is another, though he did not meet with the usual fate. Few people are aware that Leonardo da Vinci wrote and illustrated a book on the subject, and, making a long skip, General Resnier invented a method by which Napoleon's soldiers were to fly across the Channel and invade England! He broke his leg, and the Channel was not flown.

M. Ader, now in his seventieth year, was the first man to leave the ground in an apparatus heavier than air and driven by a motor. We have not space to follow Mr. Henry Farman's progress since his first gliding flight on the sandhills at Le Touquet in 1907, and refer readers to the book for an account of his gradual successes. The chapter on "The Elementary Theory of Flight" gives an excellent idea of the development of the aeroplane, and one of the most instructive and fascinating chapters is "My Experiences of Aviation and Other Things," by Mr. Henry Farman. In January 1908 he won the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize of £2,000, and since then has made notable advances. A wonderful amount of information is comprised in the little volume, which is illustrated by photographs.

BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

MANY people would no doubt like to fish if they only had any idea how to set about it, but it is not everyone who has a friend to act as tutor, and is in possession also of access to water where fish are found. Those who have a desire to learn might apply to Mr. J. A. Riddell, of Ryton-on-Tyne, who gives lessons in all things pertaining to the delicate arts of salmon and trout-fishing. His terms include tuition, hotel, and fishing over some twenty miles of water.

* * * * *

One of the drawbacks to motoring is the necessity of paying heavy bills for petrol. These may be greatly reduced by the use of Mills' Petrol Economiser, invented and manufactured by H. E. Mills, 4, Talbot Road, Bromley, Kent. The Economisers are made to fit any carburettor.

* * * * *

Among the most energetic and knowledgeable dealers in motor accessories are Messrs. S. Barrow & Co., 118-122, Holborn, E.C. They perceive that the only way to attain success in a business in which rivals are so numerous is to prove that their methods are superior to those of others in the profession. An acquaintance with their catalogue will probably inform motorists of many things which it is to their advantage to know.

* * * * *

Space is one of the requisites to the manufacture of aeroplanes, and in this respect the International Aero Co., St. John Street, Huntingdon, are well equipped, having under their control what is stated to be the largest meadow in England, its area being no fewer than 360 acres. This great field is, moreover, convenient of access. The Company possess a huge iron building with room enough to enable them to build two Farman-type machines at a time; they have also all machinery of the most up-to-date description for the construction of aeroplanes, and the Company is in close connection with most of the successful motorists of the day.

* * * * *

Golfers who need golf balls may obtain a supply on remarkably economical terms by communicating with Messrs. J. Armour & Co., Red House, Mitcham Road, Croydon, S.E., who repaint used balls before issuing them, guarantee them sound and uncracked, and deliver post free.

* * * * *

Anyone who wishes to sell a car will doubtless be well advised to employ Mr. D. T. Brock, of the Hendon Motor Garage, Brent Street, Hendon, whose difficulty is that he has more customers than cars, and he is looking for a further supply of motors to suit his clients. It is usually the other way about.

* * * * *

It has only lately been occurring to schoolmasters that education means a good deal more than reading, writing, history, geography, mathematics, and the other things which have been supposed to complete the curriculum. The Head Master of St. George's School, Harpenden, Herts, has recognised that there are many other things which may be taught with the utmost advantage. He has therefore a farm in connection with the school, so that pupils may learn something of agriculture, together with the rearing of live stock and poultry, carpentering and other subjects being included. An illustrated prospectus may be had on application.

* * * * *

Those in search of a non-alcoholic and refreshing drink for the hot weather may be recommended to try "Nonal," manufactured at the Nonal Brewery, Fulham, S.W. There is said to be considerable sale for this at the establishments of Messrs. J. Lyons & Co. and the principal stores, which must certainly be regarded as proof of its popularity. It is brewed from the purest malt and hops.

* * * * *

"Caementium," the liquid porcelain adhesive cement, is said to be particularly serviceable for motor radiators, whilst it will mend china so that the fractures are invisible. It is claimed that the "Caementium" paints are fireproof, germ-proof, and light-reflecting, and are particularly suitable for stables, motor-houses, etc. Radium Shine comes from the same manufacturer, Charles W. Dopson, 31, Tanner Street, Bermondsey, S.E. It is recommended for golf clubs, as well as for all metal.

* * * * *

Mr. G. A. Claus is meeting with extraordinary success with his U.H. Magneto, not only in England, but in France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Spain, and America, in all of which countries cars fitted with this magneto have gained prizes, a fact which speaks for itself.

* * * * *

Mrs. Steele, Court Corsetière, 38, Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square, W., is perhaps too well known to need mention; but now that the hunting season is within measurable distance, attention may be drawn to the comfort and convenience of her well-known hunting corsets, of the value of which testimony comes from all quarters.

* * * * *

An ingenious device for opening doors when the hands are occupied with carrying anything is obtainable from the Domestic Appliances, Ltd., of Cheltenham, and from all furnisners, ironmongers, etc. The same Company issue the Gil-Marsh Mat and Carpet Fixers.



A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the September competition will be announced in the November issue.

THE JULY COMPETITION

The prize in the July competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington; Mr. Adolphe Abrahams, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, E.C.; Mr. J. C. Bristow-Noble, Warnham, Horsham; Hon. C. Douglas Pennant, Soham House, Newmarket; Miss K. Smith, The Rectory, Boxworth, Cambridge; Mr. G. B. Duncan, Aberdeen Terrace, Blackheath; Mr. A. G. Smith, Landour, West Didsbury, Manchester; Mr. Charles Breach, Eastbourne; Mr. W. J. Fleet, Cleadon Park, Sunderland; and Mr. Arnold Keyzer, Cape Town.



CATERHAM PLATE—EPSOM 1910

Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington



K. DE SZATHMARY ATTEMPTING TO BEAT THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR THE POLE JUMP
AT THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS 1910

Photograph by Mr. Adolphe Abrahams, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, E.C.



MR. WATSON ON THE COURTS AT BRUSSELS EXHIBITION

Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels



CROWHURST OTTER-HOUNDS—THE MASTER GETTING OVER A FENCE

Photograph by Mr. J. C. Bristow-Noble, Warnham, Horsham



BAYARDO GOING TO THE POST FOR THE DULLINGHAM PLATE, NEWMARKET
Photograph by the Hon. C. Douglas Pennant, Soham House, Newmarket



AN UNWILLING PASSENGER—A SCENE AT TANGIKIA
Photograph by Mr. R. Whitbread, Egyptian Army, Tangikia, Upper Nile Province, Sudan



ROYAL TEMPLE YACHT CLUB REGATTA, RAMSGATE—START OF EX 24 L.R. CLASS
Photograph by Mr. A. C. Trench, Manora, Karachi, India



"RENNIE"

Photograph by Miss K. Smith, The Rectory, Boxworth, Cambridge



THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS 1910—THE FIRST LAP OF THE STEEPLECHASE
Photograph by Mr A. Abrahams, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, E C.



HARWICH REGATTA—"WHITE HEATHER" AND "SHAMROCK"
Photograph by Mr. G. B. Duncan, Aberdeen Terrace, Blackheath



SCARBOROUGH COLLEGE SPORTS—START OF THE FINAL HEAT, SENIORS' 100 YARDS
Photograph by Mrs. A. G. Smith, Landour, West Didsbury, Manchester



PET BEAR OF THE 2ND BATTALION RIFLE BRIGADE
*Photograph by Mr. E. C. Dimsdale, Lieutenant 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade,
 Fort William, Calcutta*



A CLEAN JUMP OVER THE WALL—SUSSEX COUNTY SHOW, EASTBOURNE

Photograph by Mr. Charles Breach, Eastbourne



HOUNDS AT WORK ON A DRAG ON THE SALTINGS

Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge



"MR. JONES" (MR. LORAINÉ) STARTING ON HIS EVENTFUL FLIGHT AT BOURNEMOUTH
Photograph by Mr. W. J. Fleet, Cleadon Park, Sunderland



SHOOTING QUAIL OVER POINTERS IN CAPE COLONY
*Photograph by Captain R. B. Morgan, H.E. the Governor's Body Guard,
 Mount Road, Madras*



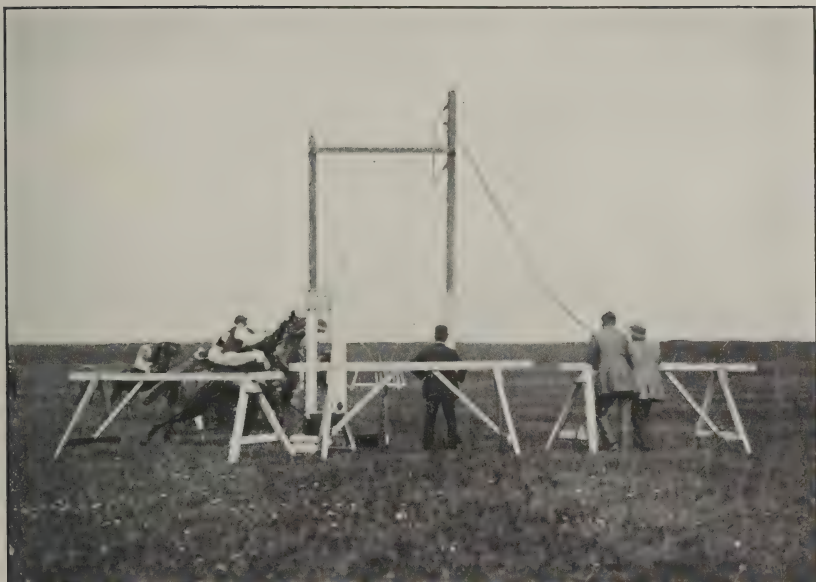
SANDWICH GRAMMAR SCHOOL SPORTS—THE QUARTER-MILE

Photograph by Mr. S. G. James, junior, Sandwich



SPAR BOXING ON BOARD THE P. AND O. STEAM YACHT "VECTIS"

Photograph by Miss Rhona Shakerley, Grove Park, Warwick



THE START FOR THE REACH PLATE, NEWMARKET

Photograph by the Hon. C. Douglas Pennant, Soham House, Newmarket



THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS 1910—THE TWO MILES WALK—E. J. WEBB,
THE WINNER, TAKING THE LEAD

Photograph by Mr. Adolphe Abrahams, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, E.C.



FOOTBALL AT CAPE TOWN

Photograph by Mr. Arnold Keyzer, Cape TownHIGHGATE SCHOOL SPORTS—CASLON CLEARING 5 FT. 7 IN., THUS BREAKING
THE SCHOOL RECORD*Photograph by Mr. E. Caslon, Highgate*



STATE CARRIAGE AT ENTRANCE OF KNOWSLEY HALL

(Photograph by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Liverpool)

The Badminton Magazine

“ THE COLOURS ”

X.—THE EARL OF DERBY

Black ; White Cap

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

SOME years ago I endeavoured to persuade Lord Stanley, as he then was, to write an article for this magazine on the racing history of his family ; for I thought it likely that there would be all sorts of interesting documents at Knowsley which in all probability had never been published. We had some correspondence on the subject, and some conversation on various racecourses ; but Lord Stanley accepted the Postmaster-Generalship, became too busy to write, and though he once or twice faintly revived my hopes as to what he might do when less occupied, the article is still unwritten. Of all the great families who have been associated with the Turf none can be more noteworthy than that which has given a name to what is still

regarded as the greatest race in the world—The Derby, and to the greatest race likewise for fillies—The Oaks; for, as most readers are doubtless aware, this latter was named after the seat of the Earls in Surrey, and the then Lord Derby won it in the year of its inauguration, 1779, with his filly Bridget, a daughter of Herod.

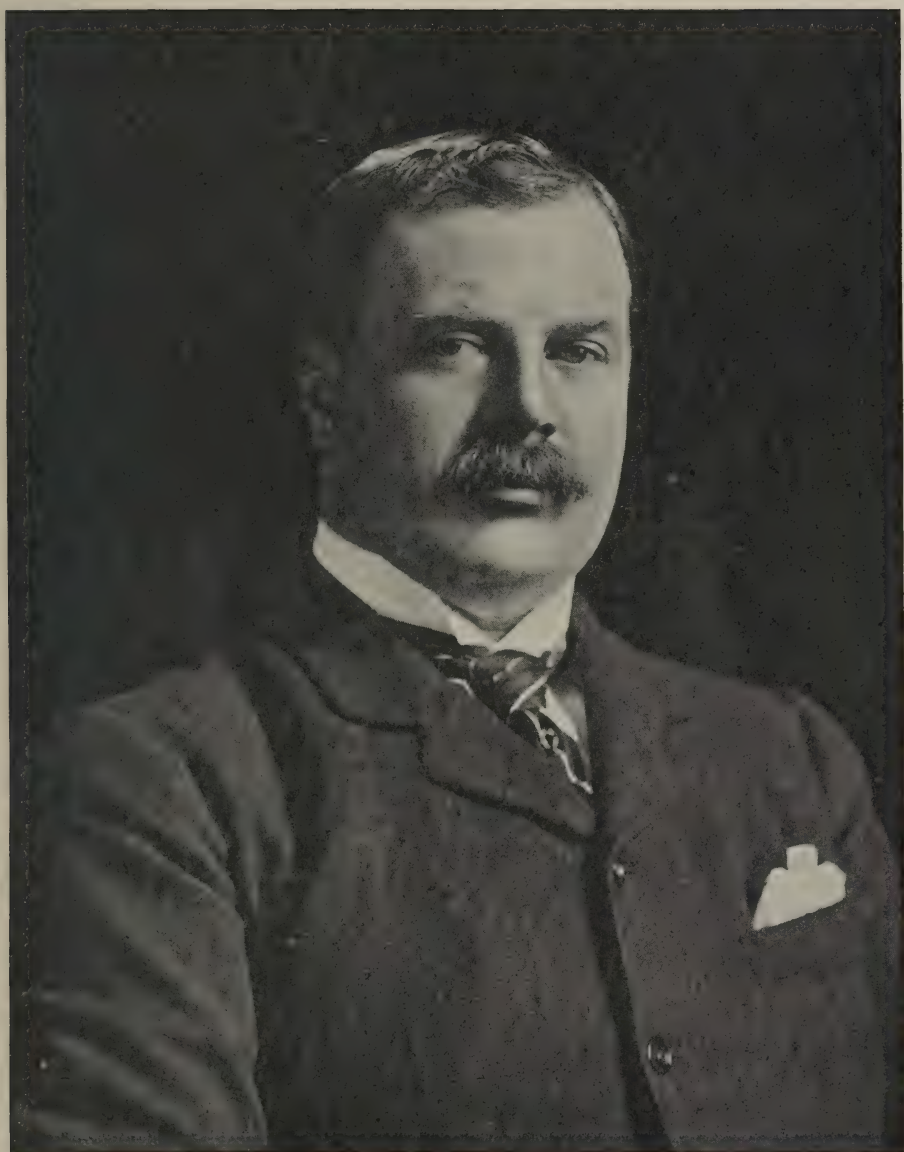
There is an idea that since the earliest days of what may be called regulated racing the Earls of Derby have always had well-filled stables, and one occasionally hears it remarked that it is strange to find the name so seldom occurring in the list of winners of classic events. It will surprise very many modern racegoers



KNOWSLEY HALL

(*Photograph by Topical Press*)

to be told that the present stable was started by the late Earl as recently as 1893, and that he appeared amongst winning owners for the first time in 1894 with the modest record of £896 won in four races. In earlier days it is true that the name was familiar. A Lord Derby won the Two Thousand Guineas of 1856 with Fazzoletto by Orlando, and the One Thousand Guineas four years later with Sagitta, by Longbow. Only one Derby has fallen to the family which gave the race its title, that of 1787, won by Sir Peter Teazle by Highflyer. Besides Bridget's Oaks, Hermione won the race in 1794 and Lord Stanley's Iris in 1851; but it may be regarded as somewhat strange that until last month no Lord Derby had ever won



THE EARL OF DERBY
(*Photograph by Lafayette, Ltd.*)

the Leger. In the present article I am writing about the colours since the revival of 1894, that is during the eighteen years they were carried by the horses of the sixteenth Earl, and of those belonging to his successor, who as Lord Stanley always ran a few horses of his own, though he never had the good fortune—which he is happily enjoying at the present time—to own anything in the first rank.

In 1893 a few animals were bought with the result already mentioned, and next year Lord Stanley attended the Newmarket



CANTERBURY PILGRIM

(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

July Sales intent on purchasing. He was a liberal buyer on behalf of his father, among the lots which fell to his nod having been Canterbury Pilgrim, a chestnut daughter of Tristan and Pilgrimage (winner of both Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas in 1878), the filly having come up at the dispersal of the Sefton stud consequent on the death of the Duchess of Montrose. Lord Stanley continued bidding throughout the week, obtaining a brown son of Melanion and Amalgam for 620 guineas ; a bay colt by Friar's

Balsam—Galopin—Mother Superior for 450 guineas; a bay daughter of Hazlemere and Lightning, 130 guineas; a chestnut daughter of Bend Or and Link Girl, 450 guineas; Golden Rule by Royal Hampton—Metedora, 810 guineas; Bunnyfoot, a bay filly by Surefoot—Strathardle, 610 guineas; Queen Monmouth by King Monmouth—Estuary, 270 guineas; Royal Armour, a bay son of St. Simon and Orsova, 900 guineas. At the Second July Sales a brown filly by Chippendale—Cariotta, 210 guineas, and a brown son of Chillington and Jubilant, 370 guineas, were added. The only high-priced one, that is to say over a thousand guineas, was Canterbury Pilgrim, for



THE AVENUE, HUYTON LODGE, KNOWSLEY HALL

(*Photograph by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Liverpool*)

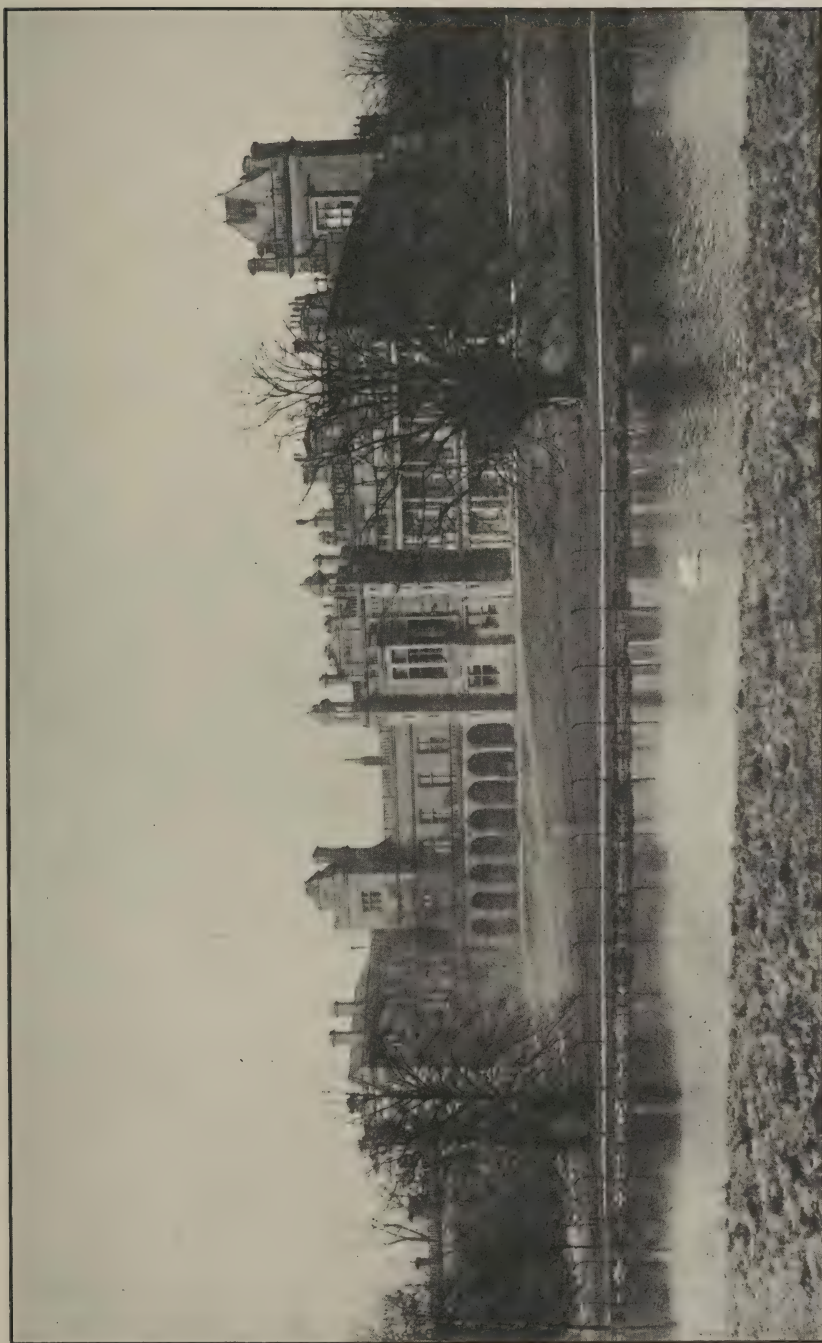
whom 1,800 guineas was paid; and her career is in a way instructive.

She did not appear until the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster in 1895, and ran last to the late Duke of Westminster's Omladina, who beat Mr. Walter Johnstone's Mimic, among those behind being Lord Zetland's Jolly Boat and Mr. Douglas Baird's Santa Maura, who was to win the One Thousand Guineas next year. Canterbury Pilgrim was then last of four runners for the Prendergast Stakes. She got third for the Knowsley Nursery carrying 7 st. 6 lb., but was nowhere with 1 lb. more for the Chesterfield Nursery at Derby won

by Galeazzo carrying 9 st. It is highly probable that at the end of this year some of those writers who are in the habit of discoursing on the folly of paying long prices for yearlings had much to say about the failure of the daughter of Tristan and Pilgrimage. She had won nothing as a two-year-old. Galeazzo, himself only hovering on the verge of the first class, had given her 21 lb. and lost her. What could be hoped from a filly with such a record? And how much of the 1,800 guineas was she worth? I do not remember that these things were written, but it is more than likely that something of the sort appeared, and if so it showed the short-sightedness of the critics. Canterbury Pilgrim as a three-year-old did not run till the Oaks, for which the Prince of Wales's Thais, who had won the One Thousand by a head from Santa Maura, was a hot favourite at 13 to 8. Canterbury Pilgrim won by a couple of lengths, Thais second, an early triumph for Mr. George Lambton, to whom the horses had been entrusted. The filly failed to justify her favouritism in the Coronation Stakes at Ascot, Thais beating her and being in turn beaten by Helm in receipt of 7 lb.; but Canterbury Pilgrim won the Liverpool Cup from the Colonial-bred Paris III, and followed on by taking the Park Hill Stakes. She ran for the Cambridgeshire, weighted with 8 st. 1 lb., naturally, as we now know, having no chance of beating the winner Wingfield's Pride, to whom she had to give 19 lb., for he had got in with 6 st. 10 lb.; but she proved herself to be a good stayer by carrying off the Jockey Club Cup next day, beating Gulistan by fifteen lengths. Her four races had yielded £6,745, and it would have been difficult to estimate her value for the paddocks, so that she was in point of fact an extraordinarily cheap mare.

Amateur trainers had not at this time made the reputation they have since acquired, and there had been doubts as to whether Mr. George Lambton would prove thoroughly competent to manage a large stable. In this the third year of Lord Derby's ownership he won no fewer than twenty-eight races worth £12,843 10s., Mr. Lambton being at the head of the list of winning trainers with sixty-three races won worth in all £24,489; so that the wisdom of the appointment was amply justified. The present Earl, it may be noted, won this year twelve races worth £12,933; Lord Farquhar, who was also in the stable, ten races worth £2,946.

Canterbury Pilgrim was withdrawn after her three-year-old career, and there was nothing particularly good left in the stable. Lord Derby's winnings decreased to £1,835, the result of eight races, Lord Stanley having a much better season, the fifteen races he won being worth £4,877; and in 1898 again the son was considerably more successful than his father. Nothing of note happened in 1899



THE COLONNADE, KNOWSLEY HALL.
(*Photograph by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Liverpool*)

except that the Liverpool Spring Cup went to the Earl by the aid of Crestfallen, one of the most happily named of horses, he being a son of Ocean Wave and Dolores, or rather it should be said that he ran a dead heat with Grodno, but I believe the cup was taken by Lord Derby, a somewhat curious circumstance being that Crestfallen won the Liverpool Hurdle Handicap three days later.

It was natural that Lord Derby should have a fancy for the winning of Liverpool Cups, seeing that Liverpool was his home meeting; but naturally his desire was to breed something better than handicap horses, and it looked as if in 1900 the sort of animal he desired to carry his colours had been found in a bay daughter of St. Simon and Bridget, called Santa Brigida. This filly first came out in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown Park, and had been sufficiently well tried to be backed at 10 to 1. The race ended in a dead heat between Star Shoot and Ian, Santa Brigida sixth; but she showed her quality by winning the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Goodwood and the Hopeful Stakes at the Newmarket First October, the consequence being that she was top weight with 9 st. in the £1,000 Kempton Park Nursery, a weight which was too much for her. She was the principal contributor (£3,442) to the £6,513 credited to Lord Derby. The filly was the chief hope of the stable in the following year, which she began by running third for the One Thousand Guineas, the late Sir John Miller's Aida beating her, and hopes of classic success were dissipated at Epsom. She started second favourite for the Oaks at 11 to 2, the race being run away with that year by the American-bred Cap and Bells. Another American-bred filly, Elizabeth M., beat her for the Fern Hill Stakes; but she won the Knowsley Dinner Stakes and the Yorkshire Oaks, just missing the Park Hill by half a length, the winner, the Duke of Portland's St. Aldegonde, having 6 lb. less to carry. On the whole Santa Brigida must be set down as something of a disappointment, though she has done notable service in the paddocks. The year was a fairly prosperous one, Lord Derby having won eighteen races worth £5,268, and another Liverpool Cup went to Knowsley, but this was won by Lord Stanley's Pellisson. Glasalt, now a valued occupant of the Knowsley paddocks, who had won the Ham Stakes at Goodwood and the Buckenham at Newmarket besides being thrice placed, did not do what was expected of her as a three-year-old, failing indeed to win a race of any sort.

The year 1902 opened with considerable promise, due in a great measure to hopes of a son of St. Simon and Canterbury Pilgrim called Chaucer. He was first seen at Sandown Park in the British Dominion Two-Year-Old race, in which he split William Rufus and Major Eustace Loder's good mare Hammerkop, and in the Rous

Memorial at Goodwood he had the misfortune to run up against Mr. Fairie's speedy colt Tippler and the late Sir Daniel Cooper's Flotsam, the latter destined to show his quality by winning the Middle Park Plate; but Chaucer started his winning career by taking the Gimcrack Stakes at York, followed by the Boscawen. He could only get second for the Prendergast to Sir Ernest Cassel's Sermon. Glasalt, who had come to the front again, won the Prince of Wales's Plate at the Liverpool Spring meeting, and the Liverpool Cup in the summer, together with the Hurst Park Spring Handicap. For the second year Lord Stanley took the Liverpool Spring Cup with



ENTRANCE HALL, KNOWSLEY

(Photograph by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Liverpool)

Pellisson, so that the season was a reasonably prosperous one, eighteen races worth £8,522 going to Lord Derby, and five worth £3,012 to his son.

Chaucer had done well enough to justify anticipations of his success, but they were not to be fulfilled, the colt not even being placed in any of his four races; indeed, things generally went wrong, Lord Derby only winning £969. Lord Stanley did rather better, seven races worth £2,196 falling to him; and yet by this time the stud appeared to be in a most prosperous condition, so that it is extra-

ordinary that results were so poor. A pleasant surprise came early in 1904. The Newmarket Biennial at the Craven Meeting was supposed to be a certainty for St. Amant, on whom odds of 7 to 2 were laid ; but Lord Derby's His Majesty, a son of Melton and Silver Sea, who had done nothing as a two-year-old, beat the certainty three parts of a length. This race is for some mysterious reason often fatal to favourites, though of course St. Amant was giving a good deal of weight, 12 lb. Chaucer was still to the fore, and led off by getting second for the £1,000 Stewards' Handicap at Kempton Park, so that it looked as if he would improve upon the previous season's experiences. In view of the hopes which had been formed regarding him it must be said that he did not do much as a four-year-old, although he won the Sefton Plate at the Liverpool Summer and the Stewards' Plate at the Autumn Meeting, being evidently particularly well suited to the course. Lord Stanley who, as has been seen, on various occasions exceeded the winnings of the Earl, this season secured only one poor little £100 race. Lord Derby took a dozen worth £6,394, but had no horse that stood out : His Majesty ran ten times after his first success without ever winning again. Altcar also failed to earn winning brackets, and there was nothing in the stable to threaten danger in the Liverpool Cups. Verdiana, however, ran a dead heat for the Champagne at Doncaster, one of the few important two-year-old races Lord Derby secured, though he won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Goodwood.

Better times were in store. Indeed 1905 was to be the most prosperous year ever known, and this despite the fact that the two best horses in the stable that season won nothing. Chaucer led the way during the first week's racing, being beaten by two necks for the Earl of Sefton's Plate ; but he won the Doncaster Handicap and the Liverpool Summer Cup. A little filly called Gemma, a daughter of Florizel II and Agnostic, started her career well by taking the £2,000 Sandown Park Stud Produce Stakes. She was second for the Acorn, trying to give the winner 10 lb., second for a Biennial at Ascot, and then created a remarkable sensation by carrying off the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood. Colonel Hall Walker's Black Arrow was supposed to be such a certainty for this race that odds of 20 to 1 were laid on him, to contract to 100 to 7 on when it was seen how badly he was behaving at the post. The end of it was that the unfortunate colt—it subsequently appeared that he was the victim of internal disease—was left, and Gemma had things all her own way. His Majesty showed that there had not been so very much fluke about his victory over St. Amant. He won five of his nine races, including the Hare Park Handicap and the Goodwood Plate. Another contributor was Persinus. Altogether Lord Derby

won no fewer than thirty-three races worth £18,524, without having any animals of note to give special distinction to the colours.

The two who had been described as the best in the stable were Keystone II, a daughter of Persimmon and Lock and Key, and Bridge of Canny, a son of Love Wisely and Santa Brigida. The filly could not be produced till late in the season, making her first appearance in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, for which Black Arrow started favourite, to be beaten out of a place, however; nor was it expected that she would do much better, for Lord Derby had



RECEPTION ROOM, KNOWSLEY

(*Photograph by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Liverpool*)

in the race another called Victorious, a daughter of Persimmon's elder brother Florizel II, a useful filly who started second favourite at 100 to 30 and was beaten three parts of a length by Achilles. Had she been purchased by auction doubtless remarks would have been made about Keystone II similar to those which we have imagined in the case of Canterbury Pilgrim; but Lord Derby's stud was now of course supplying Mr. George Lambton's stables. Bridge of Canny scarcely displayed promise in his first season, excepting that he was evidently to experienced eyes a colt with much scope for

improvement. He ran nowhere in the Fitzwilliam Stakes at the Newmarket Craven Meeting on his first appearance, nowhere in a Triennial at Ascot, won by Ulalume, who dead-heated with Victorious, Lally here being third; no nearer than fourth for the Stud Produce Stakes at the Newmarket July; an indifferent second, receiving 5 lb., to Sir John Thursby's Bill of the Play for the Mersey Stakes. In fact Bridge of Canny contributed nothing as a two-year-old, to make up for it handsomely as a three. He just missed the Union Jack Stakes at Liverpool, being beaten by Beppo, but finishing two lengths in front of the favourite, Radium, and he started on his successful career by taking the Kingsclere Stakes at Newbury. After running second for the Craven, Bridge of Canny won a Biennial at Ascot, just missed the North Derby at Newcastle, and then won seven races off the reel, the First Foal Stakes at the Newmarket Second July, the Knowsley Dinner Stakes, the Durham County Produce Plate, the Great Yorkshire Stakes, the Great Foal Stakes at the Newmarket First October, the Gatwick Stakes, and he wound up a brilliant year by a remarkable failure. Starting at 11 to 2 on against a very moderate opponent—which indeed the 11 to 2 on sufficiently implies—Killeagh by name, Bridge of Canny was unaccountably beaten. His nine races had yielded £10,255.

Keystone did still better. She was not out till the Oaks, for which she started favourite, and I well remember a conversation with Mr. George Lambton the burden of which was whether she could beat the Kingsclere filly Quair. She did so; second to her, but at a respectful distance, for Keystone won in a canter, was the Bend Or filly Gold Riach. Quair came out against her in receipt of a stone for the Coronation Stakes, and Keystone gave her the weight, after which she became a warm favourite for the Leger. With Maher to ride her anything over even money was taken, and there can be little doubt that with fair average luck she must have won. Precisely what happened I have never been able clearly to ascertain. I fancy that Maher got into difficulties at the turn, but in a desperate finish she just missed a place, Troutbeck winning by a head from Prince William, with Beppo a head behind, Keystone close up. I recollect Lord Coventry remarking to me that he had £10 on Troutbeck because he was training in the stable, but that he fully expected Keystone to win, and it was emphatically proved that she should have done so.

In the Jockey Club Stakes she had to give Beppo 12 lb. and he beat her a length, which showed conclusively enough what ought to have happened in the Leger, where she met him on 15 lb. different terms. The good filly won the Sandown Three-Year-Old Produce Stakes, the Liverpool St. Leger, and walked over for the Duchy

Plate next day. Her five races amounted to £12,837. Chaucer for the second time won the Liverpool Summer Cup, a highly creditable performance; for Velocity, giving 11 lb., was second, and Dinneford six lengths off. Persinus this year won nothing, but was seven times second, and though seconds are often supposed to be unlucky—an idea, however, which does not amount to much, for if results were reversed the second then would often equally be deemed unfortunate—there was certainly little cause to complain, Lord Derby



BALLROOM, KNOWSLEY

(*Photograph by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Liverpool*)

being a long way at the head of the list of winning owners with forty-four races worth £32,926.

It often happens that a bad year follows on a good one, but this was not the case here. Lord Derby did not indeed head the list in 1907, but he was fourth, and if he had won a comparatively trifling £600 more, would have been second, only £4,000 from the top. The sum of £17,910 was enough to place Colonel Hall Walker there this season, though eighteen years previously the Duke of Portland's headship had been gained with £73,858 10s.

One thing which seemed certain in 1907 was that Keystone

would continue to do credit to Stanley House, and she started favourite for the March Stakes at Newmarket. Perhaps it was not strange that she should have failed to give 4 lb. and sex allowance to The White Knight; but she was beaten also by Slave Trader, Ypsilanti (in receipt, however, of 18 lb.), Laurier, and Gold Riach. Keystone, indeed, never won during the year, and never came near to winning. It was rather a condescension for her to appear in the Cleveland Handicap at Doncaster, where, however, the company was highly respectable, for Lally and Gold Riach also ran. The Oaks winner could get no nearer than fifth. She failed in the Champion Stakes, starting, however, at 100 to 3, for here her stable companion, Bridge of Canny, was a strong favourite. Her last appearance was in the Select Stakes, and it went to show that she had completely lost her form, for she finished a very bad third to All Black and Procope. Bridge of Canny, on the other hand, did distinctly well throughout the entire season, for he started during the first week of it by easily winning the Liverpool Spring Cup, and ten days later he took the Queen's Prize at Kempton, his successes entailing 14 lb. penalty for the Chester Cup. This was the year in which the French horse Querido was sent over, having been let in with the comfortable weight of 8 st., and considering what this horse was it is small wonder that Bridge of Canny should have failed to give him 19 lb. Lord Derby's colt, however, finished well up fourth, rather strengthening his reputation than otherwise.

He stayed so well that strong hopes were entertained of success in the Ascot Gold Cup, for which the French horse Eider had been sent over; and it will be remembered how Eider ran a dead heat with The White Knight, to be disqualified for bumping and boring, a decision which must always be considered exceedingly creditable to the moral courage of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, Lord Durham, Mr. Leonard Brassey, and Captain Greer; for we may be sure that they must have been most anxious to overrule the objection if it were possible to do so, and only sustained it from a keen sense of duty. Bridge of Canny was thus placed third, Beppo separating him from the winner, Troutbeck, the winner of the previous year's Leger, one of the beaten lot. Lord Derby's colt had so little to do in the First Foal Stakes that he naturally won, from Bayardo's half-brother Eastern, and going on to Doncaster he took the Great Yorkshire Handicap, a notable achievement, as he here gave Radium 7 lb. and beat him three parts of a length. The form, moreover, was evidently right, as was proved by the Doncaster Cup. That remarkably good horse Velocity won by three parts of a length, giving Bridge of Canny 4 lb.; The White Knight, giving him 3 lb., was beaten a neck, so that we may take it there can have been

little between these two; Radium, receiving 7 lb. from Bridge of Canny, was fourth, in front of Torpoint and Querido. Here Bridge of Canny and Querido met at even weights. At the Newmarket First October the colt frightened away all opponents, walking over for a Triennial and for the Beaufort Stakes, and he wound up the season by running second to Galvani for the Champion Stakes, beaten a length. Galvani at his best was, needless to say, a really good horse, though his best was not always produced. Bridge of Canny's six races were worth £4,244.

Altitude, a daughter of Florizel II and Alt Mark, who had



KEYSTONE II

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

shown promise without getting as far as performance as a two-year-old, helped to swell the total. She won the Nassau Stakes at Goodwood and the Great Yorkshire Stakes, as well as the Scarborough Stakes at Newmarket, and she was second (to His Majesty's Slim Lad) for the Sandringham Three-Year-Old Stakes at Sandown, as also for the Gratwicke Stakes and the Liverpool St. Leger, which last she lost by a short head to Dripsey, in receipt of 16 lb. There was always a slight doubt about Altitude's courage, and her jadiness developed; but at her best she was probably something more

than useful. Glacis, the son of Carbine and Glasalt, was equally given to running second. He only won two little £100 races, but was second for the Newmarket St. Leger, for the Liverpool Autumn Cup, and a couple of other stakes. Persinus won four consecutive races, all small ones, however, except the £500 Richmond Plate at Kempton Park; but, after Bridge of Canny, the best horse in the stable was the two-year-old Cocksure II, the son of Count Schomberg and Be Sure.

His first appearance was for the Redfern Plate at Kempton, which looked and proved a good thing for Llangwm. Cocksure was



THE LATE LORD DERBY LEADING IN KEYSTONE II AFTER WINNING THE OAKS

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

not expected to win, his outing being designed chiefly to show him what racing was; but he started favourite for the Breeders' Foal Plate, and also at Kempton in September, just failing to give Malheur 4 lb. Favourite again for the Sherwood Forest Nursery, he beat a dozen opponents, won the Alington Plate at the Newmarket Second October and the Hook Plate at Sandown. Altogether this year the colours were to the fore in thirty-three races worth £13,209.

To the inexpressible grief of all who had the privilege of any acquaintance with him Lord Derby died in 1908. It is impossible

to describe the affection and respect with which the late Earl was regarded by everyone, from the King of England, who was often an honoured guest at Knowsley, to the humblest labourer on his estate; or to speak of the charm which his kindness, courtesy, and consideration exercised on all who were brought into contact with him. He will never be forgotten—admirably in all respects as his successor fills the vacant place.

The horses, however, had to run, though during the period of mourning the colours could not be carried, and for the season of 1908 [they were] leased [by] Lord Durham. Cocksure II had made



BOAT-HOUSE AND LAKE, KNOWSLEY PARK
(Photograph by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Liverpool)

good progress during the winter and was ready early in the year, his first appearance being at Liverpool, where he won the Bickerstaffe Stakes. He also carried off the Chippenham Stakes at the Newmarket First Spring, these races having been before his owner's lamented death; for of course all his engagements became void, and there was the usual denunciation of the Rule which renders them so, which led to a correspondence in *The Times*, Lords Derby and Durham both writing in strong support of the Rule. It was naturally not easy to find stakes in which the colt could appear to advantage. He took the Rothschild Plate at Windsor, and the Hull Gold Cup, when, starting at 5 to 1 on, he beat Roseate Dawn

and Linacre. His next race was an extraordinarily exciting one. Dean Swift was his only opponent in the Select Stakes at the Newmarket Second October, and though the old horse had to give the three-year-old only 5 lb., odds of 85 to 40 were laid on Cocksure, who in a desperate finish was just beaten a head. This seemed good enough to give him a great chance for the Cambridgeshire, notwithstanding that he had the heavy burden of 8 st. 5 lb. He started favourite at 3 to 1, Land League coming next in the market at 10's; but a surprise was in store. Marcovil, a 50 to 1 outsider, who was supposed not to be anything like really fit, most unexpectedly came



HIS LATE MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII LEAVING LORD DERBY'S BOX TO
INSPECT THE GRAND NATIONAL HORSES

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

to the front, beating Land League, who had won the race in the previous year, by three parts of a length, Succour half a length behind and Cocksure fourth. The colt won little races at Lincoln, Liverpool, Derby, and Warwick, having a record of eight victories. Bridge of Canny was out only once, when he finished second to Eider for the Burwell Plate. Glacis had won the Queen's Prize at Kempton prior to Lord Derby's death, as also the Chester Cup. Five races, indeed, were credited to the late Earl. Lord Durham,

with the leased horses as well as his own, won no fewer than forty-one, worth, however, only £8,116.

Cocksure II carried the black jacket and white cap in the Queen's Prize at Kempton in 1909, starting favourite at 6 to 4, in spite of his 8 st. 13 lb., but could only get second, after which he developed symptoms of unsoundness and could not run again during the year. Glacis was also an absentee, and Bridge of Canny's half-brother Bridge of Earn did not occupy the elder's place, though he won a race at Brighton and also the Newbury Autumn Cup. Early in the year there was much talk of Swynford, a son of



HIS LATE MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII LEAVING AINTREE WITH THE
LATE EARL OF DERBY

(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

John o' Gaunt and Canterbury Pilgrim. He came slowly to hand, and could not be brought out until the Newmarket July, when, moreover, he was not really ready, and what chance he had was destroyed by his having been kicked at the post and getting badly away. There was another two-year-old, moreover, who seemed certain to distinguish himself—Decision, an own brother to Cocksure II. He indeed had been so well tried that odds of 3 to 1 were laid on him when he was sent to York for the Knavesmire Plate; but he refused to struggle, and let himself be beaten by a 20 to 1 outsider. He made no show behind Lemberg in the New Stakes at Ascot, and when favourite again for the Witherslack Plate

at Liverpool could only get third. On the whole, with the breakdown of Cocksure II and the failure of Swynford and Decision, this was a disappointing year; but nevertheless Lord Derby won fifteen little races worth £4,607.

During the present season, however, Swynford has vindicated himself. He came out in the Derby, dwelling at the start and finishing in the ruck; but though he had no chance with Lemberg in the St. James's Palace Stakes he certainly showed fine speed, and next day won the Hardwicke. With 7 st. 4 lb. he started favourite for the Liverpool Summer Cup and won in a canter by five lengths.



SWYNFORD BY JOHN O' GAUNT—CANTERBURY PILGRIM
(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

This must have been the more agreeable to Lord Derby, because early in the season I recollect his speaking very despondently about his prospects. How he won the Leger has lately been described in such detail that to dwell on the incidents of that exciting struggle is needless. There can be no doubt, in my opinion, that Maher ought to have won on Lemberg, and lost the race because he allowed himself to be shut in. But there is still any amount of scope for improvement in Swynford, and I quite contemplate that he will make the better four-year-old. The stable is having a prosperous year. Queen's Journal won the Summer Handicap at Newmarket and

the Goodwood Plate, to break down unfortunately in the Rufford Abbey Plate. Glacis's reappearance was signalled by his success, carrying 9st. 11 lb., in the Chesterfield Handicap at Doncaster. Decision, too, is showing that there was not much wrong about the early estimate of him. Up to the time of writing he has been out seven times, has won five of his races and been second for the other two, in the Duchess of York Plate at Hurst Park only failing to beat Admiral Hawke by a head. Oliver Goldsmith, emphatically a Knowsley-bred one, being a son of Chaucer and Bridget, ranks among the best two-year-olds of the year, if not



DECISION BY COUNT SCHOMBERG—BE SURE

(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

quite in the first flight; and Hair Trigger II, a daughter of Fowling Piece and Altcar, is a smart filly when in the humour to go. Persephone, a disappointment so far, and King William are at any rate full of promise.

At King Edward's death, King George leased the horses he had inherited to Lord Derby, who we may be sure felt delighted to accept the responsibility, anxious as it was, for the two-year-olds were liberally engaged, and it was extremely difficult to place them. Probably the best, Dorando, a son of Cyllene and Nadejda, split his pasterns. The Meadow Chat colt, by Florizel II, beat animals of

repute in the Khedive Plate at Newmarket, and races have fallen to Devil's Dyke and Petschau, as well as, of the older horses, to Perrier—since sold—and Royal Escort. Lord Derby's admirable work as a Steward of the Jockey Club is cordially recognised. No colours



SWYNFORD WINS THE ST. LEGER

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

are more popular than his, and besides what Swynford may do whilst in training, he should be a redoubtable sire to earn fame for the Knowsley Stud.



SHOOTING PHEASANTS AND WILD DUCK AT BROCKET HALL—KING GEORGE
WAITING FOR THE DRIVE TO BEGIN,

(Photograph by Sport and General Illustrations Co.)

THE FEEDING AND SHOOTING OF PHEASANTS

BY OWEN JONES ("GAMEKEEPER")

THE feeding of pheasants in covert is one of the most serious items of expenditure in connection with the ordinary shoot. Yet it is the item of most elasticity, and, generally speaking, the one that may be cut down with least chance of curtailing sport.

It is impossible to rear birds without considerable expense, however excellent the management: but after they are in covert and go to roost, though for a few weeks they need an increasing quantity of nourishing food, one is entitled to hope for some abatement in its quality and quantity, and therefore in its cost. It is certain that a good many keepers continue to feed with an unnecessarily liberal hand till shooting has taken place: they have a sort of rooted idea that the more of costly food used in the coverts the more birds there will be to shoot, and the better condition they will be in to fly. Of course it is only fair to mention that this superabundant feeding is prompted by anxiety to show a maximum of sport.

The point to remember is that it is not so much the quality or the quantity of food used as the *way* it is used that brings about the desired effect. The keeper so often allows his anxiety to keep his birds in their covert to run away with his judgment, and piles on the maize by the sack when a judicious use by the bushel would effect his purpose just as well, and very often better. I know keepers who seem to get pheasants and maize on the brain, and lead one to believe that they could not go on living without lugging everlastingly about with them as heavy a load of corn as they can stagger beneath. And what marvellous feats of whistling some keepers will force themselves to perform to urge their birds to stuff themselves! They are not content with the single-barrelled method of the chicken-tender, but make their outgoing and incoming breath give forth a monotonous, sing-song sort of whistling, extremely conducive to aching jaws.

The golden rule for feeding pheasants in covert during the autumn is not to stuff them with a surfeit of food, but to provide them with a reasonable quantity, in such a way that their time is occupied all day long in getting it. Of course, there are coverts in which feeding with the object actually of supplying food as a bodily want is necessary, owing to heavy stocking, or a total absence of arable land, of food-bearing trees such as beech and oak, and of blackberries. But in most cases the dominant idea in feeding is to occupy the time of the birds, to amuse them, and to give them as little leisure as possible in which to stray very far afield. Again, the training of birds to recognise feeding-times, and to come then to certain places, helps to prevent losses by straying. But it is the regularity and punctuality that bring the desired effect, rather than the quantity of food thrown down. In fact, the smaller the quantity the better the birds get to know that if they do not put in an appearance on time they won't get any; when much is provided the birds discover that any time will do, since there is sure to be plenty left lying about. I have known a pint of wheat, given regularly every day at the same hour, to act as a sort of roll-call to fifty stock hens.

In woods where there are oaks and beeches, the crop of acorns and beech-mast may make a most appreciable difference in the feed-bill; and though I suppose most keepers know this, many of them do not regulate the feeding of their birds accordingly. They say to themselves, in a good beech-mast and acorn year, "If we use only so much corn, the gov'nor will expect us to manage with the same quantity when there are no acorns or beech-mast—if he does not say so, he will think it." In a good acorn year, many bushels, picked up by children glad to earn a few pence, may be stored and given out in times of need. Acorns that have been stored (of course

out of the reach of rats and mice) are best thrown sparingly among a pile of loose straw or soil, for the pheasants to scratch out. It is easy enough to keep an old prong or an old shovel on the spot in the woods, and it does not take more than a minute or so to reconstruct and recharge each flattened pile. Pheasants appreciate acorns most when starting to grow out, for they acquire then a mellow sweetness that makes them specially attractive. In autumn and early winter pheasants prefer beech-mast to acorns; neither of which, however, endure as long as they otherwise would when many wood-pigeons are about. When there is a good crop of beech-mast



PHEASANT-SHOOTING AT BALLYWALTER PARK, CO. DOWN

(Photograph by Sport and General Illustrations Co.)

and acorns—and no wood-pigeons to speak of, and not many rabbits: acorns, by the way, are useful where rabbits are allowed to survive for shooting—pheasants may enjoy a supply of natural food right on through the winter into the spring. On shoots where pheasants are reared in fair numbers, a field between two woods, or a good strip of the fields all round the principal bird-coverts, may be cultivated solely for the benefit of the game. This is the happiest state of things for all concerned, particularly for the pheasants. It goes far to prevent those irritating claims for damage to corn that are so prone to cause bad blood. When a small patch of corn is sown just outside a covert full of pheasants, material damage is

likely to be done. In such a case a diplomatic keeper would arrange for the sowing of a double quantity per acre, at least for a good distance out from the covert-side, and at any rate to supply a boy to keep off the pheasants—and the rooks and the starlings and the larks—till the young corn has grown out of harm's way.

Even when there is no waste land it is not difficult to arrange for an odd corner to be sown with such crops as pheasants love; an acre, or even a half or quarter of an acre, will be well worth while. This ground should be sown with buckwheat, barley, and a little rape. The whole may be left standing for the birds to deal with on the spot, or portions may be mown by hand and placed in covert. The rape should be left, for it not only provides the birds with a little cover, but with a winter salad they much appreciate. Buckwheat is not satisfactory for stacking, except in small temporary heaps, as it is not often possible to get its succulent stems dry enough to prevent heating. In many a keeper's garden you may see ranks of towering sunflowers; they are not grown for their beauty only, but for their heavy crop of seed, of which pheasants are particularly fond.

Many are the ways in which an industrious keeper can effect more than mere economy in the feed bill, provided he has time. The keeper who threads the tracks through his woods, scattering here and there a few grains in the fallen leaves, may use half as much corn, but do twice as much good towards keeping his birds at home, as he who sweeps clean every day fifty yards of ride, and spreads thereon a golden carpet of maize. A capital dodge to occupy the time of your pheasants at home, and so to prevent them making risky excursions, is to tie up tightly a bundle of "straw corn" and hang it by a string to a stake fixed in the ground at such an angle that the birds have to jump for each grain, when each attempt adds to the fun by setting the bundle "on the wiggle." Also, experiments in perching on the bundle result in fascinating failure. When threshing operations are going on, the keeper can generally secure at the cost of removal a few chaff-bags full of "caving," a rough, chaffy, almost waste product, but containing much excellent rubbish for which pheasants will most diligently scratch.

Sun-warmed dust-baths are much sought after by pheasants; they will spend hours wallowing in them. By propping up thatched hurdles or other similar contrivances, and placing beneath their shelter a bushel or so of red ashes from a derelict couch-fire, or by merely loosening up a few spits of soil, you add to the comfort of pheasants' home-life, and so encourage them to stay at home. It is not a bad plan now and then to draw into covert a cart-load

of couch-ashes, and put them down in some sunny, sheltered nook. And odd chunks of turf turned up will command eager attention for hours, besides providing cheap food. It is easier to make a covert pleasant to the tastes of pheasants, and so offer them no excuse for straying, than to win them back when once they have discovered the temptations of a neighbour's wood.



KING GEORGE SHOOTING HIGH BIRDS AT BROCKET HALL

(*Photograph by Sport and General Illustrations Co.*)

When pheasants have been placed in the covert intended to be their home till the hour of execution arrives there is a great tendency among keepers to treat them much the same as occupants of a condemned cell, supplying them with every dainty perhaps, but denying them a glimpse of the outer world, and

exercise. I knew a keeper who gave his birds ten eggs at each feed long after they went to roost in the trees! Scores of keepers continue to busy themselves cooking all sorts of delicacies for their birds right up till shooting-time; this is quite unnecessary, makes a deal of extra work, adds to expense, and brings no material gain. It is, however, unwise to make sudden drastic changes in feeding: it should all be managed gradually. Nothing beyond corn by way of hand-feeding is really necessary for any but late-hatched birds after the corn in the fields begins to ripen—no man can desire any birds superior to the wild ones that glean their living on the stubbles. The point to remember is that whereas the corn which is to be had on the stubbles is more or less soft, that provided for hand-reared birds is not even hard new corn, but the infinitely harder and drier corn of the previous year. Small wonder, then, that birds do not like it, or do as well as they might on it, if given in its raw state. Most keepers boil it for some time at first, and then give it hard and dry for the morning feed, continuing the more palatable boiled article for the evening feed right up to shooting-time. But boiling is not at all necessary, and it kills the most valuable part of each grain—the germ. Soaking for about twenty-four hours will produce the softness and preserve the germ. And cold water costs less than boiling. Corn is most attractive to pheasants just as it is about to sprout. There are two main reasons in favour of providing softened corn—it is better for the birds than hard till they are quite mature, and during a dry time it goes far to prevent straying in search of water to quench a thirst which hard corn not only increases but induces.

There are plenty of keepers who cannot bear to see one wretched bird show its face outside its covert, and should they see a bunch of their birds taking a constitutional in the adjoining fields prompt measures are adopted to hustle them back to their cell. I suppose that "driving in" will always remain one of the stock autumn occupations of keepers. Yet many good men do not believe in it; constant interference irritates birds, and while some are driven in others that were *coming in* are likely to be discouraged. If in spite of every artificial attraction in the way of food and so on pheasants mean to leave a covert they will manage it. If to err is human, to stray is typical of pheasants. When the boundary is very close, and you have a non-preserving, pot-hunting neighbour, your pheasants can scarcely stretch their legs without danger. In such circumstances it is hardly worth while to stock a covert with birds. While in normal cases pheasants which have been roaming about the neighbouring fields will return to their own covert to roost, there is some risk that in their wanderings far from home

they suddenly may find the day far spent, and fly to roost in the nearest tree (which may be in somebody else's covert), find the board and lodging satisfactory, and stay there. So an eye should be given to any birds that may be somewhat far afield late in the afternoon. Beeches and oaks whose mast and acorns may be of special attraction often are the cause of this straying; it is probable that a free access of sun and light to isolated trees gives their fruit its additional charm.

In the average year there is an enormous wealth of food for



SHOOTING AT CHIPPENHAM PARK, NEWMARKET

(*Photograph by Sport and General Illustrations Co.*)

pheasants, wild or hand-reared, in moderate numbers. During autumn and the earlier part of the winter most pheasants would be quite well enough off for food if they had to rely solely on Nature's provision. But a certain amount of hand-feeding is necessary to keep the birds under some sort of discipline; this feeding must be adjusted according to the supply of their favourite natural foods in the vicinity of the coverts in which it is desired they shall show sport. However closely stubbles may be raked, they will furnish for many weeks a fat feeding-ground for pheasants. Though one seldom hears of oats being used for feeding, pheasants are extremely

fond of an oat-stubble. When stubbles are broken up also the birds enjoy rich feasts of grubs and insects that the farmer can well spare; hardly before the teams have been unhitched you may see the birds steal out and begin skirmishing all over the newly-turned surface. And blackberries furnish them with a dessert they relish.

Stacks of "rakings" require a great deal of beating as a means of feeding pheasants so far as is necessary, and for keeping them at home. But the stacks must be properly made and protected. It is no good to draw into covert loads of rakings and tip them down and leave them to make indifferent manure. More or less elaborate staddles may be made about two feet high, with a good stiff pole set up through the middle, on and round which the rakings should be roughly built when *dry*. The advantage of the staddle is that the feeding-place is combined with a dusting-place. But the simplest plan is to erect a suitable pole where the centre of the stack is to be, and put down a good layer of bracken or ride-trimmings on which the rakings should be placed. One man unloads them while another places and automatically treads them firmly down round the pole. This takes only a few minutes longer than shovelling them off anyhow, and has the advantage that if rain should come before the job can be completed little harm is done. When once rakings in covert get thoroughly wet it is seldom they ever become dry enough for stacking. Every effort should be made to get all rakings provisionally stacked when they are dry. It does not matter if just the top of a stack "grows out"; it will act as a canopy and keep the rest dry.

When ordering rakings there should be a stipulation that they be delivered perfectly dry—any that are hopelessly wet or that have started to grow out are only fit to be spread along the rides for current consumption. The price of good dry barley rakings (barley is most satisfactory), reasonably free from rubbish, is £2 a wagon-load or £1 a cart-load. Two cart-loads are better value than one wagon-load, especially if the keeper has anything to do with their loading. At any rate a cart is easier to manipulate than a wagon in a wood. The next thing after provisional stacking of rakings is to tuck and top each stack with as sloping a roof as possible, and thatch with straw (preferably) or fern. The best shape for the stacks is round. The thatch should be secured by tying the top round the pole, and inserting spars of wood (large end downwards, for better holding) connected with binder-twine, the whole roof to be crowned with wire-netting to prevent the birds tearing it off. As the keeper or the birds pull out rakings from the lower part of the stack the remainder slips down the pole, roof and all. In ordinary soil the pole may be worked in tightly enough to prevent the stack being blown over by pointing the large end and then using the

pole itself as a crowbar. The position of feed-stacks makes a difference to their utility, and should be carefully chosen. The ideal spot is a clearing free from the drip of trees, reached by the shine of the winter sun, and well sheltered from winds. And where foxes are a nuisance, it is best to allow a fair space of clear ground between the stack and the underwood, so as to make the stalking of feeding birds as difficult as possible.

I always like to see some portion of a feed-stack remaining till spring has definitely come. Some keepers make it a rule to dismantle their feed-stacks, as it were to throw them open to the



KING GEORGE SHOOTING A ROCKETER
(*Photograph by Sport and General Illustrations Co.*)

pheasants, just before the first time of shooting. I prefer to give a thought to the lucky survivors. When you have stacks that the birds cannot carry by assault, amusement will be provided all day and every day. When night comes the birds will have earned a full crop, and where they have thus dined they will roost.

The keeper who does not see his birds in the act of stuffing themselves with the good fare he provides at every feed is apt to wear a dejected look and to complain that all his birds are forsaking him and his woods. Hundreds of keepers year after year, during the

latter part of October till the November shooting, loudly lament that their birds do not come to feed, whereas a short while ago they could see so many hundreds at a feed "reg'lar." And yet when shooting takes place they "never had a better lot of birds." Feeding is rather increased than otherwise, and whistling is pursued with more persuasive energy than ever. But still the birds come not in the keeper's sight to feed. The explanation is that they are finding plenty of natural food, which they prefer, or at any rate with which they fill their crops. Of the spangles on the backs of the falling oak-leaves they are particularly fond.

Two great causes of feeding beyond the reasonable needs of pheasants are competition between neighbouring keepers—and there is far too much of this feeding against each other—and the fact that the game-dealers favour grossly fat birds. I suppose it is only natural on the part of the retail buying public to want the fattest birds for their money. One might eat many things worse than a pheasant unnaturally fat with maize, and it provides possibly half a pound more to eat than the simple-life bird. But the pheasant that works for most of its living is the real thing in natural game-flavour. The keeper is quite right in protesting that well-fatted birds make quite sixpence more a brace than their lighter but tastier fellows. I have heard of, but never seen, pheasants that were too fat to fly. Disinclination to fly is a question rather of tameness and the management of beating coverts than of fatness or thinness. The best birds are those that are neither surfeited nor starved.

To lay down hard and fast rules as to the cost of feeding pheasants is impossible, so much depends on circumstances. It is certain that the tendency of keepers is to over rather than under-feed: as they say, it is best to err on the right side. A penny a bird a week is considered a reasonable figure where woods are pretty well stocked and there is not an abundance of arable ground near, or of natural food. But supposing there are some permanent stacks of rakings, a couple of bushels of hand-fed corn a week may be ample for about three hundred birds; that is a peck a day and one for the wood. This works out at about one-third of a penny per bird per week. A few sacks of "tough" wheat, caused by the weather getting into a stack (I have known pheasants to render material assistance in a matter of this kind) may be taken off a farmer's hands at a price which is advantageous to both parties. This is fine stuff for pheasants.

In some coverts pheasants refuse to stay in spite of the most lavish feeding on the choicest of foods. The reason often is that the coverts are dull and gloomy, so that scarcely a ray of the precious sunlight penetrates their dark, dank depths. A remedy may be to

cut some good rides, or to adjust the cutting of the underwood so that there is always a fair stretch of young shoots instead of all high stuff or all young shoots, neither of which, alone, is good for pheasants. A satisfactory state for a covert to be in is one part old wood, another part five-year-old, and another young shoots: then it is always useful both for the breeding and shooting of pheasants, and not as a wood too often is—extra good for shooting for a few years, and then useless for a year or two, at any rate for holding birds



A HIGH BIRD

(Photograph by Sport and General Illustrations Co.)

later than early autumn. Shade in summer is acceptable to pheasants, but in autumn and winter they require all the sun possible. And some coverts are cold, draughty, and wind-swept, so that they are uncomfortable day and night. Birds may stay in them well enough till the leaf falls—but that is the signal for emigration.

On large shoots the cutting of underwood before coverts have been shot, though of course it is liable to interfere with the best results, is not nearly so material as on small shoots. If somebody

does not look ahead, the best covert, perhaps the only covert on a shoot, may be found levelled to the ground just before shooting day. If the worst must come to the worst, negotiations for its temporary reprieve should be made in good time. And it should not be difficult to arrange that when a little cutting is to be done a start shall be made with a strip right through the "cut," where a ride would be a convenience. Thus may the evil be turned into a certain amount of good.

When planning the beating of a wood part of which is cut and lying in "drifts" or "breadths" as they are called by copse-workers, and the scheme decided on entails running pheasants through these drifts, the result is almost certain to be disappointing. A few thin drifts may not make much difference, but a considerable stretch is fatal to the showing of birds (and rabbits), especially if the drifts lie *across* the direction of beating. Owing to birds being allowed to go to ground, as it were, in drifts, I have known sport completely ruined in a covert that otherwise would have provided pleasurable shooting for a whole day. Except in very scanty drifts, it is mere waste of time for beaters to try to move those birds which do not clear out as the line passes on its way. If by any means possible let drifts be the first beat of a covert—and then "stop" them thoroughly.

Pheasants very seldom stop themselves—I should never care to rely on them to do so. However, in a day when, though it may not actually be raining, water hangs on everything, birds will stay in old hollow wood though there be nothing in the world to check them from the desired piece of good-holding flushing ground; in fact, they will rise rather than run into it. The moral is: on days when the wet hangs, arrange your corners in old stuff free from undergrowth.

In butts a gunshot outside covert I have not much faith for improving sport. Birds may come forward a little better, perhaps, but as a rule they certainly come lower, so that you cannot take them at decent range coming to you because of the beaters. All that remains is to blow them from the muzzle of your gun or to do your best as they skim at necessarily longish range behind. If the chief object be to get birds to pass from their home-wood to another, with a view to good shooting when they are brought back, why head them at all? Otherwise, a better plan than butts, in the interest of sporting shots, is for the guns to stand either in full view within easy reach of the covert being beaten, or right away back from it, near the one towards which the birds are being driven. The birds being nearer the second covert when they "find of" the guns, will seek its shelter by rocketing. There is nothing better than buildings for making birds go up; but the guns should stand behind them, not in front. Even a cottage may be used to great advantage: and a courteous

request, in conjunction with a couple of rabbits, will prevent the out-hanging of washing or other bird-scaring diversion while the beat is in progress. High-bird shooting in the open from coverts of a few acres only is simple enough. Otherwise it has its disadvantages, which many of those who talk glibly enough of high birds do not understand. There is a waste of birds which are constantly rising and escaping unshot at while the beat is being matured, a good deal of tedious waiting must be endured to manœuvre birds to the desired flushing-place, and the bag is bound to suffer by comparison with the results of a certain amount of in-covert shooting (which often



A UNIQUE GAME-CART BROUGHT FROM SICILY BY LADY DUNLEATH
(Photograph by Sport and General Illustrations Co.)

means that the same birds face the guns several times before the finale in the open).

Keepers for the most part are in favour of early shooting. They know that their birds are likely to decrease rather than increase in number: and, when it serves their purpose, they show no marked anxiety to incur a supplement to the time-honoured court-martial respecting the feed-bill.

Meanwhile, most of us continue in the habit of shooting birds in November and wishing when too late they had been reprieved till December.



THE QUORN AT KIRBY GATE
(*Photograph by Topical Press*)

THE FOX-HUNTING SEASON

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

[The author has the pleasure of expressing his indebtedness to various Masters of Hounds and other sportsmen who have kindly assisted him in writing this article.]

WHEN this article was written crops were still backward in many parts of the country, which meant a delay in the start of cub-hunting; but by the time the issue is published the preliminary work of hounds will be in full swing. The regular season begins even more hopefully than usual, as after a succession of wretchedly bad-scenting winters, last season was quite satisfactory in this highly important direction. Briefly, it was really good in the majority of countries, and the afterglow of the contentment felt at the end by Masters, huntsmen, and followers alike is in evidence now.

Of course, our present optimism may not be justified. There is no really logical reason why one good season for scent should be followed by another equally good. But then the whole subject of scent is one completely to baffle the logician. In view of the fact that recent experiences go to show that bad-scenting years come in

patches, is it not reasonable to suppose that the good years will come together correspondingly? At least let us hope that this is so, for the sake of sport in the coming winter. A curious feature of scent in the Midlands last season was that it was either very bad or very good. In other words, there were few medium days. Either hounds could run in tremendous style, or they were hopelessly at fault. Lord Lonsdale told me that this was his experience in the Cottesmore country, and here the good days were frequent enough to make it a season to be very pleasantly remembered.

It was interesting to obtain from the Master of the Cottesmore



THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS—OUTSIDE DEEPPDALE WOOD

(Photograph by Topical Press)

his opinion of the so-called and much-discussed mysteries of scent. He considers that scent is purely a question of its weight in the atmosphere. Sometimes scent lies very low to the ground, when hounds have to stoop for it; at other times it is "breast high," and then the pack can generally burst up their foxes in good style. Again there are times when scent floats higher still, and those are the days when hounds cannot own the line for long together. So high does the aroma so distracting to hounds occasionally rise in the air that one's own nose actually detects it, says the high authority whose theory I am quoting.

Granted that the prospects of good scent are not unfavourable, how stand the other tokens of the season? It can at once be said that the general outlook is bright. There will be the usual obstacles in certain countries—wire, shooting syndicates, mangy foxes, and the rest; but these isolated troubles do not affect the all-round prosperity of fox-hunting, though mischievous enough in countries where they exist. Mange, for example, is a dreadful spoilsport, and I am exceedingly sorry to learn that that hard-working M.F.H. Mr. H. W. Selby-Lowndes, who did wonders in the East Kent country until his foxes became contaminated, is very short of hunting material just now on account of the ravages of the disease. It has completely wiped out the foxes at Waldershare and other former strongholds in this district.

There is, however, still some soul of goodness in things evil, for the outbreak of mange in East Kent has induced its hunting people to make a more strenuous effort than ever they made before to improve the future supply of foxes. A gradually increasing trouble in this country is that many landowners are compelled by the stress of bad times to let their shootings. The people who take them as a rule are shooting folk purely and simply. Possibly they have given orders to their keepers not to molest the foxes, but those orders are ignored. Every year a certain amount of shooting property comes into the market, and it has now occurred to the East Kent Hunt to hire more of the coverts themselves. Thus instead of having shooting syndicates in their midst, there will be syndicates of fox-hunters, who if necessary will be able to sub-let the coverts while keeping their own keepers in charge. A fund has been formed, and there seems to be good reason to believe that the enterprise will meet with its due reward.

I have drawn attention to this move in the East Kent and other countries because I think it is a scheme which might well be adopted by more hunts who find their sport appreciably hindered by shooting syndicates. No good ever came of abusing gunners, who are obviously entitled to enjoy their sport even if they fail to extend the glad hand to hounds and their followers; but the renting of coverts by the hunt would surely help to solve the difficulty without damaging the interests of shooting. Of course, it will increase hunt expenditure; but will it not be money well laid out?

In countries like the Craven the antagonistic attitude of keepers becomes intolerable to those responsible for showing sport with hounds. Towards the end of last season the joint Masters found it necessary to address an appeal to the covert-owners and shooting tenants in the Craven country, asking them to take steps to prevent the laying of poison and setting of traps above ground. No fewer

than four old foxes and five cubs were picked up poisoned at one part of the season, and during the last week's hunting a valuable hound was poisoned and several injured by being caught in iron gins above ground. Diplomatically the Masters said they were sure that in every case these means were used by servants without the knowledge or sanction of their employers. We will leave it at that, with a passing regret that the good fellowship between fox-hunters and gunners should not be strong enough to render incidents like those in the Craven country much more uncommon.

A slight shadow which hangs on the hunting horizon at the



MEET OF THE QUORN AT INGERSBY STATION—THE FIELD MOVING OFF

(*Photograph by Topical Press*)

opening of another season is the increasing activity of the poultry clubs. Various propositions and suggestions by them were considered by the committee of the Masters of Foxhounds Association, who met a deputation from the poultry clubs in May, with the result that a resolution was passed at the annual meeting of the Association to the effect that its members "unanimously recommend that fair compensation should be promptly paid for all loss of poultry by foxes, but that the same can only be dealt with by each individual hunt." The subject is a difficult one to discuss.

"Ware poultry!" I can imagine some people saying; but several correspondents have been kind enough to tell me something about their experiences, and I should like to quote their remarks.

This, for example, is what Earl Bathurst, writing from the V. W. H. (Cirencester) country, says of the poultry question: "Much depends on whether a hunt has a good secretary and whether he is able to get the right sort of gentlemen in different parts of the country to co-operate with him in ascertaining if the claims are genuine, and seeing that just compensation is made for damages. This, I am glad to say, is well managed in my country, and no difficulties occur."

"I do not think the poultry question will cause us any serious trouble here," writes the Duke of Beaufort from Badminton.

Mr. R. H. Gosling, the Master of the Garth, says: "Prompt payment and local supervision are the two great savings of rows. A secretary who after first telling the claimer he does not believe him in his claim and then not paying till months after is a terrible man."

From the V. W. H. (Cricklade) country it is written: "The question of poultry claims is doubtless an expensive item; but the farmers here, both small and large, are good sportsmen, and they appear to meet the question of poultry losses with reason and good nature, and those who kindly attend to claims appear to act in a tactful and, at the same time, generous manner." Mr. E. P. Rawnsley, the joint Master of the Southwold Hounds, says: "The poultry question presents no great difficulties. Either Sir William Coake or I make a point of going to see applicants and settle with them. We have many large and even small farmers who generously never make any claims, and the large number of rabbits in the country save the poultry."

From the Bramham Moor (Yorkshire) country: "Poultry claims increase; but all cases are carefully inquired into and reasonable compensation given. One reason for more poultry and some lambs being taken nowadays is that rabbits, the natural food of vixen and cubs, are kept down rigidly on many estates on account of damage to crops, and foxes must eat something."

Captain Walter Faber writes for the Tedworth Hunt: "The poultry here give us no trouble, as the farmers manage the matter themselves." The Rev. A. Milne, the Master of the Cattistock, says: "We pay no poultry fund here, so I am not interested in the question. I feel perfectly certain that if proper precautions are taken as to shutting up poultry, very few are lost." The secretary of the Pytchley Hunt says: "We always try and meet the poultry keepers in case of loss provided we are satisfied that every care is taken, and no evidence of dissatisfaction has yet reached me."

From the Cheshire country: "The poultry question at the present time is undoubtedly giving trouble, but considering the liberal way claims have been dealt with in Cheshire, I do not think we shall have any more than ordinary trouble." Mr. E. E. Barclay, Master of the Puckeridge Hounds, tells me that there is no trouble about poultry claims in his country. "The said claims are looked into at once and settled promptly and fairly, and evidently to the satisfaction of the poultry keepers." The Master of the Blackmore Vale (Dorset) Hounds is glad that "we have not been worried a great deal with the poultry question yet, but we compensate at a



THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT—MEET AT FARNBOROUGH

(Photograph by Topical Press)

certain degree any loss of poultry. There are no great poultry farms in the Vale."

One of the Staffordshire Hunt secretaries, a sportsman of long experience, grants that the poultry question is a great difficulty, and the keeping of poultry in the fields has increased the difficulty ten times, but as long as farmers think they get a profit they cannot be blamed. The fox goes round these poultry-houses in the fields every night, and then one night finds one left open by mistake, and every head of poultry is endangered, whereas when the poultry were kept about the farm buildings in the old-fashioned way, only stray fowls used to be taken."

"In my country we have not as yet had any serious difficulty

about compensation for losses of poultry by foxes ; but it is a very serious question," writes Viscount Portman, the doyen of Masters of Hounds. Mr. Albert Brassey states for the Heythrop country that "poultry claims are dealt with by a committee, and reasonable compensation is always given." The further the subject is considered the more obvious it becomes that local difficulties must be settled locally, and I hope it will always be possible to do so without friction or outside interference.

All early autumnal reports from the shires are in a hopeful strain. Huntsmen say that cubs are plentiful, and in countries like the Quorn, the Belvoir, the Cottesmore, the Fernie, and the Pytchley the outlook would seem to be as favourable as ever. In the last-named country it was feared by some that Frank Freeman's propensities for fox-catching had unduly depleted the stock of foxes at the end of last season, and complaints were heard in some quarters. He and his hounds are certainly demons for blood. The misgivings, however—never shared by those in a position to judge properly—are already falsified, as reports have come to hand of an abundance of foxes, the number, if anything, being in excess of recent years.

The Pytchley people still rejoice in the ideal combination of Lord Annaly and Frank Freeman. There is none to surpass it. The only changes are the appointment of two new whippers-in, namely, Ted Molyneux from the Warwickshire, and Tom Peaker, Freeman's former second horseman, who are now first and second respectively. Mr. E. A. V. Stanley was a comparative stranger in the Woodland Pytchley country last season, but did well, and is likely to do even better this winter. The outlook here is promising in every way. There are plenty of cubs, and landowners and farmers are sympathetic towards the sport.

One of their oldest friends has been lost to the Pytchley countries by the recent death of Earl Spencer, three times master of the Pytchley proper, and once of the Woodland division. In his day a rider to hounds who could not easily be beaten, a kindly landlord, a notable statesman who never allowed his devotion to sport to interfere with his arduous duties, Lord Spencer was one of the great figures of the latter half of the nineteenth century. One who often rode with him over the ox-rails of "the strongest country in England," well describes him in the course of a fine tribute as "not only a model sportsman and leader of men, but the sincere friend of his associates in the hunting field, one and all of whom looked up to him with reverence and regard beyond words." Another very notable figure in the Pytchley field has passed away since this time last year—Sir Herbert Langham, whose knowledge of fox-hunting and other country pursuits was altogether exceptional. Other

Masters and ex-Masters of Foxhounds gone from us during the past twelve months are Mr. C. S. Lindsell, Mr. Arthur Wilson, Mr. Fred Usher, Mr. Andrew Knowles, Lord Greville, Mr. J. E. Hasell, "Tommy" Dobson, Mr. J. Gardner, and Colonel Blencowe Cookson.

From the Pytchley to the Grafton is not a far step. In both countries a tremendous toll of foxes was taken last season, and the Grafton resembles the neighbouring district in being still well-foxed. Mr. Charles McNeill has earned for himself the name of a very bloodthirsty huntsman; but that is what is required in the big Grafton woodlands. At the Paulerspury kennels they have a rare



THE BICESTER HUNT—MEET AT HINTON-IN-THE-HEDGES

(Photograph by Topical Press)

entry this season, having put on something like fifteen couples of young dogs and the same number of bitches. These are mostly by Belvoir sires, and the kennel is in a fair way to making as great a reputation as it held in the days of Grafton Woodman. The hunting-boxes in this country have let remarkably well, and it looks like being another good season, if—ah! that inevitable conjunction—scent will only lie. Anyway, Mr. McNeill will have all his work cut out if he hopes to equal or beat the record number of seventy-five brace of foxes which he succeeded in killing last season. Fortunately

he is backed up most ably by his joint Master, that excellent sportsman Sir Samuel Scott, who believes in giving the huntsman plenty of room—a *sine quâ non* for sport.

So far as can be ascertained, the number of packs of foxhounds will be two fewer than last season. In each case the pack which has disappeared was merely a private one, existing by permission of the Masters of neighbouring Hunts. One pack was that maintained for several seasons in the Avon Vale district by Mr. Herbert Nell, who was indebted to the Duke of Beaufort for the loan of some fair hunting country. The other pack belonged to Mr. W. Gordon Canning, and was used to hunt some country lent to that gentleman by the Master of the Ledbury. Both these establishments have been closed, and the hounds have been sold under the hammer. In Scotland, Mr. C. Scott Plummer has given up the foxhounds which he hunted in the neighbourhood of Selkirk for many seasons; but I understand that Major A. Mitchell has taken over the country in conjunction with Mr. A. C. Paton, and they have re-named it the Lauderdale. George Holland, who was formerly with the Haydon Hounds, has been engaged as huntsman, and no loss of sport is to be expected in this old-established wall-country by reason of the change of arrangements.

In the winter the resignations of masterships were, if anything, more numerous than usual, and surely it is an excellent sign that we now find nearly every country with settled arrangements for the ensuing season. Masters of Hounds complain that the game is getting much too expensive for them. They also say, many of them, that the annoyances they receive from certain thoughtless, selfish, or ignorant members of their field, tend to make the mastership of hounds a thing to be avoided. And yet the supply of Masters is equal to the demand.

Unfortunately it is impossible for every pack to find its leader in a popular local sportsman who has a stake in the district; but there would seem to be no lack of real and ardent sportsmen who are prepared to take over the management of a strange country. Whether this is altogether for the benefit of fox-hunting is a moot point which need not be argued here. However, the records of hunting show that even in the earliest days of the chase it was not uncommon for a hunt to elect a stranger as its M.F.H., and with perfect satisfaction to all parties concerned. It has become the fashion nowadays for hunts to advertise in the sporting papers when in want of new Masters, and a really desirable country will obtain applicants from all parts of the kingdom. It is not infrequent for a Hunt Committee to find themselves with an *embarras de richesses* in the shape of suitable applications, and, as may well

be imagined, it is not at all an easy task to select the right man to recommend to the country.

Going through the lists of foxhound packs alphabetically, one finds a change of Masters in the Albrighton country. Colonel Cuthbert Goulburn has retired after holding office since 1905, and his place is filled by Major C. G. Mayall, who has been acting as joint Master of the South Berks. The new M.F.H. has a thorough knowledge of hounds and their maintenance, and although he will be slightly handicapped by appearing as a stranger among the Albrighton people, he is well qualified to keep up the best traditions



CUB-HUNTING WITH THE GRAFTON—MEET AT WHITLEY WOOD

(*Photograph by Topical Press*)

of the country. The Albrighton Hunt enjoys the good wishes and support of the farmers, who, as far as they possibly can, meet the hunt in regard to the removal of barbed wire. The reason for so much wire in this country is that there is more dairy farming now than was formerly the case. Accordingly, bulls are turned out, and must be kept in bounds.

It is pleasant to know that the occupiers of land here are having rather better times; and if things were to improve still more with them there would be very little bother between farmers and

fox-hunters in the Albrighton country. The cost of poultry claims, of wire being taken down and put up again, and of other increasing charges, together with an apparent shortage of money in the country (judging by the fact that subscribers are becoming fewer and giving less)—all this makes it very difficult to carry on a hunt like the Albrighton. Especially, too, as people are going in for motors, and say they cannot afford to hunt and keep a car!

In the Atherstone country the committee were faced with the resignation of the Earl of Huntingdon last season. But eventually the difficulties were adjusted, and this keen sportsman continues in the command. The Badsworth Hounds have a new leader in Mr. Gordon Foster, and the Old Berkeley (West) have returned to the leadership of Mr. W. W. Tyrwhitt Drake, on whose acceptance of the duties the followers of the pack are sincerely to be congratulated. There is a change to be recorded in the South Berks country, from which Mr. Seymour Dubourg and Major Mayall have retired. The former of these sportsmen had been associated with the mastership since 1894, and one of the reasons for his resignation is his wish to devote more time to the work of the Berkshire Territorials. The new Master is Mr. Harry Boileau, who until recently hunted the Old Surrey country.

Mr. F. J. B. Wingfield Digby is fulfilling expectations in the pleasant Blackmore Vale country, and is a most popular young Master. He is likely to find plenty of foxes in the Vale this season, even more than last winter, when they made their total bag up to 89½ brace. They then found more foxes in the Sparkford Vale—which is the Blackmore Vale's best "fly" country—than they had had for many seasons, and from all accounts there will be no falling off in the supply this time. In the Saturday country, which is in the Stalbridge Vale and always abounds with foxes, there also promises to be a great number; so, too, round Pulham. It is of interest to note that the Blackmore Vale Sampson was the champion dog at the West of England Hound Show at Exeter, and the B.V. were second to the Cattistock in the class for two couples of entered dog hounds. I understand that Mr. Wingfield Digby hopes to hunt the country himself two days a week, and William Welch, who acts as first whipper-in when the Master is in charge of the pack, will hunt them on the other two days.

From the Bramham Moor country I learn that the season is expected to be a good one. There are excellent litters of cubs practically over the whole of the district covered by Mr. Lane-Fox's pack. Hounds were never better, and the entry of bitches is particularly good. The eighteen couples of young hounds put on are by Bramham, Belvoir, Brocklesby, Meynell, and Warwickshire

sires, and there are tow specially good litters from Sunlight and Trinket by the Meynell Warrener.

The Rev. Edgar Milne resumes the sole control in the Cattistock country, his late partner, Mr. W. F. Fuller, having gone to the V.W.H. (Cricklade) country. The Cattistock began hunting on August 7. Their young hounds are doing well, and on the whole the prospects of the season are encouraging. Shooting interests interfere with one side of the country, but the hunt is more fortunate than one or two others in this respect. Mr. Milne is something of a Socialist in the matter of shooting. He thinks it



NOT THE WAY TO POPULARISE HUNTING

(Photograph by Sport and General Illustrations Co.)

is absolutely wrong that a man should come and take a small shoot in the middle of a hunting country, and kill not only his own but also his neighbour's foxes. He would be the first to call out if one of his pheasants were to be shot by a neighbour. In Cheshire the prospects are said to be distinctly bright, with an excellent supply of foxes. Sir John Hume-Campbell having gone back to Berwickshire—his own country—the sole mastership of the North Cotswold Hounds now devolves on Mr. C. T. Scott, who has agreed to hunt the pack five days a fortnight, with by-days after Christmas. Lord

Charles Bentinck made a good start in the Croome country last year, and the outlook for the coming season is satisfactory, in spite of some delay in cub-hunting, caused by the backward harvest.

Colonel A. H. Carter has taken the Mid-Devon Hounds, while Mr. Ernest Hancock has joined Sir Gilbert Wills in the command of the Dulverton Hounds, as the latter expects to be abroad during a part of the season. An interesting change has been effected in the Eastbourne country, where the Duke of Devonshire has consented to fill the position formerly held by Colonel Cardwell and Mr. Kirby Stapley. The position is that the Duke takes over the entire establishment, but the Committee retains the management, and subscriptions will now be used to defray expenses in connection with the country and to improve it as far as is possible. Mr. Stapley has consented to continue to hunt the pack. "Tommy" Dobson, the quaint old character who hunted the Eskdale foot pack for so many years in Cumberland, left his hounds to his friend and huntsman, W. C. Porter, who is to carry them on.

Followers of the Essex Hounds have been very sorry to lose the services of Mr. John Swire, but they are fortunate in having secured another excellent sportsman to succeed him in Captain Seymour Gosling, who is well known in the country. The Essex Union Hunt have also found a most desirable new Master in Captain Godfrey Heseltine, who rides to hounds as well as he plays polo—which is saying a good deal. The outlook for the season in Mr. George Fitzwilliam's country is extremely favourable, and the two packs hunted in the north by Earl Fitzwilliam should also enjoy good sport.

This applies more particularly to the Grove country, because in the district hunted by Lord Fitzwilliam's Wentworth pack fox-hunting is becoming more difficult every year, by reason of new collieries and railways, extension of tramcar lines, and the increase of the population. Notwithstanding this, his lordship still keeps the family pack going, and the sport that is obtained in spite of the drawbacks I have mentioned is astonishing. The colliers and other workmen in the district are all fond of sport, and if any were caught destroying foxes I fancy they would have a rough time at the hands of their fellow workers. To be able to draw coverts which at their boundaries have collieries employing probably from 1,500 to 3,000 men, and always to be certain of finding a fox therein, says a great deal for the sporting feeling of these people, and so far as I can gather the fox supply is likely to be quite equal to the demand for the coming season.

Mr. Aubrey Wallis has left his home in Ireland to hunt the Four Burrow country in Cornwall, and Mr. R. Guy Everard has

taken Mr. F. Gibson Fry's place in the mastership of the South Herefordshire Hounds. Prospects are described as excellent in the Garth country, where they are very fortunate in having no shooting syndicates, the properties being held by wealthy landowners who give their keepers the strictest orders to let foxes alone. King George heads the list of the largest Garth land and covert owners, others being the Duke of Wellington, Sir Anthony Cope, Mr. Walter of Bearwood, Mr. Godsall of Haines Hill, and Mr. Guy Smith of Shottesbrook. Between 3,000 and 4,000 pheasants are reared on



THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS AT CLOUTSHAM

(*Photograph by Topical Press*)

each of their estates, but the coverts are open to the hounds from the beginning of cub-hunting to the end. Mr. R. H. Gosling, whose remarks on the poultry question I have already quoted, writes: "More chickens are reared every year. There are more foxes in the country every year. More people hunt, and more people who hunt should pay a substantial sum for their pleasure, instead of getting out at a minimum subscription, which does not ever stop them grumbling and finding fault."

Mr. Bernard Kidd has accepted the West Kent country, and

has got a thoroughly experienced man in Fred Kinch as his huntsman. Sir George Bullough goes on single-handed in the Ledbury country, Captain Warren Peacocke having returned to Ireland to hunt the Muskerry Hounds in partnership with Mr. J. Bullough and Mr. D. C. Bingham. Mr. E. Deacon has taken the Newmarket and Thurlow Hounds, and Captain Champion has succeeded the Earl of Romney in the mastership of the West Norfolk country. Mr. John Clay is found in the leadership of the North Northumberland Hounds, which he will maintain at his own expense, and Captain Milvain has taken Mr. J. B. Pease's place in the mastership of the Percy Hunt. Mr. E. E. Barclay is joined by his son in hunting the Puckeridge country. Prospects here are good, the reports of cubs being quite satisfactory. Mange has almost entirely disappeared.

Writing on the outlook in that part of Dorset which is covered by his pack, Lord Portman says: "The Land Valuation clauses in the Finance Act will press very hardly on landowners whether in town or country; and I quite expect that the scale of fox-hunting expenses will have to be modified, even if in some cases packs are not given up altogether."

Earl Manvers has resumed his old position in the Rufford country, and Mr. J. M. Curre, one of the best of modern gentlemen huntsmen, has taken the Radnorshire and West Herefordshire Hounds. "On the whole, in my thirty-one years' experience as Master, I never remember a better prospect," says Mr. E. P. Rawnsley, of the Southwold country. Mr. S. H. Christy has gone from Cornwall to hunt the South Shropshire country, and has no easy task in following so good a man as Mr. J. C. Dun-Waters, whose splendid hounds fetched notable prices at the Rugby sale. Among other new Masters Mr. S. Lockwood has taken the Stainton Dale Hounds, Mr. Edward Murray the Surrey Union, and Mr. R. H. Baskerville the East Sussex. Sir Henry Ripley gives up the joint mastership of the Teme Valley, whereas Lord Harris has accepted a similar position in the Tickham country.

In the Tedworth the prospects are good. Captain Walter Faber has proved an excellent Master, and for this season he has plenty of foxes, and is on excellent terms with the landowners, shooting tenants, and farmers. He is a great believer in consulting landowners and shooting tenants on every possible occasion, and generally writes to each one whose property the hounds have been on to report what has been done that day. The owners like it, and it is only courteous to them in a shooting country.

Mr. W. Marshall occupies the late Mr. J. E. Hasell's place in the Ullswater country, while Mr. T. Butt Miller, for many years the highly popular Master of the V.W.H. (Cricklade), is succeeded by

Mr. Fuller, who begins his term of office with an excellent supply of healthy foxes. Mr. Richard Bower has gone from Suffolk to hunt the South and West Wilts, and in the York and Ainsty country it is good to know that so experienced a sportsman as Mr. J. S. H. Fullerton is now at the head of affairs.

So far as Scotland is concerned, Sir J. Hume-Campbell hunts the Berwickshire Hounds this season, and Mr. A. J. Meldrum has joined Sir Robert Usher in the mastership of the Linlithgow and Stirling. I have already alluded to the change which has occurred in the district formerly hunted by Mr. Plummer. There are not many alterations this season in Ireland. The Kildare have got a keen and much-liked Master in Captain Arnold Wills, and the United Hunt a new leader in Major Martin Powell. I have previously mentioned the names of the syndicate who are to run the Muskerry country this season.

Prospects in Meath were never brighter. There has been a good deal of difficulty in the past owing to the disaffection of some of the smaller land-owning class. But, thanks to Lord Fingall's exceeding popularity, a changed spirit has made itself felt, and hounds are being now welcomed everywhere. The old keenness in favour of sport is returning. In the remoter parts, where the erstwhile large grazing tracts have been sold by the former owners and small holdings of twenty to fifty acres been established, the wire difficulty is making itself felt, the Estate Commissioners in some cases having divided the lands with this iniquitous fence. A deputation from all hunts in Ireland waited on this board, and were met in the most friendly way, receiving assurances that no difficulty of this kind would in future be put in the way of hunters. It has been arranged that the hounds are again to hunt five days a week, as it is impossible to do full justice to this famous Irish country with a smaller number of days.





ARANI COUNTRY

THE BONES OF SHUNDU

BY GEOFFREY WILLIAMS

SHUNDU the King lay dead in his hut, and throughout the tribe of the Arani the spirit of impending trouble stalked at large. As the news was cried from peak to peak the villages on the green hill-slopes hummed like so many agitated beehives. Under each Shauri¹ tree there gathered swiftly a crowd of anxious men who, pressing thickly round their local elder, discussed in eager tones the meaning of the great tidings, and rumour after rumour ran across the countryside like fire through the dry grass in autumn. For Shundu the king was dead, and none knew what would come of it.

Alone in the royal courtyard Kibitok² his son sat motionless on his stool of polished wood, his head resting on his hand, and stared with brooding eyes at the thin blue line of forest in the far distance where lay the burial-ground of the kings of the Arani, and none dared break in upon him. Around the royal kraal the chattering of the people was hushed; even the children abandoned their games in the dust and sat quietly beneath the spreading bananas, wondering. Now and again a woman passed silently from hut to hut about some household business, averting her eyes from the still figure sitting alone in the sunlight. Only the wailing of Shundu's widows in the hut behind broke the tense silence.

¹ Shauri—Discussion or Palaver.

² Pronounced Kibēētōk.

For Kibitok knew not what to do, and all the tribe was awaiting his word.

According to the law of the Arani—a law which had never been broken in the history of the people—dead kings must be buried in the royal burial-ground beyond the blue forest on the misty hills in the heart of the country of Ketrani. Until the ceremony had been completed the new king might not assume any of the privileges of royalty, he could not sit on the royal stool or dwell in the royal hut; and the robes of office, the karosses of skins of the rare grey squirrel that only kings may wear, were laid aside and might not be touched save by the old woman, the oldest wife of a dead-and-gone king, whose duty it was to guard them.

The Ketrani had ever been a subject people, and the ceremony of burial had come to be regarded as an assertion of the authority of



ARANI NATIVES

the ruling tribe; but now all was changed, and the days when the Arani ruled all men from the White Mountains to the Great Lake were gone, and their power was broken. Shundu had outlived his strength, and when he ceased to patrol his wide borders and keep his greatness a living thing in the minds of the tribesmen, preferring to spend his days smoking in inglorious ease amongst his banana groves, the outlying chieftains were not slow to seize their opportunity. One by one they cast off their allegiance, and behind them all, urging, encouraging, and helping with arms and men, stood Chemosit,¹ the chief of the Ketrani. Daily Chemosit had grown more insolent, more independent. Quietly he had strengthened

¹ Pronounced Chemosēt.

his position on every side, and now that the actual moment arrived Kibitok and all his people realised with sudden and amazed fear to what end Chemosit's policy had tended.

Lulled into false security while Shundu smoked and slept, and Kibitok idled amongst his women, they had had no thought for the future, and now it was too late. To enter Ketran was impossible, and that Chemosit would refuse passage and guard his borders with swarms of hardy mountaineers everyone guessed. Force was out of the question, and that he both could and would call twenty chiefs to his aid none doubted; wherefore Kibitok sat staring at the forests, cursing his idleness and folly in his heart. This in itself was bad enough, but more lay behind. Twelve years before, while Shundu had ruled his rolling downs as a warrior and a man should, he had loved and married Chepkosket, the sister of Chemosit, and she, full of the energy and arrogance of the mountain peoples, had become a power in the land. Though last and youngest of Shundu's wives, she had swiftly become the greatest, and though she had ever deferred to Kibitok, and treated him with the respect due to his position, he felt that this was but a cloak to hide her real intent, and that when he stood confessed as a weakling king, unable to carry out the law, she would be an ever-present danger, using his difficulties as so many steps on the ladder of her own ambition. Hitherto her son Djemerri had seemed to him no more than one of the many children who played in the dust of the royal courtyard, for he had never troubled himself with politics or aught save his own amusement; now the lad loomed suddenly before his imagination as a rival, and a serious one. It would not be long, he thought, before Chepkosket declared her purpose. As he realised this he determined to be beforehand with her, and rising to his feet summoned a messenger to call the elders and the people.

"Bid them come swiftly," he commanded, "that they may hear the word of the King." And while he awaited their arrival he paced slowly up and down, revolving what he should say. Through the wide gates streamed the people, their unshod feet making no sound on the bare brown earth, and when all were come, standing rank by rank in anxious anticipation, Kibitok strode towards them, raising his hand above his head as he approached.

"Hear, O people, the word of the King!" quavered an old chief, once the leading warrior of Shundu's armies.

"We hear, O King," came the reply, and once more silence fell upon the great assembly.

"Shundu the King is dead, and I the King reign in his stead," began Kibitok, but before he could continue a voice from behind broke in.

"And how shall Kibitok reign while Shundu lies unburied in his house?"

"Be silent there," cried the King furiously, turning in the direction of the voice; but only a laugh answered him as a woman stepped out from the huts, leading a child by the hand. Slowly and with dignity she made her way to the middle of the great enclosure, taking up her position full in front of the angry king, while a murmur of mingled horror and amazement ran through the serried ranks of people like a breeze through the bamboo forests of the mountains.

Handsome she was and stately, with the delicate aristocratic



HERD OF CATTLE IN THE ARANI COUNTRY

features of the hill tribes; and it was with no sign of fear, but with defiance and a great scorn, that she addressed the man before her.

"When is to be the funeral, O King?" she cried; "do we go even now to bear great Shundu to his grave; and is this the escort that will guard our steps? It is a happy augury for the new reign to see the law carried out so swiftly."

"Hold thy peace," answered Kibitok, sternly. "These are matters for men to decide, they are too high for women. In due time all things will be done in order; meanwhile Chepkosket——"

"Meanwhile," she cried, her voice now soft with mocking laughter; "meanwhile Kibitok will eat and drink and be merry, for what else has he ever done? And Shundu will rot in his house,"

unburied and unhonoured. Great will be the glory of the people of the Arani and of the king who thus upholds the law. Hear ye," she continued, turning to the astonished ranks and stretching out her hand towards them, "these are the words of Chemosit my brother, Lord of Ketran, spoken through me the Queen: 'Let Kibitok come to visit the Lord of Ketran, bearing the body of Shundu the king, alone and unattended; so only shall he pass the border.' Nay," she added, as Kibitok, maddened at the insult, raised his spear to silence her for ever, "put aside that toy; shall it be said that the first blood that the king ever shed in anger was the blood of a woman, and that only because she feared him not?"

Thrice Kibitok strove to answer her, and thrice he failed, choked by rage and shame; then suddenly he drew himself up, looking for the first time in his easy life a man indeed.

"Silence, my people," he thundered; "silence for the decision of the King. Idle have I been, but I will be so no more. Wasted are the past years, but they shall be redeemed. Here and now shall Shundu be buried beneath the floor of his house, and for the space of one year I will not look upon the face of woman, living as a warrior should. But when this day comes round again I will enter Ketran, alone and unattended, bearing the bones of Shundu the King, and none shall say me nay. And then, Chepkosket the Queen, and not till then, will I deal with you."

With these words he turned on his heel, and without even waiting for any expression of assent or otherwise, dismissed the gathering with a wave of his spear. Swiftly the murmuring throng melted away through the gates to spread the wonderful news far and wide; and close on their heels followed runners dispatched by Kibitok to summon men to arms from every distant village.

Chepkosket stood alone in the empty courtyard frowning darkly, uneasy and disturbed at the turn affairs had taken. She had counted on an exhibition of futile anger and weak excuses from Kibitok, which would have alienated all who heard. From the scene that would have ensued, which she would have known well how to turn to her own advantage, she had looked for an opportunity to bring her own son forward as able and willing to carry out the law, backed as he was by the favour and interest of Chemosit of Ketran.

But Kibitok's resolute stand had altered the entire situation, and as she looked out on the blue line of trees that marked the boundary of her own country she shivered slightly and grasped her child more tightly by the hand at the thought of the threat contained in his last words. Much, however, might happen in a year, and after all it was improbable that Kibitok would in so short a time gain such control of the border as to enable him to carry out his

promise. Still, he came of fighting stock, and Chepkosket's frown grew deeper yet as she realised that the issue was more than doubtful. Presently, however, the sound of digging in the hut behind her roused her from her thoughts, and as she listened to the making of the grave of Shundu her brow cleared and she laughed quietly to herself.

"I have it," she muttered. "Come, Djemerri, and listen carefully while I tell thee what we must do, thou and I, before thou dost sit on the royal stool and wear the king's kaross." And so saying



KETRANI WARRIORS

she led the way back to the women's quarters, where she could perfect her plans in peace.

All through the night the messengers of Kibitok sped on over the grass-clad hills and dales of the Arani, which stretch away to the horizon like a vast sea-swell grown solid. Village after village awakened suddenly from its quiet sleep, answered the King's call to arms, and when the first rays of the rising sun struck on the grey grass roofs of the royal town of Ngokwet the flash of countless spears approaching from east and west and south and north brought comfort to the heart of Kibitok as he sat anxiously watching and waiting at the gates.

Soon the quiet streets echoed to the muffled tramp of many feet, and the eyes of the older men, who remembered the great days of Shundu in his prime, gleamed eager and fierce in the hope that the tarnished honour of the race would once again be as bright as any spear that glittered in the clear white light.

In the forefront of the women, children, and old men who assembled to see the army depart, stood Chepkosket, proud and arrogant as ever, and with the same mocking smile on her face.

"Greeting, O King," she cried, as Kibitok passed her with averted head in accordance with his vow, "and may the spirits of the White Mountains guard thy steps and grant thee victory."

Now this was the worst of omens, for the spirits who dwell in the rocky caves of the great White Mountains away to the north, where none dare venture, are the souls of the dead-and-gone Arani; and no man may speak of them save by implication, and even that with fear and trembling. Wherefore the marching ranks wavered like a reed in the wind as they heard.

But Kibitok, glorying in his new-found strength, laughed aloud. "Who heeds the words of an angry woman?" he said, and passed on.

As strength in a leader breeds strength in his men, so the wavering ranks drew close again, and with heads held high and singing the war song of the Arani, at the sound of which the hills tremble and weaklings flee, marched onward to the border. Baffled in her purpose and put to shame before the people, Chepkosket's face grew hard and set till those around fell away from her in fear. For a while she stood, her dark eyes full of smouldering hate, gazing after the retreating army till the last man melted away, swallowed up in the waving red-brown grass; then she turned, and with a menacing gesture moved slowly back to her own place.

Throughout that day she was seen no more, but when night had fallen and all who were left in Ngokwet were deeply sunk in sleep and naught broke the silence save the sharp bark of some prowling jackal, or the weird, unearthly cry of the striped hyæna that wanders nightly round the haunts of men seeking for the recent dead, whereby it gains its name, "The Living Tomb," two figures crept from out the quarters of the royal wives, and slinking, like the very beasts without, across the courtyard, entered the hut of Shundu the King.

"The earth is soft, Djemerri," whispered the taller figure; "dig, but dig quietly, though with speed."

At the words Djemerri, drawing a spade from beneath his goat-skin robe, proceeded swiftly to remove the earth from the new-made grave, while Chepkosket leaned against the wall, striving to still the

throbbing of her heart that seemed to her like the beat of a hammer in the silence.

Presently Djemerri touched her lightly, and as she shrank sharply from him, every nerve on edge, he muttered :

“Mother, the work is finished ; now give me thy aid and let us make an end, for I fear greatly.”

“Let not son of mine speak of fear,” answered the woman, recovering herself with an effort. “’Tis but a lump of soulless clay that was once my husband and thy father. I work for the living, and not for the dead.” And, stepping forward, she and her boy drew out the body of Shundu the King, wrapped in its royal kaross, and laid it aside. Swiftly she helped Djemerri to fill in the grave,



A GROUP OF KETRANI NATIVES

and having removed all signs of their doings, they crept back across the empty courtyard, bearing the body between them.

Past the Queen's quarters and on through the silent town slunk the ill-omened pair till they reached the outskirts where the dead of the common people are thrown to the hyænas. Here they stopped till the weird beast-cry sounded close at hand, and then, in the thick darkness of the moonless night, while clouds rolled overhead and a light breeze sighed through the grass stems, they unwrapped the body of Shundu the king and, laying it in the narrow path, turned homewards, reaching their hut as silently as they had left it. For a short while the cry of the hyæna sounded at intervals and then ceased altogether. “All is well,” said Chepkosket to herself ; “when Kibitok returns in the pride of victory to carry out the

law, where will he find the bones of Shundu? The Living Tomb will tell no tales."

Next day there was no sign to guide prying eyes towards the doings of the night. If Shundu's grave was not exactly as it had been the day before, who should know of it? Of all the people there was not one who would dare to enter where a dead king lay buried, save only the old crone who guarded the royal robes, and she was purblind, deaf, and shrunken, caring for nothing but to sit in the sun and feel the warmth of life return for a moment to her shrivelled limbs.

Slowly the months passed by, and Chepkosket moved to and fro among the huts alone and unsought, never joining the chattering throng of women at the waterside, and speaking to none save only her son Djemerri, from whom she learned news of the outside world. Day by day came runners bearing tidings of Kibitok, and telling of alternate success and failure. For the outlying tribes had grown strong during the years of idleness and dishonour, and Kibitok learned the art of war in many a hard-fought battle. But at length the tide turned definitely in his favour, and the days of anxiety changed to days of rejoicing as the news came in that the border was subdued, and Kibitok and his regiments were entering the land of the Ketrani, the last and most powerful tribe of all that stood against him. For long the issue hung in doubt. Though Kibitok's men were many and brave and strong, even nature fought against them. Accustomed to the easy grass-clad slopes of the lower lands, the rocky paths and steep hillsides tried them sorely. As they pushed wearily on through the dense dark forests the gloom entered into their souls and the damp cold of the highland night chilled them as they lay in the wet moss and fern. Every tree-trunk seemed to hide a crouching mountaineer who, like a vicious fly, shot his arrows into the labouring host and then fled away into the leafy mazes that he knew as well as any of the monkeys that swung and chattered in the branches far overhead. Even the women and children gave their aid, eager to take toll of the invader, for a poisoned arrow from an infant's bow is as deadly as any warrior's spear.

But Kibitok, dogged and untiring, clad only in his simple warrior's dress, with no mark of royalty about him save his great height and proud bearing, won through at last; and one bright sunny day, just as the year of probation drew to its close, the news came to Ngokwet that the King was returning, bearing with him Chemosit, the lord of Ketrani, to serve as hostage for the safe passage of the border.

Chepkosket, when she heard of it, showed no sign and abated nothing of her proud aloofness. Those around her, remembering

the words of Kibitok, marvelled that she should stay to face his anger, but she heeded not their whispered conferences. When the conqueror entered his own town once more amid the plaudits of the populace she stood apart, with the old mocking smile on her lips, biding her time, and said no word, good or ill. Her hour would come on the morrow when Kibitok was to carry out the law before all the people, and she could afford to wait.

Even before the breaking of dawn came the people, trooping in from the thousand distant villages of the Arani to do honour to the King and the law; and when at length Kibitok stood forth before them, out rolled the royal salute that is given only to kings that have proved their worthiness and have honourably upheld the law of the land. But Kibitok raised his hand to command silence.

"Peace," he said, "the time is not yet; the year is not completed. Well have ye



THE ENTRANCE TO THE KETRAN COUNTRY

fought for me, my people; and, if I die not, well shall ye be rewarded. But honour is yours this day, since peace spreads her white wings across the borders; and is not honour more than the wives and cattle that I can give? Part of my oath have I kept, and once again the Arani rule unquestioned from the mountains to the lake. But more remains to do. This day I set forth alone and unattended to lay the body of Shundu the King in the place where it should be. Up, ye women," he cried, pointing with his spear towards the wives of the dead king, "bring forth the bones of Shundu."

With steps solemn and slow, chanting the song that is sung over dead kings only, the women entered the royal hut, Chepkosket at their head, and none moved or spoke among the great throng without. Kibitok leaned on his spear, his eyes fixed on the blue forests of Ketran, while the muffled blows of the spades echoed dully in the still air. Presently there was a cry from within the hut, followed by a confused babel of tongues, and the women burst forth in wild agitation.

"The grave is empty!" they shrieked. "Shundu the King is gone, and everlasting dishonour is upon the people of the Arani." And casting themselves upon the ground, they covered their faces with their robes, save only Chepkosket. Upright and alone among the prostrate figures she stretched out her hand towards Kibitok with a gesture of scorn and hatred, while the stricken king leaned still upon his spear, though now the stout shaft bent beneath his weight like a full-drawn bow.

"Where are the bones of Shundu, O most mighty Kibitok?" she cried. "Surely they will be too heavy a burden for that bent back of thine to bear across those weary miles. What a great king indeed is this that cannot guard his father's corpse from any prowling night thief!" And she laughed gently. "I tell thee, O King, that while the hills endure the women will rock their babes to sleep with tales of the weakling ruler who knew not how to guard his father's bones. Surely the spirit of great Shundu himself doth curse thee, unworthy, unhonoured, unroyal. Come hither, Djemerri, my son, and spit upon this thing that calls itself a man. Hast thou no word to say, great conqueror of the Border?"

She ceased her railing, and Kibitok slowly raised himself to his full height, and, still gazing across at the forests which shimmered in the sun-haze as though laughing at the downfall of all his hopes, quietly and sadly he spoke three words, "Unworthy—unhonoured—unroyal," he said; and, twisting the spear he held till the blade pointed to his heart, raised his arm to strike while all the people stood aghast.

But, even as the spear rose, a shrill quavering cry cut through the stillness. "Hold, I bring news," cried the voice, and before Kibitok had recovered from his surprise a wrinkled shrivelled figure tottered out from the crowd, and wrenching the spear from his grasp cast it down in the dust and trampled on it.

"Accursed be thou, O spear, that darest to threaten the life of the King. Hear me, all ye people; and listen well, Chepkosket the Queen; for I, the keeper of the King's karosses, have news," she cried. "When thou and thy son, Chepkosket, crept in by night and did a deed of darkness in the King's hut thou didst not think of the old kaross keeper. In the darkest corner, curled beneath the royal rugs, *I* watched thee. Old am I, and have seen much. Many things I know, but above all others I know an evil woman, and I read her thoughts, since I too have done evil in my time, but I am old and 'tis forgotten. Therefore I guessed thy purpose, and waited for thee. When ye two bore the body of Shundu through the town *I* followed close behind. If thou art silent I am silent too. Where thou didst unwrap the body in the path of that beast we call the Living Tomb I stood by. The body of Shundu was *my* care when thou and Djemerri slunk back to the huts; and when thou didst lie and smile to thyself as the cry of the Living Tomb ceased to break the silence of the night, 'twas after all naught but a dead dog that stayed his hunger. Ha! ha! Chepkosket! If thou art crafty, *I* am craftier still. Here, O great Kibitok, are the bones of Shundu," and laying a bundle at the feet of the King, the keeper of the royal karosses, who had been the fairest of the queens in days forgotten and dead, sat down in the dust and chuckled, pointing one skinny finger at Chepkosket.

Still dignified in defeat, with all her schemes brought to naught, and her boy trembling at her side, that great though evil woman said no word, but with head still proudly erect stood waiting to meet her fate.

And this is the manner in which the bones of Shundu came in the end to lie in the tombs of the kings in far Ketran; for, even as he had sworn, Kibitok bore them alone and unattended across the border, while all the people of Ketran made supplication to him for the life of their lord.

So Kibitok the King returned in honour and slept with his wives in the royal hut, and the kaross that covered him was of the rare grey squirrel that only kings may wear.

And of Chepkosket this only is known: that in the cold of the moon, when all men slept, she and her son crossed the dread river that flows at the foot of the White Mountains, and passed up the slopes towards those spirit caves whence none return alive.



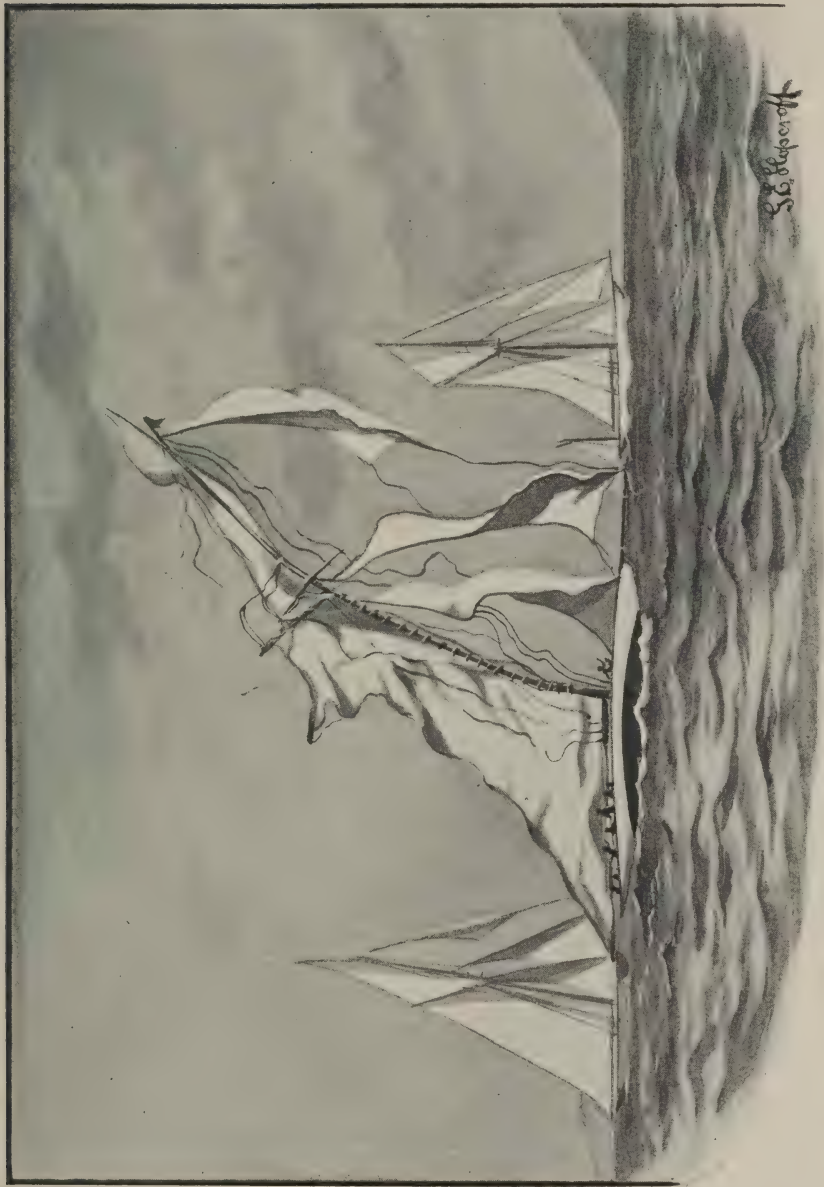
NOTABLE YACHTING INCIDENTS

BY G. E. HOPCROFT

THERE is perhaps no sport more exciting than yacht-racing; indeed, the life of the yachtsman is as full of adventure as that of the soldier. This season has been sadly marred by the loss of the famous racing cutter *Brynhild*, and the 23 metre class now consists of but two yachts, *Shamrock* and *White Heather*. The misfortune to *Brynhild* will be one of the memorable events of 1910, and in this article I wish to give readers some account of other notable incidents which have occurred in connection with yachts.

In 1901 Sir Thomas Lipton made his second attempt to win the America Cup, and Mr. Watson designed that famous cutter *Shamrock II* for that purpose. *Shamrock II* was built on very advanced lines; in fact, she was a "sailing machine," and her mast and rigging were of the very lightest kind obtainable. Sir Thomas had his first yacht, *Shamrock I*, fitted out as a trial boat for the new cutter, and the races between the two yachts were watched with great interest.

On May 22, 1901, *Shamrock II* and her sister ship were to have raced against the famous yawl *Sybarita* in the Solent. His



THE ACCIDENT TO "SHAMROCK II," MAY 22, 1901, WHEN HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD WAS ON BOARD

Majesty King Edward was on board *Shamrock II*, for he dearly loved to sail upon a racer; and, always keen for sport, he did not mind taking his place on deck, even if the yacht were plunging through a very heavy sea in a beat to windward. It was a perfect day, the breeze strong and true. The yachts were just about to cross the line when a squall struck the huge sail spread of *Shamrock II*, and mast, sails, and rigging went over the side. *Shamrock I* tried to go to the assistance of her sister ship, but the squall struck her too; her gaff was broken, and her topsail blown to pieces, so that the mainsail was hanging in a dangerous condition. It was fortunate that the mast fell clear of the deck on *Shamrock II*. Happily no one was hurt. It is wonderful that this huge mast, with its heavy spars and canvas, should have fallen without killing anyone. I do not remember the exact height of *Shamrock's* mast, but it could not have been far short of 160 ft. high. King Edward showed the greatest coolness amid the scene which followed the accident to the mast, and, in spite of the falling yards and blocks, he seemed far more concerned for the safety of the crew than conscious of his own narrow escape. The cause of the mishap is said to have been the breaking of the bobstay; but as several other yachts have been dismasted since from other causes, this may have been only a surmise.

A very notable event took place on the Clyde in July 1894, when the famous racing cutter *Valkyrie II* was sunk by the equally famous yacht *Satanita*. *Vigilant*, the America Cup defender of 1893, was sailing in British waters at that time, and she was entered against the British yachts in the match sailed under the rules of the Mudhook Yacht Club, on August 5, 1894. Everyone was excited, for *Valkyrie* was to meet her old rival again, and every Briton believed that she would turn the tables upon the American sloop. The yachts were sailing to and fro, in order that they might not be over the line too soon, when, in trying to save the lives of some people in a small boat which had managed to drift right on to the course, *Satanita* was obliged to turn her bows towards *Valkyrie*. In spite of the skill and courage shown by the skippers of both yachts, *Satanita* crashed into *Valkyrie*, and her bow cut deeply into the frail hull of Lord Dunraven's cutter. The water rushed into this great gap like a mill-race, and in a few moments *Valkyrie* sank beneath the waters of the Clyde. The crew were saved by the boats of the yachts which had assembled to see the start, but one man was seriously injured, and in spite of every attention died at a cottage hospital, not far from the scene of the accident.

It is a wonder that these accidents occur so seldom, for it



"SATANITA" RUNNING FOUL OF "VALKYRIE II" ON THE CLYDE, JULY 1894

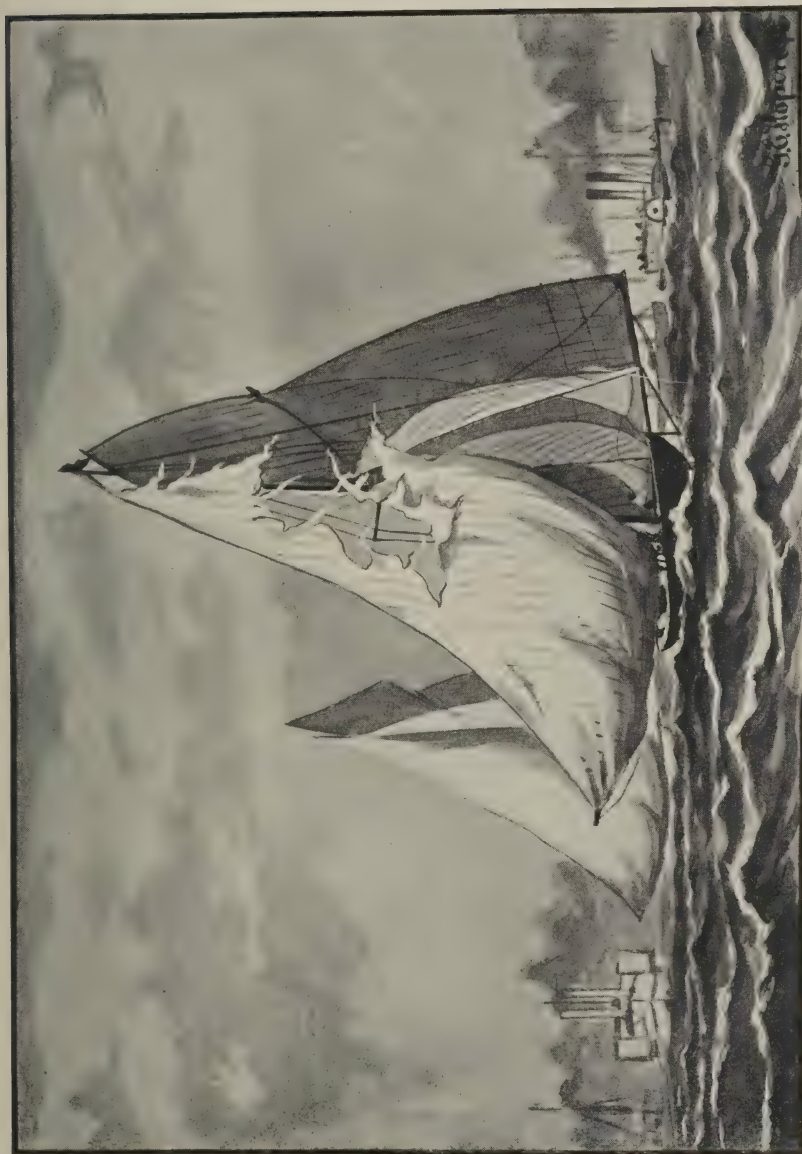
needs the greatest skill to manage our great cutters. In the *Satanita-Valkyrie* affair no one was to blame on board the yachts; for it was impossible for those on board *Satanita* to avoid *Valkyrie* without running into the small boat. The helmsman had to choose between the latter and ramming *Valkyrie*. To have struck the boat, with the great yacht moving at 12 knots, would have caused the loss of several lives, and the helmsman wisely chose the lesser of two evils.

In the early part of 1893 the well-known 40-rater *Queen Mab* made a wonderful passage to America. The passage was wonderful because the little yacht encountered heavy gales, and but for the skill of her captain and crew she would have been lost. She was driven far out of her course, and it was feared that she had foundered. But in spite of the fact that the huge seas washed right over her, the yacht arrived in port at last, much to the surprise of the opponents of the rule under which she was built. *Queen Mab* was a centreboard yacht, and with her shallow draft was hardly the craft one would choose in which to face a gale in mid-Atlantic. The fact that this little yacht lived through all the rough usage which she received must always be a feather in the cap of her skipper and crew.

There is one yachting incident that must always be notable, terribly notable, although it happened in America many years ago. I refer to the loss of the great American schooner *Mohawk*. The American centreboard yacht has been called a death-trap, and in the case of the old-fashioned style the name was well deserved, for a great number of accidents happened to this style of craft between the years 1850 and 1880. The old centreboard yacht was built like a "skimming dish" (the nickname by which sailors still speak of any flat, shallow craft), and she was safe enough until she heeled over quickly. The danger was that the boat had a "vanishing point," if I may use the term, and when once she had heeled over beyond this point the result was inevitable. With the modern type of American centreboard craft there is little danger, for they are mostly built with lead keels as well as centreboards.

Mohawk was, I suppose, the largest centreboard schooner ever built, for she was about 120 feet long on the water-line. In order to convey some idea of her sail area, I should mention that her topsail yard was 163 ft. above the water, and when we remember that this sail plan was put over a hull with only beam and inside ballast to depend upon for stability, one wonders at the courage—not to call it by another name—of the people who were willing, like the wise men of Gotham, to "put to sea in a bowl."

On June 9, 1875, *Mohawk* was launched at Brooklyn, E.D.



"VALKYRIE'S" SPINNAKER BURSTING IN THE AMERICA CUP RACE, OCTOBER 13, 1894

It is said that she stuck when half-way down the ways, and sailors have a horror of a yacht that does not go into the water smoothly. In the case of *Mohawk* there certainly was something in the old nautical idea after all, for she afterwards capsized, and I believe several lives were lost. It was the story of the *Royal George* over again, for the schooner was at anchor. One report says that the yacht had all sail set, and, if that was so, it must have been almost a dead calm before the fatal squall struck her. The huge club top-sail was hoisted, when a gust of wind heeled her over, and as she was at anchor it was impossible for her to gather way. The yacht went down and down until the fatal "vanishing point" was reached, when she filled and sank.

When *Valkyrie II* went to America, in 1893, to sail for the America Cup, a very notable incident happened in the last race of the series. The American defender *Vigilant* had won two straight-away races (out of the five to be sailed if necessary), and when the boats started in the third, and, as it turned out, the last race, the wind was strong. The hopes of our countrymen rose high, for every Englishman longed to see our champion beat the American sloop at last. *Valkyrie* made a good start, and in the beat to windward she outpaced the *Vigilant*, arriving at the outer mark first. But it was the 13th of the month and a Friday, and as soon as the British yacht rounded the outer mark her troubles began. The wind was very strong, and in hoisting the spinnaker a small hole was made in it by the spreaders of the topmast. The wind did the rest, and before long the sail was useless. Another spinnaker was got out, but the golden seconds were going fast, and foot by foot the great American sloop was creeping up astern. It was *Valkyrie's* last chance, for if she lost this last "leg" she also lost the race and the series. The second spinnaker was hoisted, but it shared the fate of the first, and before the small bowsprit spinnaker—which was used as a last resort—could be got into position, *Vigilant* had passed the British yacht. Even then *Valkyrie* only lost the race by a few seconds. Truly the Fates have fought against us in the America Cup races.

There was an extraordinary occurrence at the American Centennial Regatta. Two catamarans (double-hulled yachts) were racing in a good breeze when the bows of one of them suddenly went under water, and the speed of this little sailing machine was so great that she turned end over end. No one was hurt. In case any readers should think that this is a "tall tale," I should mention that small catamarans have been known to sail at a speed of twenty miles an hour.

I might tell many other stories, but I should need a special

volume and not an article if I tried to give the full accounts of many incidents that may well be termed notable. I could relate, for instance, how *Britannia* raced the American yacht *Navahoe* from England to France and beat her by a few yards, only to lose the prize because the mark-boat had been moved. Or I might describe the yacht that once won a cup, but had to give it up again because her racing flag was a few inches too small when measured! But I will only give one more.

When the sloop *Vigilant* was sailing in British waters in 1894 many striking events occurred, and the whole series ended with the "jamming" of the *Vigilant's* centreboard. For the benefit of readers who live inland, I might mention that the centreboard is a large plate of metal, which can be drawn up into a special "trunk" when the yacht is running before the wind.

Vigilant and *Britannia* were to have sailed a match for Lord Wolverton's Cup, and great interest was taken in the event. The yachts were almost ready for the contest when it was noticed that something was wrong with the American sloop. Then, to the disgust of those interested in the fortunes of *Vigilant*, she signalled that a mishap had occurred to her centreboard. Of course the race had to be abandoned, and not unnaturally a certain section of the public "said things." The general idea was that the board had dropped out of the case and sunk; but it seems that it had "jammed," as sailors say. The remarkable part of the affair was that the "jamming" was the result of an accident that happened some time before, when *Vigilant* touched the rocks near Ventnor. The centreboard was so firmly fixed in the trunk that it had to be cut out. With this account of the *Vigilant's* final misfortune in British waters I must close.





THE PRIVATE ENCLOSURE ON THE DACCA COURSE

PONY-RACING IN EASTERN BENGAL AND ASSAM

BY P. LEO FAULKNER, F.R.G.S., M.R.S.A., INDIAN POLICE

Author of "Tiger Shooting in the Sunderbunds," "The Khasi Hills," &c.

RACING in India has in a strange but decidedly unmistakable way divided itself into various circles, each of which has become especially associated with a particular feature. Thus Burma is famed all the world over for its races for ponies 12.2 and under, Bombay for its events confined to Arabs, Assam for its races for ponies 13.3 and under, and the great cities of India alone indulge in horse-racing as that term is understood by the sporting community in England. Local conditions are to no inconsiderable extent responsible for this specialisation. For instance, the indigenous pony of Burma is, as aptly described by "Stonehenge," a stout, useful little fellow, up to great weight, not by any means fast, but a good jumper and very hardy. It is thus at first sight evident that he has not the qualities usually associated with the thoroughbred; but wherever the Englishman settles he makes a course, and in accordance with this tradition the Burmese animal, which really is more like a glorified rat than a racehorse, has been initiated into the "Sport of Kings." Calcutta is the most convenient landing-

place for horses brought from Australia, and hence the "waler" is the animal generally employed for racing purposes in India's capital. On the other hand Bombay is the most accessible port for the ponies introduced from Arabia, and thus we see that a great number of the races at the meetings held there are restricted to that breed.

In Assam the standard height for polo ponies is 13 hands 3 inches, and it is on this account that with one exception (*viz.* Shillong) the racing there is limited to ponies of that height. As is well known, there are numerous tea-gardens scattered all over Assam, and as the managers and their assistants practically live in the saddle from sunrise to sunset, it is not surprising that the great



MR. P. LEO FAULKNER'S CH. AUSTRALIAN MARE EILEEN ALANNAH (13.2) BY EGYPTUS
WINNER OF SEVERAL RACES OVER THREE AND FOUR FURLONGS

majority of them are accomplished horsemen and good polo-players. It is apparent that where there are good horsemen with good ponies races will be the order of the day, and hence, comparatively speaking, there are for its size more race-meetings held in Assam than in any other province in India. I should mention here that when Bengal was partitioned in 1905 it was found necessary to separate Assam and the districts of Eastern Bengal from those of Western Bengal, and in this article it must be remembered that I am only dealing with the meetings—i.e., the race-meetings, and *not* the innumerable political meetings of the New Province.

Race-meetings in this part of the world are of two kinds.

There is the Gymkhana, at which the first prize is never more than Rs. 49, and which is under the sole guidance and direction of the local stewards, and there are the meetings held with the permission and approval of the Calcutta Turf Club, in which the first prize for each event cannot be less than Rs. 50. The Rules of Racing framed by the C.T.C. are very explicit on this point, and the following extracts will show the position which that body has taken :—

“(3) A meeting need not be sanctioned if all the races are for prizes of a fixed and published value, and there is no race in which the value of the prize offered to the winner or any other horse exceeds Rs. 49 in whatever form the prize is given.”

“(9) No meetings shall be sanctioned unless the value of every race to the winner will amount to at least Rs. 50, and no new race of a lower value shall be added.”

The programme at a registered meeting generally consists of six events—two for first-class and two for second-class racing ponies, while two are reserved for polo ponies and hacks.

The following table shows the locale of the various race-meetings held in the province during the course of the year.

Place.			Number of meetings annually.		Number of days.
Shillong	...	...	...	2	5
Dibrugarh	...	...	...	2	4
Tezpur	...	...	...	1	3
Jorhat	...	...	...	1	3
Jalpaiguri	...	...	...	1	2
Dacca	...	...	...	1	2

Dacca possesses quite the finest racecourse in Eastern Bengal. It is 1 mile 3 furlongs 88 yards in length, but unfortunately has a bad curve near the three-furlong post. Otherwise it is as perfect as can be expected with the limited funds at the disposal of the stewards. But the Shillong course is the most picturesque of them all. Situated in a valley nearly 5,000 ft. above sea level, it is universally admitted to be the best hill-course in India. It is 1 mile 1 furlong in length, but has two bad corners and is very narrow—so narrow, in fact, that it is difficult to start more than six ponies with ease. If it had not been for Mr. C. H. Holder, the foremost racing man in the province, the Sport of Kings would have been impracticable in the summer capital of Assam, and the thanks of all owners are due to him for the perseverance and resource he has displayed in making the course.

The number of ponies kept solely for racing purposes is not very large, the entrants in the majority of the races being polo

ponies or animals used daily as hacks. A good untrained polo pony with a certain amount of pace can be bought in Calcutta direct from the Australian dealers for about Rs. 750 (i.e., £50), and a pony of this class may reasonably be expected to pick up a polo scurry or a handicap in second-class company. It is very difficult to quote any definite price for a racing pony pure and simple, but it is possible to obtain a good bargain for about Rs. 1,500 (i.e., £100). As I write there is for sale in Calcutta a 13.3 pony which will not be allowed to go under Rs. 10,000 (i.e., £666), a sum for which a



THE WINNING-POST ON THE DACCA COURSE

This photograph also shows the "totalisator," a form of betting greatly patronised by European ladies and Indian sportsmen

really good racehorse could be bought. This shows to what extent prices vary.

The Arab is very rarely found in Eastern India. This is due to three reasons. First, the distance from Bombay is great; secondly, he is for his size much slower than the waler; and thirdly, he is apt to be attacked by "kumri," which is the vernacular name for paralysis of the loins. This is a disease very little known outside Eastern Bengal and Assam, and is ascribed to eating grass which contains ergot. It is to all intents and purposes incurable, as a horse which it has attacked sinks down on the slightest pressure being brought to bear upon the loins. In "weight for class" races

the waler has to give the Arab 40 lb. and the indigenous pony of India 21 lb. It is, however, not unlikely that the allowance to country-breds will soon be decreased, for at several studs started within the last decade there are now English and Australian sires whose progeny is nearly if not quite as good as the original stock itself. The allowance for height is three pounds to one quarter of an inch; thus a 13.1 running against a 13.3 in a "weight for inches" contest would receive 24 lb., but this does not bring them together if the larger pony is a good performer.

The "gentleman jock" practically has a monopoly of the riding in Assam, and thus the weights carried by ponies are decidedly welter. Ordinarily speaking the top weight in a handicap will be about 11 st., and if the lowest weights allotted are beyond the capacity of the G.R. the ride is nearly always given to one of the native boys who can go to scale at about 7 st. 7 lb., or the amateur horseman will ride and declare weight. With such heavy loads on the backs of these miniature racehorses it is surprising that fast times are ever recorded, but the following table will show how matters stand in this respect. I would mention that in order to give a good idea of the average capacity of the average pony I have not in any case quoted record timing for the distance:—

Course.	Pony.	Weight carried.	Distance.	Time.
Shillong (1908) -	Mr. Holder's Repute (13.3) - -	st. lb 10 7	3 furlongs	38 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Jorhat (1909) -	Mr. Faulkner's Eileen Alannah (13.2	9 0	4 "	54 $\frac{2}{5}$ "
" " -	Mr. Holder's Glenlea (13.3) - -	9 12	5 "	67 "
" " -	Major Ward's Magazine - - -	9 2	6 "	81 $\frac{3}{5}$ "
Tezpur (1908) -	Mr. Bulmer's Ivy II (13.2 $\frac{1}{2}$) - -	9 1	7 "	97 $\frac{2}{5}$ "
Dibrugarh (1907)	Mr. Holder's Topsy III (13.1) - -	10 5	8 "	114 "

It is no unusual sight to see a pony pulled out for three races in one afternoon, and it is the rule rather than the exception for them to appear twice. It will therefore be seen that these little animals are made to do a full amount of work in return for their corn. In the course of the last three racing seasons, each of which has not extended to a longer period than four months, Mr. Holder's Topsy III (13.1), "The Assam Marvel," was stripped for forty-seven events, in no fewer than twenty-two of which this gallant little mare was first to pass the winning-post.

Nowadays the bookmaker is a *rara avis* on Assam courses, his place having been taken by double lotteries which are held at the station club the night before each day's racing. In each lottery there are 100 tickets, the value of which at different race-meetings varies from two to five rupees. This important point is, however, settled by those interested before the sheets are opened, and it is not unusual for as many as ten lotteries to be held on one race. This is due to the absence of bookmakers, and to the fact that the amount to be won in stakes is very small. Most of the races are worth Rs. 200 (i.e. about £13), and The Planters' Plate at Dibrugarh, the most sought-after event in the province, is only worth Rs. 850 (i.e. about £56). Owners are thus inclined to regard lotteries as the chief means whereby to reimburse their expenditure. Proceedings are begun with the tossing for tickets, and the loser's name is put down first on the lottery sheet, for though he pays for the tickets he shares the profits—if any—with the winner. Thus "Faulkner to Holding" against tickets Nos. 1 to 10 means that Faulkner has lost the price of ten tickets to Holding. When the lottery is filled the drawing for ponies takes place, and this is done in the same way as any ordinary drawing. Next comes the auction of the tickets which have drawn the ponies, and this also is conducted in the usual manner, save that it must not be forgotten that he who buys a ticket has to pay the amount of his bid twice over—once to the lottery fund, and once to the person who in the drawing of tickets drew the pony whose chance he has now bought. This is what is meant by "double lotteries," every bid meaning twice the amount called. Thus if Rs. 120 is the highest bid made for a pony's chance, he who makes it has to pay Rs. 240, which is equally divided in the way I have already explained.

The owner of a pony can claim one quarter or one half of the purchase, taking his share of the profit or loss, provided that he exercises his right at once, and that he has taken at least one ticket in the lottery. Ten per cent. of the total amount in the lottery is deducted for the Race Fund.

There is generally a "totalisator" on the course, the price of tickets in which is Rs. 2 or Rs. 4. This form of gambling is invariably well patronised by the European ladies and Indian sportsmen who attend the races. Here again ten per cent. of the money in the "tote" is given to the Race Fund.

The Mahomedan of Eastern Bengal is an inveterate gambler, and in Dacca especially he has taken a great interest in racing. There the mile-and-a-half race for country-bred ponies 12.1 and under is a most keenly contested event. Little boys who disdain a saddle but take out two whips are utilised as jockeys. Once they

are "off" they drop the reins on the pony's neck and flog their unfortunate animals with both whips the whole way from start to finish.¹ The greatest excitement prevails, and should the favourite win the applause knows no bounds. The owners of these animals can rarely speak a word of English, but they are nevertheless conversant with every rule of the Calcutta Turf Club, and are prepared to lay an objection at once should the semblance of an occasion present itself.

As is only to be expected, the race-meetings are very favourite institutions with the ladies, who take the opportunity to array themselves in the latest "creations" from home, and make the lawn the most popular part of the enclosure. As elsewhere, their presence is as well-nigh indispensable to the success of the Assam Race Meeting as the presence of the ponies themselves.

¹ It is much to be regretted that such cruelty should be condoned by English race-goers in India.—ED.





THE PAST CRICKET SEASON

BY SIR HOME GORDON, BART.

ANY review of the cricket in this apology for a summer must be of a satisfactory nature, simply because of the welcome re-awakening of the sporting spirit displayed by those participating in the matches. It is not too much to say that we have been witnessing a rejuvenation of cricket, a genuine revival of the old-time theory of playing the game as a game. The comparative disappearance of the drawn match, a greater tendency to take risks and-to "go for" the runs, and a general infusion of briskness into every department, as well as a welcome absence of controversy—all these things make the verdict on the cricket of 1910 a highly favourable one.

Perhaps our satisfaction is all the greater because the outlook was none too promising. Whilst the cricketers were valiantly displaying the new spirit—which was the old-time spirit—in May and June, editors keeping their finger on the pulse of the public agreed that not for thirty years had the community been so indifferent to the first-class game. Of course this was because of our loss of prestige last year, and because of a prevalent conviction that county cricket is too much of a business. It was also somewhat exasperating to the public, which only cared to find new men to wipe out our series of national defeats, that during the first half of the season all the honours were going to the very veterans who had shaped so indifferently against the Australians. When Tyldesley and Hirst were performing prodigies, John Bull observed, "Why the deuce could they not have done it last year?" It became evident that Over Thirty-five could play the Rest of England, and start hot favourites.

But the keen spirit with which the bulk of the counties were playing for victory began to tell with a community always responsive to sport. As new men of promise came to be noted, the crowd took once more to the game, as the August Bank Holiday gave solid testimony

at the turnstiles. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that not for many seasons has the County Championship been such a foregone conclusion. It was a case of Kent first—and, if needed, a second Kent eleven ahead of the others—and the rest nowhere. Therefore that general tension over the issue of the championship was absent. This undoubtedly handicapped public interest, popular though Kent's success might be.

“Kentish cricket is or seems more of a sport and less of a business than county cricket generally, which has gone to the bad, much like Association football. We do not say at all that there is no place for the professional. What we lament is that there seems none for the gentleman.” Thus *The Saturday Review*, oblivious that the bulk of the best “discoveries” of the year have been amateurs. Yet the fact remains that there is an increasing preponderance of the professional element in county elevens, and that this preponderance must be in the inverse ratio to the more sporting aspects of the game; because the paid element—depending on individual success for livelihood—cannot afford to run those risks which are the elixir of cricket. Often Yorkshire, Notts, and Surrey took the field with but one amateur; Lancashire, Sussex, and Leicestershire with only two; and Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, Worcestershire, and Middlesex all play a far larger percentage of professionals than was the case five years ago. Of course, moreover, wholly professional county elevens are not uncommon. This calls for serious thought, because with the lengthening of county programmes the more notable professionals are bound to be sometimes rested. Several of the county captains, too, merely play in their official capacity, and otherwise would not be sources of strength to their sides.

Prior to the season a number of important changes were approved by the M.C.C. Committee. The qualification of military players will not be lost by absence abroad on service. The covering of the pitch was permitted and carried out with varying efficiency on different grounds, Lord's being particularly ineffective. The duration of the luncheon interval was abbreviated, umpires had to report themselves half an hour before the beginning of play, and, very wisely, for all hits dropping over the boundary six runs were allowed.

By far the most momentous alteration was in the method of scoring points in the championship. It was decided to give a trial for one year to a method suggested by Lancashire, “that draws and losses be ignored, and only matches won to count in the percentage of matches played.” Mr. C. E. Green observed at the Essex meeting that “this would tend to brighten the game and make cricket quicker and keener, as every county would be out to win”—a truthful forecast. A storm of demonstrations of the mathematical fallacy of the new

system was soon followed by practical exhibitions, and there is no probability of a renewal of the plan. Next year, almost certainly, will be adopted the method pursued with success in the second-class county competition, to wit, "five points for a win; three points for a match decided on the first innings; drawn matches—i.e. matches in which no result on the first innings is attained—ignored." This should advance the satisfactory progress to be noted in the season now under review.

A curious deadlock in the financial arrangements about the visit of South Africa to Australia was removed, and therefore it may be assumed that the triangular contest will now be tried for 1912 in England, though it is permissible to express a doubt whether this experiment will ever be repeated.

Under these circumstances it becomes imperative to consider how far we have progressed in building up our national side for 1912. The answer must be unsatisfactory. The left-handed googlie bowler who, whilst he is a novelty, will carry everything before him is undiscovered. Nor are we nearer the two fast bowlers who may be pronounced essential. Neither Mr. Cowie nor Hitch can unite length to pace; Mr. Brearley is rarely seen. Fielder has perceptibly slowed down: to-day the most improved moderately fast bowler that we have is Jayes, who is twice as good as he was in 1909, but he can only be put forward in default of a better man.

To select an England eleven is a thankless task, and probably mine will find much opposition. I exclude Hirst, who on form must show claim, because of his general ill-luck in representative engagements, and where possible I give the preference to youth. It is with regret I notice that the side is almost entirely drawn from only Kent, Surrey, and Lancashire, because the more counties who contribute to the representative eleven the better. However, here, to the best of my judgment, is my England eleven:—R. H. Spooner, A. Hartley, Tyldesley, Hobbs or Humphreys, K. L. Hutchings, Woolley, G. L. Jessop, W. C. Smith, Jayes, Strudwick, D. W. Carr. Twelfth man: F. R. Foster. Reserves: C. V. L. Hooman, Dean, or Sharp.

From this it is pleasant to pass to my other annual selection, namely of the eleven of the best of those new to first-class cricket; and I feel bound to say that the side looks far more potential for future utility than some in years gone by. Comment on individuals will come later, but my colts of England eleven would be, in order of batting: H. Knott (Kent), I. P. S. Campbell (Surrey), E. L. Kidd (Middlesex), Abel (Surrey), G. H. Saville (Middlesex), R. H. Twining (who could keep wicket), A. L. Gibson (Essex), Booth (Yorkshire), J. L. S. Vidler (Sussex), A. G. Cowie (Hants), and Morfee (Kent);

twelfth man, Whysall (Notts). Cricketers who have made notable advances are Messrs. A. Hartley, C. V. L. Hooman, P. R. Le Couteur, and F. R. Foster, with J. W. Hearne, Shipman, Jayes, Dean, and W. C. Smith, who is emphatically the bowler of the year. Of those who excited most hope twelve months ago, a comparatively disappointing year must be regretfully assigned to Messrs. M. C. Bird and A. J. Evans, with Hobbs and Mead of Hampshire. Messrs. K. G. MacLeod, W. T. Gresswell, with Barnes, Hargreaves, and Rushby, have taken no part in big cricket.

Great expectation had been aroused over the University match because early in May Oxford had defeated Kent by eight wickets; and Cambridge, after beating Surrey by two wickets, were victorious over Yorkshire by nine wickets. However, neither team in sporting parlance "trained on," and Oxford *v.* Cambridge practically degenerated into a one-man show. Never in the history of the historic encounter has an individual cricketer displayed such all-round superiority to the rest as the Australian Rhodes scholar, Mr. P. R. Le Couteur, then evinced. He scored 160 and then took eleven wickets for six runs each. Mr. C. V. L. Hooman also played beautifully for 61. Cambridge had started in sensational fashion, for the opening over of Mr. A. G. Cowie included a single, two wides, and two wickets. Blunders in the field and miserable lack of resolution in batting threw away the chances of the Light Blues, who had been considered the stronger side by the critics, and who were certainly equal to better things than the wretched exhibition they provided on this occasion.

A more interesting match than Gentlemen *v.* Players at the Oval could not be desired, played as it was on a most difficult pitch. The return at Lord's was a poor, disappointing game, characterised by bad batting—there were thirteen "blobs" on the card. Both games were won by the Players. Whereas there was a general desire to see new men, the selectors, Lord Hawke, Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, and Mr. C. B. Fry—who had individually seen very little cricket that summer—chose the professional side on approved reputation. Therefore no young player except Dean came in, and Rhodes was twice chosen in preference to Woolley. Among the amateurs more catholicity was discernible; Messrs. F. R. Foster and W. B. Burns both bowled well, and Mr. R. H. Spooner batted with much confidence.

It is delightful to turn to the Public School matches. It is easy to say that no such finish as that of Eton *v.* Harrow took place last summer, but to describe the same would be impossible. Here was a triumph for the Eton captain, Mr. R. St. L. Fowler, who "obtained the highest score in each innings, and almost unaided

got Harrow out at the end of the day for 45, when only 55 runs were wanted to win. Let it be added he was backed up by superb fielding, and that Eton's position had seemed to be hopeless until well-nigh the close of the thrilling struggle." Though no definite result was obtained against Winchester, another Etonian made his mark, for Mr. A. I. Steel—son of Mr. A. G. Steel—took eleven wickets for 53 runs. Clifton *v.* Rugby actually ended in a tie, and high hopes may be entertained of the success at the University of the Cliftonian Mr. P. J. Richardson, a really fine bat. Rugby unexpectedly defeated the hitherto unbeaten Marlborough, thanks to two bowlers. In the first innings Mr. A. L. M. Linnington, medium right, took eight for 79, and in the second, Mr. P. W. Le Gros, fast right, captured nine for 49. The capital fielding and sporting spirit shown by the school elevens this year is one of the happiest auguries of the immediate future of the game.

That paramount interest in first-class cricket, the County Championship, was practically never in doubt; for though Kent had not an unbeaten season, the county possessed such inexhaustible reserves and played in such splendid fashion that what must happen was obvious. Whatever the result of the match against the Rest of England, played in September—this article is written before the opening of the Scarborough Festival—there can be no question of the superiority of the champion county to any of the others.

Woolley, after a moderate degree of success in South Africa, returned to be the first Kentish man who has yet been credited with both a thousand runs and a hundred wickets in the same season. Seymour, after being relegated to reserve man at Canterbury, there scored an almost faultless 193, and here Mr. J. R. Mason reappeared as skilled as ever. Mr. D. W. Carr also proved that he retains his cunning as a bowler. Rumour has it that no club team scored sixty against him during any portion of the summer. Humphreys enjoyed a great year, and could hardly have been left out of any representative eleven. Mr. K. L. Hutchings is now recognised as the legitimate successor of Mr. A. E. Stoddart, and merits even that high distinction. Blythe bowled beautifully. Having never performed the hat trick in ten years, it was curious he should twice do so in seventeen days. If Fielder was not in the best of health Preston or Morfee were ready to replace him, and Mr. A. P. Day batted in most attractive fashion—a remark equally applicable to Mr. C. V. L. Hooman. Mr. H. Knott, of Tonbridge School, was distinctly the discovery of the year. Somewhat diminutive in stature and distinctly individual in style, he seems to have entered county cricket as a really finished batsman. Let it be added that

he is a splendid field. Soon the Kent team will be compared to the Yorkshire eleven in its zenith—a useless piece of estimation on paper. Yorkshire had not the reserves of Kent, who never approach the unbeaten record of the Northerners. With both, the quality of the cricket and sportsmanship displayed sets the proper standard.

The Surrey executive still indulge in kaleidoscopic variation of the side put in the field, so that hardly twice consecutively did the same eleven turn out. Although eleven amateurs at various times appeared, most frequently Mr. M. C. Bird was leading ten professionals. During quite six weeks W. C. Smith carried the side on his shoulders, and eventually became one of the dozen or so of Englishmen, all professionals, who have captured two hundred wickets in a summer. It has taken him a long time to eradicate the impression that he could only bowl on soft wickets, and from the pavilion he does not look nearly so difficult as he does to the batsman. He was the greatest bowler of the year. Only in August did Surrey get really dangerous. Hayward and Hayes were not in the best of health, Hobbs was out of form, Mr. M. C. Bird very uncertain, though his 76 against Kent atoned for any amount of failures, and Captain Bush, who was the hero of the Lancashire match, was all too rarely seen. Ducat often batted well; Harrison shapes beautifully; young Abel, who has plenty of energy, by his 49 not out won the out match against Essex; Hitch, when he can get his length, bowls at a dangerous pace, and Mr. I. P. F. Campbell is an attractive bat. Strudwick kept wicket as superbly as ever. Apart from Smith the bowling was weak, and the batting in fact was not so good as it looked on paper. Apter enjoyed a bumper benefit in August, when over fifty thousand people were present to see the home side achieve a remarkable victory. The services of Marshal were dispensed with, but it is rumoured that, in addition to Rushby, Mr. J. N. Crawford will be back next summer.

Lancashire enjoyed a curiously unequal season. Twice the county Palatine achieved the record in championship cricket of going in to make over four hundred and obtaining the runs. In both matches Sharp was the principal run-getter. When against Notts they obtained 403, winning by two wickets, he scored 102 and Tyldesley 91; and against Hampshire, when the 404 runs needed were obtained for the loss of five wickets, he was credited with 150 and Makepeace 95. In his own benefit, a deservedly big one, he falsified custom, which is that the beneficaire shall be personally unsuccessful, for he exceeded the half-century; and here Mr. R. H. Spooner amassed a lovely 200 not out. In one week Lancashire lost only ten wickets, but twice won by an innings. Against this has to be set that in nine days they were twice beaten (by Surrey and

Notts) by four o'clock on the second day. Tyldesley, who scored a double century—being the third occasion in his career—against Hants, was head of the weekly averages almost all the year. He was as pre-eminent in his department as W. C. Smith with the ball. Mr. A. Hartley enjoyed a season of deserved triumph. He is one of the soundest batsmen of the day. Sharp and Mr. Spooner played up to their great reputations, and Dean bowled with much skill. His accuracy in conjunction with his break makes him very difficult. Against Northants in a single day Heap obtained fourteen wickets for 93 runs. As usual, Lancashire had a wealth of useful professional bowling, and Whitehead successfully reappeared after a year's absence through illness. It is strange that young amateurs seem so scarce in a county where so much cricket is played.

Considering the enforced variations of the Middlesex side, the record of that county is a satisfactory one, mainly due to the revival of the bowling of J. T. Hearne and the all-round play of Tarrant, who to-day has no superior, not even Hirst. J. T. Hearne has now taken nearly 2,700 wickets, a feat only surpassed by Dr. W. G. Grace; but never has his length been more beautiful than in his forty-third year, which is his twenty-first in active bowling practice. Another of the name, J. W. to wit, bids fair to reach the highest honours; as a bat he watches the ball well, is keen in the field, and bowls by no means a bad googlie. His seven wickets for 2 runs after lunch *v.* Essex was a notable feat. Tried last year, his advance this season is remarkable. Murrell kept wicket efficiently. Until August it was not altogether Mr. Warner's year. He is becoming a veteran, and though he played some splendid innings yet he probably had more duck's-eggs than ever before for Middlesex. A masterpiece against Hants deserves commemoration. Of the large number of amateurs who occasionally appeared, Mr. R. E. More was of much use and the Hon. R. Anson batted quite well. Mr. G. H. Saville in conjunction with his captain brought off an unexpected victory by most confident batting.

Of Sussex there is not much good to be said because of the lifeless character of the cricket displayed. The new captain, Mr. Chaplin, and Vincett could both hit hard and did, but Mr. Heygate unduly curbed his fine punishing powers. Among exciting finishes none was more thrilling than the victory over Surrey by one wicket, the match ending by Vincett lifting a ball from Mr. M. C. Bird over the ropes for six. Vine has now scored 15,000 runs, an aggregate only exceeded for the county by K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Mr. C. B. Fry, and Killick. The elder Relf, bowling as steadily as ever, now claims over one thousand victims. Tate alone among Sussex cricketers has surpassed this. There is plenty of bowling in the county eleven, but a

lamentable want of enterprise in the methods of the side. The best way of remedying the complaint as to lack of patronage at Brighton would be to play in more attractive and aggressive fashion.

Mr. C. B. Fry having written that "county cricket is riddled with humbug" abstained until the Bournemouth Festival from appearing for Hampshire, which enjoyed its most successful season since it again became first class. The capital all-round cricket of Llewellyn and the really excellent medium-paced bowling of Newman were the prime factors. Mr. A. C. Johnston, scoring with great freedom all round the wicket, furnished batting of an enthralling type, and both Captain Grieg and Captain W. N. White showed admirable form. Mead, though not fulfilling expectations, had a serviceable season, and Stone of all county wicket-keepers is by far the best bat. A notable advance was made by G. Brown, who is a very determined and dangerous youngster. Few counties show more interesting cricket, though there is at times a tendency to collapse. Hampshire now plays like a very happy family, and the keenness of the fielding is particularly noticeable.

Northamptonshire maintains its advance and is gradually acquiring more of a regular team. Supported as it is by a particularly enthusiastic home crowd, it may be estimated that the best has not yet been seen of the side. The greatest success was the defeat of Yorkshire in the middle of July. Mr. S. G. Smith, though he headed the batting averages, has not been so effective with the ball. East and Wells increased the value of their support to the invaluable Thompson. It is noteworthy that only twice was the third hundred completed against the Midlanders, by Gloucestershire and by Lancashire; which speaks a good deal for the pertinacity of the attack.

Notts has had a fairly good summer and lost fewer matches than any other county, the best feature of which was that the side obtained the 274 runs set them by Lancashire. The quality of the attack seemed somewhat lower on paper than it proved on the pitch, and Hallam was dropped early, whilst Alletson also was left out in August. Iremonger, once a dire man to dislodge, has become transformed into a really clever bowler, forming a marked contrast to Wass. Mr. A. O. Jones, the brothers Gunn, Hardstaff, and Payton make the batting backbone, and the colt Whysall inspires much hope. Oates is very good with the gloves.

Yorkshire has badly fallen from its high estate, for its almost wholly professional eleven now furnishes the dreariest batting, irritating in its tame want of initiative. Hirst stands out as a tower of strength, Rothery and Denton were each laid-by by accidents, and Newstead was omitted from the team. Rhodes and Wilson indulged in painful exhibitions of desultory occupation of the wicket.

A chief attraction was the development of Booth, who showed himself quite a good bat and bowls medium-paced with plenty of variety and some spin. Myers often rendered useful service. Bates fairly won the return with Essex, but Drake was disappointing. Lord Hawke dropped out of the side he had so often led to triumph, and in his absence there was a passive ineptitude which was in painful contrast to the glorious days of Yorkshire's prime.

Essex played a more regular eleven than any other county, therefore it is surprising to find the side so low on the list, especially as one distinction was defeating Kent by 180 runs, when the Rev. F. H. Gillingham scored 145 and Tremlin bowled irresistibly at the conclusion. Sometimes Essex indulged in lethargic cricket, at others it showed more enterprise; but only once, against Kent, was the third century completed. One match against Notts was lost solely by dropped catches. The inclusion of the cousins Gibson proved even more valuable than the excellent quality of their attractive cricket, because they are just the type Essex needs. The Wykehamist is a free, fearless bat, and so is the Etonian, who is a better wicket-keeper than the county has had for a long time. Mr. Perrin was out of the team for some time, and neither Mr. Fane nor the Rev. F. H. Gillingham was in his luckiest vein. Mead opened the season well and the re-engagement of Tremlin proved a good move, but Reeves practically disappeared, Buckenham heading the bowling tables.

Leicestershire enjoyed a triple triumph, for they beat Kent by 111 runs, with King and Jayes both away, Lancashire by six wickets, when Coe scored 156 not out and Shipman took ten for 134, and Yorkshire by 259 runs, when generally good batting was helped out by Jayes taking seven wickets for 57 runs. Against this has to be set double defeats at the hands of Derbyshire. Shipman and Astill are two of the youngest professionals in county cricket, and their bowling has been excellent. Astill's five wickets for 8 runs against Warwickshire was only the best of a capital series of performances. Jayes, too, has trained on considerably. Coe is almost the Hirst of the Midlands, and Mr. C. J. B. Wood is one of the soundest batsmen in the country. Knight, Whitehead, and King, who has been ill, are all sterling run-getters. Turner shows promise, and the wicket-keepers, Mr. Shields and Sturman, provide another source of strength. Mr. V. F. S. Crawford is believed to be concluding his connection with the county, which is to have the benefit of a big bazaar in November to clear off its liabilities.

Gloucestershire was very much Jessop and others. Some of the others were so good that it was regrettable they could not play more frequently. Langdon batted extremely well, and Dennett with the ball found Parker at times a useful colleague. As for Mr. Jessop, he

remains as big a terror to opponents as ever, and if he "gets going" has still no equal. His 165 *v.* Worcestershire was made in two hours, and off Burrows he hit 28 in one over: 4, 6, 6, 2, 4, 6.

Warwickshire began a rejuvenescence under the captaincy of the old Cantab, Mr. H. J. Goodwin, and the vice-captaincy of Mr. J. H. Phillips, who is 6 ft. 6. in. in height. It is practically sowing time, and the harvest is not yet, except in the brighter cricket shown by a side which deserves every encouragement in the immediate future. Lilley, who has resigned the gloves, batted well, and Charlesworth was particularly good. Mr. F. R. Foster, the future captain, may attain national honours, for the better his opponents the better he bowls, and he is quite the best amateur of the year with the ball, besides being a capital bat. Santall was often effective, and one portion of an analysis against Gloucestershire merits recording: 13 balls, 0 runs, and 5 wickets, including that of Mr. Jessop.

Why Worcestershire should occupy such a lowly position considering the ability of the side it is difficult to say, unless it was that individuals often failed to do themselves justice. Mr. H. K. Foster was never in better form with the bat, and changed his bowling with kaleidoscopic frequency. Mr. R. E. Foster gratified his admirers by making a century on his reappearance. Mr. Burns worked hard and was always dangerous. Arnold enjoyed quite a revival, and when the county played Glamorganshire Cuffe captured nine wickets for 5 runs. More important is the fact that for the first time a victory was gained over Surrey, and that by the handsome margin of 316 runs. Hampshire and Worcestershire have taken the position once occupied by Somerset of playing the most spirited and stimulating cricket, which does not obtain as many victories as it merits.

Derbyshire had a disastrous season, the one good feature of which was a record partnership of 283 for the ninth wicket, in less than three hours, against Warwickshire, when 111 were needed to save the single-innings defeat. The heroes of this were the new captain, Mr. J. Chapman, and Warren. Mr. Gilbert Curgenvven could only play on a few occasions, and Morton with Cadman was really the backbone of the eleven. The two worked very hard, but did not receive much support from a variable side, and only scant encouragement from the county town.

Of Somerset even less can be said, and it is no secret that Mr. Gerald Fowler regards the situation as well-nigh hopeless. If Mr. P. R. Johnson could play regularly it would be another matter, but the whole burden falls on Lewis and Robson. The veteran Mr. A. E. Newton kept wicket as finely as ever, but the rest is silence except that a nursery is to be formed under the control of Tyler.

Never was there a season in which the game was stimulated by so many exciting finishes. On the same day Sussex beat Surrey by one wicket, and Lancashire and Yorkshire respectively defeated Notts and Middlesex by two wickets. Other close finishes were Yorkshire's victory over Hampshire by 6 runs, Sussex discomfited Lancashire by 11, and Warwickshire Leicestershire by 22. Two wickets were in each case the margin of victory of Surrey over Middlesex, of Leicestershire over Sussex, of Middlesex over Essex, and of Cambridge over Surrey; then Surrey beat Essex by three wickets, and there was the same difference in Middlesex over Essex, and Lancashire over Leicestershire. Worcestershire defeated Essex by only one wicket. These grand finishes are the very cream of cricket. The largest totals include:—

Kent <i>v.</i> Gloucestershire . . .	607	for 6 wickets in five hours.
Lancashire <i>v.</i> Somerset . . .	558	„ 6 „
Worcestershire <i>v.</i> Hants . . .	511	„ 9 „
Warwickshire <i>v.</i> Derbyshire . . .	504	„ 7 „
Kent <i>v.</i> Middlesex . . .	500	„ 8 „

More agreeable is it to turn to the sporting success of ball over bat, all gained by professionals in one innings.

W. C. Smith in both matches of Surrey *v.* Northants captured 125 wickets for 76 runs, and 6 for 16 against Middlesex.

Astill <i>v.</i> Warwickshire . . .	5 wickets for 8 runs.
Buckingham <i>v.</i> Worcestershire . . .	8 „ „ 40 „
Heap <i>v.</i> Northants . . .	9 „ „ 49 „
Hearne J. T., <i>v.</i> Worcestershire . . .	8 „ „ 34 „
Hirst <i>v.</i> Leicestershire . . .	9 „ „ 23 „
Huggins <i>v.</i> Somerset . . .	7 „ „ 15 „
Iremonger <i>v.</i> Essex (return) . . .	6 „ „ 7 „
„ <i>v.</i> „ . . .	5 „ „ 17 „
Killick <i>v.</i> Essex . . .	6 „ „ 10 „
Wass <i>v.</i> Surrey . . .	8 „ „ 37 „

A review of the past season must conclude on a satisfactory note that justifies an optimistic outlook for the future. So long as first-class cricket is played in the first-class fashion exhibited by most of the county elevens there need be no hesitation in prophesying a rich return of popularity for the national game.



PIG SHOT NEAR TAI-YUAN-FU

HUNTING IN NORTH CHINA

THE WILD BOAR

BY ARTHUR DE CARLE SOWERBY

IN the provinces of Shansi, Shensi, and Kansu there exist many large tracts of wild and mountainous country, sparsely populated with poverty-stricken farmers and musk hunters, who manage to obtain a meagre living by the tilling of the stony soil, or by the arduous hunting of the fast disappearing musk deer. Great forests of pine, larch, and spruce clothe the higher mountains; rugged peaks tower thousands of feet into the air. The lower slopes are for the most part bare or under cultivation. It is in these desolate regions that the hunter finds the wild pig, leopard, wolf, stag, roedeer, and smaller game of many descriptions.

As yet but few white men have invaded these stretches of wilderness, for it necessitates days, and sometimes weeks, of hard overland travel before the hunter finds himself in the land of game. For the past few years it has been my lot to travel and hunt throughout these provinces, and a description of the game and methods of chase, together with a few personal anecdotes, may interest the reader.

Among the foremost animals throughout these regions is the wild boar, a fine representative of the genus *sus*. This pig is a

large, powerful, and active animal with good tusks, equalling those borne by its European and Indian cousins. The mountainous nature of the country in which the pig is found makes pig-sticking either on foot or with horses impossible. Thus the only means left to the hunters of North China is the use of firearms, and that the sport so derived is far from being tame or easy may be gathered from the following narratives.

My first acquaintance with the plucky animal was made early in the autumn some years ago, when a party of young men, foreign residents in Tai-yuan-fu, the capital of Shansi province, decided on a short trip into the mountains immediately west of that city. For some time I had known of the existence of pigs in this



TEMPLE IN MOUNTAINS NEAR TAI-YUAN-FU, SHANSI, WHERE THE PARTY LIVED DURING THEIR STAY IN THE MOUNTAINS

district, but so far had not been fortunate enough to meet one. We camped in a temple some eighteen miles from the city, at an altitude of 5,000 ft. The mountains here were very rugged and overgrown with pine and cypress; the valleys and ravines, down which flowed clear streams of the purest water, were filled with vegetation, in some places impenetrable except by pigs, whose tracks were numerous.

For a week we hunted, but without success. There were several night alarms, but no moon being visible it was utterly impossible to find the marauders, who destroyed several acres of peas and beans within gun-shot of our camp.

On the afternoon of our seventh day, Mr. Cartwright, of the Imperial University, Tai-yuan-fu, and I shouldered our rifles and

sauntered off up the valleys where we had several times seen the tracks of pigs. Working slowly up the stream-bed we at last came to a spot where it divided into two deep ravines, which were so densely filled with thorn shrubs that we decided to climb the ridge between them. Cartwright kept a look-out on one side while I watched the other. I had not gone more than three hundred yards when I heard a twig break in the ravine to my right; so, beckoning my companion over, we stood on the edge awaiting developments.

Presently there was the rending of bushes, and a dark form began to climb the opposite side of the ravine. In the twilight we could not be sure that it was not a wood-cutter, so we delayed fire



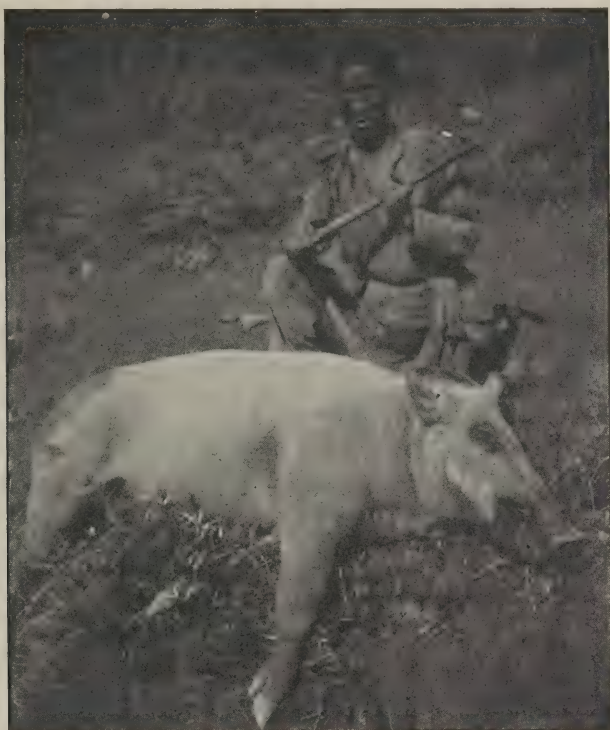
TYPICAL WILD-PIG COUNTRY

till the creature reached the top, and for a few seconds stood revealed in the form of a large pig.

Almost simultaneously our rifles rang out, and the pig plunged away through the bushes, to appear presently running diagonally up the side of a mountain. At long range we fired several shots, but the pig vanished over the shoulder.

Far up the valley the long-drawn howl of a leopard told us that we had disturbed royal game, but we were too bent on securing the pig to heed the challenge. With a yell we plunged over the side of the ravine and forced a passage through the cruel thorns, which ripped and tore our flesh and clothes. We gained the opposite side only to find more and denser patches of thorn.

Having scrambled through these we were confronted with a solid wall of rock some fifteen feet high, up which we climbed, slipping and bruising our shins and knees in our excitement. There followed a long uphill run; but at last we gained the shoulder where the pig had vanished. Here we hit upon the animal's tracks, and following these were led across another ravine and over a second ridge. As we topped the latter a wildly gesticulating wood-cutter hailed us, pointing the while into a small ravine full of dense shrubs and thorns. We approached at a run, and he began throwing stones into the bushes. Suddenly, with a deep-throated, coughing roar, the



A WOOD-CUTTER WHO WAS CHARGED AND KNOCKED DOWN BY A WOUNDED BOAR
HE SUSTAINED NO HURT, HOWEVER

pig broke cover, charging straight at the wood-cutter and knocking him down. As he fell he dealt the infuriated animal a heavy blow upon the back with his axe, causing the huge brute to fall. In a flash it was on its feet again and dived back into the bushes.

By this time we had come up to the scene of action, and finding a deer-path leading into the ravine I entered in the hope of getting in a good shot. Hardly had I done so when I perceived the pig coming straight at me. I raised my rifle and fired point-blank

into the brute's face, stepping aside as it rushed past. I gave it a final shot as it plunged once more into the ravine. Down through the bushes it crashed, and lay gasping at the bottom, too exhausted to run any farther.

We had with us a plucky little terrier who now entered into the combat, but a series of shrill yelps told us that he had been too venturesome, and presently poor Taku dragged himself out of the bushes, very much bedraggled and with two gaping wounds in his side.

We could not see our quarry, but every time we threw a stone into the bushes it replied with angry grunts. Then darkness came on, and we sat down to await the end, while the wood-cutter hurried to our camp to secure men, ropes, and lanterns. By the time he returned all sound from the wounded animal had ceased, so cutting our way into the bush we found our quarry lying dead amidst a confusion of broken stems and kicked-up earth. He was carried back to camp, and next morning we weighed and photographed our prize.

On examination we found that the sturdy brute had received two bullets in the hind-quarters, one of which smashed the hip bone, notwithstanding which it had run half a mile over very broken country. It turned the scale at 200 catties ($1 \text{ catty} = 1\frac{1}{3} \text{ lb.}$). The lower jaw was broken by my shot as it charged me, to which fact poor Taku probably owed his life.

Since then it has been my good fortune to shoot many pigs, both large and small, most of which have shown great prowess and have given me a hard run before finally succumbing to the effects of soft, heavy-bore bullets.

On a recent expedition up the valley of the Fen River, a large tributary of the Yellow River, which drains Western Shansi, I brought to bag five very nice pigs, one of which weighed 230 catties and measured 6 ft. 2 in. It was the leader of a large sounder of fifteen pigs. I was hunting these pigs for four days in high rugged and forest-clad mountains before I finally sighted them one evening in a field. My first shot hit the hoary old leader, which broke away from the rest of the sounder, and after running a quarter of a mile with me in pursuit fell with a shot through its vitals.

Another pig shot in the same country gave me a hard run of upwards of two miles. On this particular occasion, accompanied by a native hunter, I had been following the trail of a wounded tusker that had come into collision with my trapper the night before. Here and there spots of blood marked the trail, but presently these ceased, and at last we lost it in a stony valley-bottom. While working a wood on the side of the valley in search of the lost trail, we ran across another and fresher one. I decided to follow the new trail.

It led us over the top of a high ridge and down into a dense patch of hazel scrub. Hardly had we entered this when the sound of movement ahead of us set us on the alert, and presently a fine pig was seen rapidly ascending the opposite slope. I fired several shots before the pig cleared the top of the ridge, then scrambling down through the bush we climbed the opposite almost vertical slope. At the top, which was several hundred feet from the bottom, we found a tell-tale spot of blood.

Pushing on along the trail, which was dimly discernible over the grassy slopes, we skirted the top of another long ravine, crossed a second ridge, and once more found ourselves in hazel scrub dotted over with spreading pines. A hollow grunt and the sound of stampeding hoofs through the underbrush told us that we had once



TWO DAYS' BAG

more come up with our quarry. Breathlessly I awaited a sight of the pig, and shortly saw it ascending the opposite slope, which was even higher than the first. A second fusillade followed, but the violent exertions of the chase had unsteadied my aim, and an agony of disappointment seized me as my coveted quarry rapidly made his way upwards towards the sheltering scrub-oak. At last a shot told, and the pig collapsed with a shattered hind-leg. I thought the chase was ended; but no! the pig once more regained its feet, and with hardly abated pace gained the friendly scrub-oak and vanished.

Once more followed the headlong plunge downhill and the heart-breaking upward climb. On gaining the top we were at a loss to know which way to turn, for our quarry's trail was mixed up with half a dozen others. Selecting two of the freshest I sent the hunter along one while I took the other. Mine led along the hillside

through a pine-wood. Presently a splotch of blood sent me at a run along the trail, and at last I came up with the pig, which stood watching me some twenty yards uphill. His wicked little eyes gleamed with rage, but before he could make up his mind to charge I dropped him with a bullet in the neck just behind the ear.

This pig had received a wound in the hind-quarters when sighted which in itself must ultimately have proved fatal. In addition to this wound, one front foot had a ball lodged firmly in the bone, and the right hind-leg had been shattered. With all these wounds it almost made good its escape.

Perhaps the finest piece of sport I have experienced while after this splendid animal was early in the spring, when three of us, E. H. Cartwright, E. T. Nystrom, both from the Imperial University, and



TWO LARGE PIGS SHOT BY THE AUTHOR (ON RIGHT) AND E. T. NYSTROM (ON LEFT)
18 MILES FROM TAI-YUAN-FU, CAPITAL OF SHANSI—CHINESE SERVANT STANDING
IN FOREGROUND

myself, once more decided on a few days' hunt in the country west of Tai-yuan-fu. Taking a supply of provisions and our tents, we headed for the district mentioned in the first narrative. We pitched our camp on the side of the valley where Cartwright and I had secured our first pig. A short excursion that evening failed to disclose any pigs, so Cartwright and I decided on an early rise and hunt before breakfast next morning.

Long before daylight we were astir and on our way to a spot where we had seen pig rootings the day before. The morning sun found us hot on the freshly-made trail of a medium-sized pig. A glorious scene was revealed as the rosy beams of light chased away the lurking shadows.

The wild peach was in full bloom, covering the mountains with a cloudy whiteness, while the pines were resplendent in their fresh spring coats of emerald. Hares skipped among the bushes, offering tempting marks for our rifles, and in every direction we could hear the call of the cock pheasant.

We paid little heed to all these, devoting our energies to working out the somewhat difficult trail, and were slowly descending the end of a ridge, when suddenly a pig was sighted emerging from the bushes at the bottom of the valley.

A rapid shot from my rifle, hitting the pig in the ear, caused it to dive back into the bushes and vanish from my sight. The crack of Cartwright's rifle told me that the pig was still in view. Hurrying round the shoulder of the ridge I was in time to see the creature



CAMP IN THE MOUNTAINS—E. H. CARTWRIGHT ON RIGHT, A. DE C. SOWERBY ON LEFT
150 LB. PIG SHOT BY E. H. CARTWRIGHT IN FOREGROUND

rolling over and over, with a bullet neatly placed in its forequarters. A second shot from Cartwright ended the struggle. We returned in triumph to camp with a fine 150 lb. pig.

After a hearty breakfast we continued our hunt, but with no more success that day. As the first grey light of dawn crossed the valley and stole into the tents we awoke, yawned, and called for tea. By the time we were dressed tea was ready, and while drinking it we discussed our plan of action, presently starting off down the valley.

Cartwright crossed over to the opposite ridge, and was soon lost to view. Nystrom and I continued down the valley for about a mile, and presently ran across the fresh tracks of a large pig. We

followed these with all speed, but the trail grew difficult, and was finally lost in some thick grass in hard ground.

While I was trying to pick up the trail again, Nystrom walked round scanning the valley in all directions. As he approached a small ravine full of scrub and thorn bushes two enormous pigs scrambled out. The report of his rifle brought me running to the scene, where I caught sight of a huge black pig rushing round the end of a small ridge. I cut across this ridge and came upon him standing in a listening attitude some seventy-five yards away. My first shot, hitting him in the chest, dropped him. The huge brute, loudly bellowing, tried desperately to rise as I approached. He



LARGE PIG SHOT BY A. DE C. SOWERBY, EIGHTEEN MILES WEST OF TAI-YUAN-FU
Total length 6 ft. 5 in., height at shoulder 2 ft. 8½ in., 56 in. round chest, length of lower tusk 9½ in.
Weight over 300 lb.

scrambled to his feet, took a few steps, whirled round, and rolled down the hill dead.

At that moment I heard the report of Nystrom's "savage" once more, and, looking up, descried the second pig about 150 yards away rapidly ascending the opposite slope. It presented a splendid chance, and we fired several shots. That some of these found their mark we could easily see, but it was a bullet from Nystrom's gun, taking the pig in the withers and breaking both front legs, which stopped its frantic career along the slope. My next bullet found the pig's heart, and the heavy animal came crashing to the bottom of the valley.

The only remaining tusk of this brute measured 9½ in., and in body measurements it exceeded anything I had ever seen. Its total length, allowing for the tail, half of which was missing, was

6 ft. 5 in., and it stood 2 ft. 8½ in. at the shoulder. The accompanying photographs, which were taken soon after the kill, will give some idea of the size of this fine animal.

The wild pig is comparatively plentiful, but its nocturnal habits render it a difficult animal to find. One has to be prepared for days of hard climbing and long tramps over the roughest country without success, and it is only by dint of perseverance and determination, equal to that of the wild pig itself, that one can hope finally to secure this magnificent quarry. Needless to say, the shooting of a good-sized tusker makes up for days of toil and hardship.

That pig-shooting is not without its spice of danger may be judged from the fact of a wounded pig, having charged its pursuers, knocking down three, who were saved from its formidable tusks only by their thickly-wadded clothes. In one place I heard of a native hunter who was turned upon and ripped almost to pieces by a wounded boar.

Once when hunting my beaters came upon a sounder of six to eight pigs. I was below them, and the whole herd broke cover and came thundering down upon me like a squadron of cavalry. Fortunately for me, the leaders swerved to right and left, being bent on escape rather than attack. The rest of the sounder followed suit, and I picked one off as it passed within a few feet of me.

A sow with young will attack without any provocation, but as her tusks are small she can do little harm unless she succeeds in knocking down her opponent and trampling him under foot, when her sharp hoofs, backed by 300 lb. of bone and muscle, will do great damage.



BOOKS ON SPORT

ECHOES OF SPORT. By Hilda Murray (of Elibank). With Some Illustrations from Friendly Cameras. Foulis: London and Edinburgh. 1910.

It is a little surprising to find enthusiasm for sport in the wife of the Radical Whip, one of the bitterest representatives of the Ministry which, it was supposed, entertained a strong antagonism to what Mrs. Murray ventures to call "the best and purest enjoyment in the world, that of healthy outdoor sport." Her own enjoyment of it is manifest. When the author was only fourteen years old, her father, she tells us, gave her a twenty-bore gun; indeed he had taught her to ride, drive, fish, and shoot before she was twelve; and she recalls her wild excitement and delight at shooting her first rabbit at thirty yards out of the drawing-room window. Recurring to her father, Mrs. Murray writes: "This was a favourite dodge of his, to pop at the rabbits from the windows. He kept his silver flute and a pea rifle in his bedroom; in the early morning he would gently open wide the window and play dulcet tunes, such as 'Rousseau's Dream' and 'Robin Adair,' which he declared lured the rabbits out to listen to this modern Orpheus; the pea rifle then took the flute's place and poor bunny lay dead."

Like many modern devotees of sport, Mrs. Murray is also a naturalist. We entirely agree with her that "it is an absorbing occupation to wait and watch for any animal or bird; above all as to do it successfully the watcher must be unobserved by the watched. To come to the stubbles without a small Zeiss glass is to lose half the interest; part of the fun is to watch the birds through it. One learns much of their wonderful instinct and quaint ways, especially their unerring sense of danger at the slightest sound or sight of anything betokening the presence or approach of a foe, human or animal."

Mrs. Murray gives graphic descriptions of all the sports which, as she tells us, she was taught to follow when a child. She has fished at home and abroad, and, needless to say, lost the hugest monsters into which she ever got fast; though it was her companion who, having hooked something at Gairloch one day, declared that she was "either pulling up the bed of the sea or a whale." "She hauled and pulled till at last an enormous fish appeared. 'It's a giant saithe,' exclaimed the skipper, and dashed to the rescue to help her pull it into the boat. Just as the brute's head was over the gunwale the hook broke, and it slipped back into the sea. So exhausted was it, however, with its journey of fifteen fathoms upward, that it lay floating on its back, maddeningly just out of our reach. Alas! we had neither gaff nor even boathook. The skipper struck it with an oar further to stun it; Malcolm tore at the anchor and started

reversing the engine to try and back down on it, but just as he got the anchor up the fish gave a recovering wriggle, rolled over on its stomach, and disappeared, followed by our wails and howls of rage and disappointment." The author defends her pursuit. To kill an animal by instantaneous means is no cruelty, she asserts; the bird or beast that dies in an instant by gun or rifle does so with no pain compared to what it would endure in the natural process, or at the will of some animal of prey. The photographs "from friendly cameras" are for the most part very good. One of them, as it happens, called "Twins," representing a couple of fine salmon, taken by Lord Onslow, appeared in this magazine some years ago.

THE BLACK BEAR. By William H. Wright, Author of "The Grizzly Bear." Illustrated from photographs by the Author and J. B. Kerfoot. London: T. Werner Laurie. 1910. (6s.)

Close on half this book is taken up with the story of Ben, who must have been one of the most quaint and entertaining of pets. Ben was a little black bear. Mr. Wright and his companions were out in the woods one day when one of them killed Ben's mother, and then, after infinite trouble, captured her three cubs, Ben falling to the author's lot. The little fellows—the largest of them, he says, would not have weighed over 5 lb.—had looked half dead with cold and misery, though they made a desperate struggle for freedom, the circumventing of which the author amusingly describes; and probably Ben would not have taken such pains to escape if he had known what a good time he was going to have. He took kindly to his captor after a while, and they invented all sorts of games. His food in camp was flour and water, a little sugar, and condensed milk; he did not care about meat, and would eat his frying-pan food or bread in preference to deer or moose flesh. The only meat he would touch, indeed, was grizzly bear, of which, however, he would only take a little. "Although he occasionally consented to dine on bear meat," the author says, "he showed unmistakable signs of temper whenever a new bearskin was added to our growing pile of pelts. On these occasions, even before the hide was brought to camp, we would find him on our return in a towering rage. No amount of coaxing would induce him to take a romp. He would retreat beneath his moose-skin house, and we could hear him strike the ground, champ his doors, and utter his blowing 'whoofs.' I was never able to make out whether he resented, or was made fearful by, the killing of his kind, or whether it was the smell of the grizzly, of which the black bear is more or less afraid, that affected him. He still remembered his mother, and on every occasion when he

could get to our pile of bear hides he would dig out her skin—the only black bear skin in the lot—sniff it all over, and lie on it till dragged away. Indeed, he seemed to mourn so much over it, even whimpering and howling every time the wind was in the right direction for him to smell it, that we finally had to keep this hide away from the camp.”

The description of Ben's construction of his residence is very remarkable. He had never seen a bear's den except that which he left as a tiny cub the day his mother was killed, but he knew by instinct just what sort of a place he wanted to live in. “He evidently regarded the work as a most serious and important undertaking,” Mr. Wright says, “and I watched his labours with much interest. He devoted several hours each day to shaping his cave, and at times would break suddenly away in the very middle of a romp and hurry to his digging. If I caught him by his short tail and dragged him out of the hole he would rush back to his work as soon as released. I even enlarged the entrance, so that I could crawl in and watch him work, and on one or two occasions I undertook to help him; but while he would not resent this, my work did not seem to please him, as he moved the dirt which I had dug and resettled it to please himself.” Having made his den Ben started to furnish it. Finding some cast-off clothing he dragged it in, and having arranged it to his satisfaction, hurried out to look for more. Once he came back dragging a fine cashmere shawl which he had pulled off a clothes line where one of the neighbours had hung it to air. Ben played the piano. He used to stand up, touch the keys gently, then draw back and listen as long as the vibration lasted. One of his particular pleasures was to be dragged about on his back by a rope which he held fast in his teeth. He never tired of this sport, and would get his rope and pester you until you gave him a drag to get rid of him. Among his toys was ten or twelve feet of old garden hose. His master used sometimes to put his mouth to one end and call through it, whereupon Ben seated himself squarely on the ground and held one eye to the opening to see where the sound came from. He always sat down when he wanted to think anything out, and one thing which caused him a great deal of thought was a mirror. He could never understand where the other bear kept himself. Altogether it will be perceived the story of Ben is quite delightful.

The other half of the book is devoted to black bears generally. One peculiarity the author noticed was that the black bear does not, as the grizzly does, talk to her cubs all the time. A grizzly will walk about in the woods with two or three cubs, carrying on what appears to be a connected conversation. The black bear is silent

except in a case of danger or emergency. It is rather curious that after hibernation black bears have for a day or two small, if any, inclination for food. They eat a little of the tender grass shoots, where the snow is gone and the early vegetation has begun to sprout; but gradually their appetites return and they make up for lost time. Grizzlies are expert fishermen. Mr. Wright says he has seen one toss seventeen big salmon out of a stream in less than an hour, and after eating what he wanted bury the rest for a future meal. Black bears only fish occasionally and in very shallow water. They have not the patience to wait, as the grizzly does, and they make no attempt to preserve what is left. It is difficult to imagine that anyone can know more of bears than the author of this book, and it will be gathered from what has been said how fascinatingly he describes them. The photographs are excellent.

GROUSE AND GROUSE MOORS. By George Malcolm, F.S.I., and Aymer Maxwell. With 16 Full-page Illustrations in Colour by Charles Whymper, F.Z.S. London: Adam and Charles Black. 1910. (12s.)

Much has been written about grouse of late years, but there was room for this book, which seems to include everything that can interest those who desire to know all about the birds in question. Mr. George Malcolm treats of moors, of "The Grouse in Relation to Heather," and there is a chapter on that much-discussed subject, the diseases of grouse; for he protests that to speak of "grouse disease" as if there were but one is to be wide of the mark. He reviews the investigations of the Committee which was appointed to examine the subject. Enemies of sport have much to say about what they regard as the evils of preservation and of what is done in furtherance of shooting. It is well recognised, however, by those who care to inquire, that the moors and forests of Scotland could, except in very rare instances, be utilised for no other purpose than that to which they are turned. The amount of money put into circulation by grouse-shooting is little realised. It was not until the first quarter of the nineteenth century had well advanced that the letting of shootings can be traced, and up to the middle of the century the rents were insignificant. We are told that instances might be quoted of early rents which have increased tenfold, and in one case, which Mr. Malcolm says is well known to him, the appreciation in less than a century has for many years been thirty times the original price. He gives figures which are extremely interesting. It is calculated that in Scotland 3,354 shootings are either regularly let or reserved by their owners. Of these 3,157 are grouse and general shooting,

197 deer forests. The figures, according to his estimate, are as follows:—

	£
Average rent of 3,157 grouse and general shootings at £250 each	789,250
Average expenses of 3,157 grouse and general shootings at £250 each	789,250
Average rent of 197 deer forests at £800	157,600
Averages expenses of 197 deer forests at £800 each	157,600
	1,893,700
Add amount of excise revenue in year 1908-9 for gun and game licences issued in Scotland	34,229
Total of ordinary expenditure	£1,927,929

In addition to this there are, of course, the fisheries. Rents derived from these in Scotland are put at £200,000 a year.

Mr. Maxwell's contribution is no less excellent. We entirely agree with his regret that, valuable as the results of driving have been, the modern system should tend to produce men who shoot constantly and well throughout the season, are reckoned as good shots, but remain in complete ignorance of what should be, if not the main-spring, at least the most fascinating by-product, of sport, the closer study of wild animals in their natural surroundings. Many of his hints and suggestions must prove of the greatest service to young sportsmen, and indeed to older hands whose methods have a tendency to become slack. It is most desirable, for instance, to unload your gun and leave it in the butt when going out to pick up birds. Mr. Maxwell admits that it is trying to see a wounded bird get up and go away when it could easily have been stopped by the gun, but he points out that shooting around the butts after a drive, with so many people about, can never be really safe.

The truth of the following description will be recognised: "It must be confessed that all the advice given on shooting driven grouse, the precepts to keep cool and steady, never to get flustered, and to choose this bird or that bird to fire at, are but counsels of perfection to the novice. The flight of driven grouse is most disconcerting to those unversed in their ways—you think you are keeping a close look-out, when suddenly a bird appears within a yard of your nose, having apparently come from nowhere, or you will see them a long way in front, a long dark line against the heather, and before you know where you are they will have silently and rapidly swept over your head and vanished into space, leaving you with a smoking gun and empty chambers, supremely conscious

that you haven't ruffled a single feather, but without the vaguest notion as to which bird in particular you honoured with your attentions. But for goodness' sake do not get disheartened by want of success at first. You may scarcely touch a bird the first few days, but with ordinary eyesight, guns that fit you, and keenness to learn, it can only be a question of time; the issue is beyond doubt. You may never perhaps be able to take your right and left out of the covey going fifty or sixty miles an hour down wind—a feat to accomplish which with any certainty is reserved for the happy few who have the natural advantages of hand, eye, and arm working in perfect unison. But without soaring to such heights you may feel assured that, despite initial failure, you will with a little practice soon attain to the moderate standard where most of us have to be perforce content to remain, able to kill your fair share of the bag under normal conditions." Common sense and comprehensive knowledge of the sport distinguish all that Mr. Maxwell writes. Mr. Whympers' pictures are charmingly suggestive.

MOUNTAIN ADVENTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD. By George D. Abraham. Illustrated. London: Methuen & Co. 1910.

If enthusiasm can be engendered by a book, this volume by Mr. Abraham should make its readers keen to emulate his example. "Why do you climb? Is it worth the risk?" friends ask him, he says, and he ardently replies, "Yes! a thousand times!" Probably some readers are acquainted with his work, "The Complete Mountaineer," which we reviewed some time since, and if they appreciated that they will find the present volume equally attractive. The photographs must inevitably produce different impressions on different people. Some will vow that nothing could ever induce them to run the desperate risks which men who figure in these pictures are incurring. Others will be eager to go and do likewise; for either a man is a mountaineer or he is not. The "Adventures" have taken place at home and abroad. One chapter describes "Two Famous Welsh Climbs" in the neighbourhood of Snowdon, to speak broadly. Another chapter deals with "Some Autumn Days in Skye"; but it is to the Alps that the book is chiefly devoted, though in yet another chapter called "The Highest Climbs in the World" the author (not here from personal experiences) discusses the Himalayas. One of the illustrations shows the relative heights of different mountains, Snowdon with its 3,571 ft. looking trivial when compared with Mont Blanc, 15,792 ft., and this is little more than half as high as Mount Everest, 29,002 ft. The "2 feet" after the 29,000 shows a rigid desire for accuracy.



BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

It has been known to happen that when a car returns from the works after having been repaired it does not run satisfactorily. The Directors of the Trafalgar Automobile Works, Ltd., 19a Carlyle Square, King's Road, Chelsea, make a special point of submitting every car sent to them to adequate practical test before its return to the owner, so that there is assurance of its being in perfect order. The Company also particularly prides itself on fulfilling its engagements in the way of keeping time, and when a promise has been made that work will be completed by a certain date, reliance may be placed upon it.

* * * * *

Repainted golf balls at 12s. per dozen should appeal to the golfer who has to consider economy. Patent Colonels, Challengers, Dunlops, Zodiacs and others may be obtained at this cheap rate from the Surrey Athletic Agency, 41 & 42 Victoria Road, Surbiton.

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Most anglers must by this time be acquainted with the Telaraña Nova introduced by Mr. William Robertson of 27 Wellington Street, Glasgow. The weakness and prominence of the knots in a salmon cast have always been a severe handicap to the salmon fisherman, especially in bright weather and on a clear day; but now fish under these hitherto almost impossible conditions may be approached with confidence. There is no greater authority on fishing than Sir Herbert Maxwell, who expresses his warm appreciation of the Telaraña Nova, and Admiral Sir William Kennedy, K.C.B., has sent cordial commendation of it from Sweden.

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Among automobile engineers and agents Messrs. Sydney Westall & Co., 2 Little Portland Street, Oxford Circus, W., rank high. Numerous testimonials show the success with which they are carrying out the object of their institution, to give unbiassed advice on all subjects in connection with motors and motoring, purchasing the most suitable cars for clients, which their experience and knowledge of the market enables them to do satisfactorily and economically. They also manage all matters connected with insurance, let cars out on hire, and provide efficient instruction in driving.

* * * * *

The valves of a new car when it leaves the works very frequently require attention in the course of a short time, and indeed it is essential to the smooth working of the car that all valves and seatings should be trued from time to time. Usually this is done in a tedious and unsatisfactory manner, and to obviate this the Southern Automobiles, Ltd., of 102 Westcombe Hill, Blackheath, S.E., have introduced their valve seater and truer. The seat and valve may by its use be trued in a few minutes, with the result that the face joints will hold petrol, which is perhaps the severest test possible. Simple instructions for use are given with the instrument, and cutters for all the principal makes of cars are kept in stock. The Southern Automobiles, Ltd., have various other inventions which tend to make things smooth and pleasant.

* * * * *

Some of the leading motor-car companies, including the Argylls, Leyland Motors, Rover Company, and Vauxhall Motors, bear testimony to the complete success of the Okill Pressure Indicator, which the Argylls go so far as to describe as invaluable to them. It is invented by Mr. J. Okill, M.I.A.E., he having failed to find any really accurate instrument on the market. The use of motor cars has led to an extraordinary increase in mechanical knowledge on the part of many users, and the serviceability of this indicator will readily be understood and appreciated by educated motorists. It is supplied by Messrs. Taylors, All Saints Street Works, Bolton.

* * * * *

A new patent alarm watch has lately been issued by the General Watch Company, 193-197 Regent Street, W., under the title of the "Revey." The watch has first of all to be wound in the ordinary way, and there is a special gilt hand to be set at the time when it is desired that the alarm should be given. It is a perfect timekeeper apart from the use of the alarm, which of course is only employed when wanted. The bell, made of the finest silver steel, has a particularly clear sound which lasts for half a minute.

* * * * *

Messrs. Barr's bulb catalogue will as usual be welcome to the majority of gardeners and lovers of flowers. An alphabetical list makes reference to it simple. Messrs. Barr's tulips are too well known to need commendation. The catalogue contains lists of hardy spring and summer flowering bulbs, including anemones, crocuses, gladioli, hyacinths, irises, lilies, montbretias, muscari, and indeed every possible variety. Drawings of many of these are included.



A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the October competition will be announced in the December issue.

THE AUGUST COMPETITION

The prize in the August competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. E. A. Payne, Cape Town; Mrs. P. C. Hansson, Lungchow, South China; Mr. Joshua Keyms, Cork; Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge; Major A. J. O'Brien, Kew, Surrey; Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's County; Mr. J. C. Bristow-Noble, Rookwood, Warnham, Horsham; Mr. D. J. W. Edwardes, The Bank House, Salisbury; Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels; and Mr. Vaughan T. Paul, Penzance.



FOOTBALL AT NEWLANDS, CAPE TOWN

Photograph by Mr. E. A. Payne, Cape Town

TRAVELLING ON WEST RIVER, PROVINCE OF KWANGSI, SOUTH CHINA

The rafts, those commonly used by the natives, consist of four bamboo poles lashed together. They are rather unsteady, but wonderfully buoyant

Photograph by Mrs. P. C. Hansson, Lungchow, S. China



CARBERRY PLATE, CLONAKILTY RACES—BLACK KNIGHT FALLS

Photograph by Mr. Joshua Keyms, Cork



THE MASTER TAKING HOUNDS OVER

Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge



SARDINE BOATS COMING IN ON THE TIDE, CONCARNEAU, BRITTANY
Photograph by Miss Penrice, Fitzhall, Wellington Road, Bournemouth



SHOOTING TRIP IN KASHMIR

A raft of inflated skins on which the taker of the photograph floated thirty-four miles in five and a half hours down the Shigar River, in Baltistan, Kashmir. Big waves which broke right over the raft were often met in mid-stream. The raft is shown upside down, as the skins are being re-inflated. It is composed of twenty-five skins, and carried seven men with baggage

Photograph by Mr. W. R. Read, Ambala, Punjab



ST. BERNARD DOGS OUTSIDE THE HOSPICE ON THE GREAT ST. BERNARD

Photograph by Miss Onslow, Ingleby, Bournemouth



THE OBSTACLE RACE AT THE ARMY CHAMPIONSHIP SPORTS, ALDERSHOT

Photograph by Major A. J. O'Brien, Kew, Surrey



PILLOW-FIGHTING ON R.M.S. "DUNOTTAR CASTLE"
Photograph by Mr. Oswald Lewis, Christ Church, Oxford



OFFICERS' DOGS, 1ST CHESHIRE REGIMENT
 Peter, Kim Johnson, Piggie, Victoria, and Snark
*Photograph by Mr. H. W. Nicholson, the Cheshire Regiment,
 Victoria Barracks, Belfast*



GOODWOOD—A BREAK-AWAY THROUGH THE TAPES

Photograph by Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's County



THE QUARTER-MILE RACE AT THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIP, 1910

Photograph by Mr. Adolphe Abrahams, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, E.C.



BAYARDO LEADING IN THE GOLD CUP AT ASCOT

Photograph by Mr. B. N. Wood, Holland Park Avenue, London, W.



MENAI BRIDGE REGATTA—THE RACE UP THE STRAITS

Photograph by the Hon. Mrs. G. N. Irby, Glanaethwy, Bangor, N. Wales



WEST SUSSEX POLO TOURNAMENT—STOPHAM *v.* TWINEHAM

Photograph by Mr. J. C. Bristow-Noble, Rookwood, Warnham, Horsham



WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HOUNDS—WILL DALE AND HIS PACK AT
BADMINTON HORSE SHOW

Photograph by Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath



POLO MATCH BETWEEN TIBETAN VILLAGES AT GYANTSE, TIBET, SIX A SIDE.
THE WINNING TEAM

Photograph by Captain Weir, Gyantse, Tibet



POLO TOURNAMENT, MALTA, 1910—60TH RIFLES V. ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND
HIGHLANDERS

*Photograph by Mr. W. Saunders Knox-Gore, Lieutenant 60th Rifles,
Belleek Manor, Eallina, Co. Mayo*



WINNING THE YAWL RACE, DOWNINGS REGATTA, CO. DONEGAL
Photograph by Mr. D. J. W. Edwardes, The Bank House, Salisbury



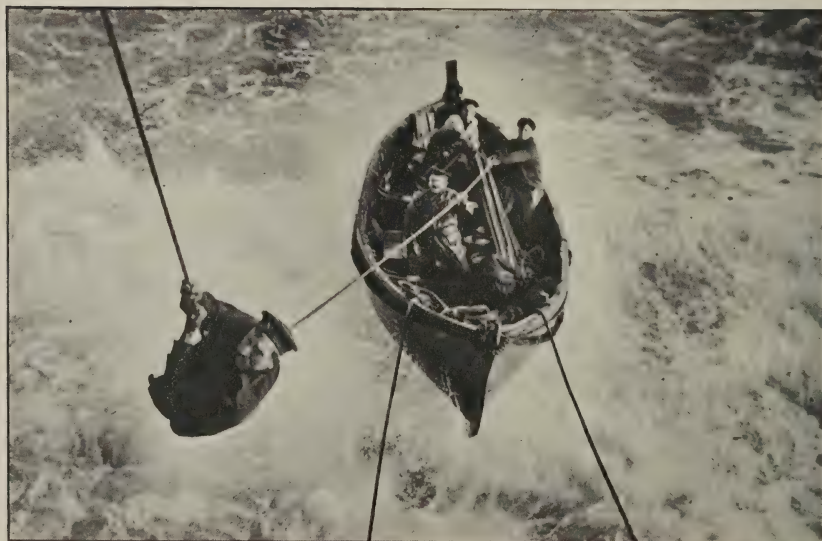
ELAND FAMILY AT THE DRAKENSBERG, WITH THE "CHAMPAGNE CASTLE,"
12,000 FT., IN BACKGROUND

Photograph by Mrs. Hamm, Estcourt, Natal



HOCKEY AT BRUSSELS

Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels



A RELIEF MAN ASCENDING THE TOWER OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE
DURING A GALE

Photograph by Mr. Vaughan T. Paul, Penzance



OGBOURNE MANOR
(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

The Badminton Magazine

“THE COLOURS”

XI.—MR. GEORGE EDWARDES

Turquoise with White Chevrons

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

THE connection which seems to exist between sport and drama has never been clearly explained. That there is such an existence appears to be proved, amongst other ways, by the popularity of a journal specially devoted to these subjects, *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, about which I cannot say what I should like, having been a contributor for over thirty years and formerly Editor. Many actors are, however, distinguished in various sports. The newest of all, if it is to be called a sport, Aviation, has drawn one of its most distinguished recruits from the stage in the person of Mr. Robert Loraine. A number of actors go racing. It is now a

good many years ago since Mr. Charles Hawtrey set up a little stable; Mr. Lewis Waller has owned a racehorse; Mr. Arthur Collins may be described as a devotee of the Turf, which perhaps accounts for the number of races which have been run, under both rules, Jockey Club and National Hunt, on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre. Lady de Bathe has raced seriously for some years, for this may certainly be said of an owner who has carried off a Cesarewitch and an Ascot Cup; but no member of the



SANTOI PARADING FOR THE GOLD CUP, ASCOT

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

theatrical profession has had such an extensive connection with the Turf as Mr. George Edwardes, of the Gaiety and Daly Theatres, who though not indeed an actor himself, has been the cause of a vast deal of acting in others.

Possibly Mr. George Edwardes was tempted to race by the fact that he had a very sporting brother who took a particularly energetic part in racing, hunting, polo, pig-sticking, etc., when serving with the 10th Hussars and afterwards in the 1st Life Guards. From wherever the fancy came, there it was, however; Mr. George



MR. GEORGE EDWARDES

Edwardes determined that he would like to have some horses, and gave a thousand guineas for the winner of a selling race at Kempton Park one day in the year 1898. This was not done at the instigation of his brother. Far from it. The Major was at this time prevented by his military duties from keeping a training establishment, and Mr. Edwardes proposed to put his horses in the charge of Sir Charles Nugent; but of course the Major took a fraternal interest in his brother's proceedings. When he saw the new purchase he regarded it with scorn, pointing out the desirability of buying horses with at least one or two sound legs. Mr. George Edwardes has learnt a good deal about racing since those days, and is a far better judge of a horse and the way it should be ridden than is generally imagined; but he had to learn in the first instance, and there is nothing like experience for teaching.

Not long after the registration of the turquoise with white chevrons Major Edwards left the service and took a place at Berwick St. John in Wiltshire, whither his brother's horses were sent; and looking round for recruits, at Doncaster in 1898 a son of Queen's Birthday and Merry Wife was selected as a promising colt, and knocked down for 190 guineas; a gloriously cheap bargain, for this was the famous Santoi, named, of course, after the play which was then running at Daly's Theatre. Of Santoi I wrote at some length a few years ago, when dealing with the career of Major John Edwards, and mentioned amongst other things the horse's extraordinary liking for perfume, how he would stretch out his nose to sniff any agreeable scent on a handkerchief, but had a strong distaste for the odour of tobacco, shrinking back when his owner, with gloves smelling of what Santoi did not regard as "the fragrant herb," went near his stable. But I did not tell the story of how Mr. George Edwardes came to have a good race on his colt in the Free Handicap for Three-Year-Olds in the year 1900.

Santoi, it should be incidentally remarked, did not very greatly distinguish himself as a two-year-old. He won a couple of Nurseries, ridden by the late Tom Loates, and began his three-year-old season by winning a handicap at Sandown Park by a head from Sheet Anchor, Sloan up on the latter. After being second at Epsom and Ascot he won the Brighton Cup, just getting home by a head from First Principal, a subsequent winner of the City and Suburban, and he also very easily won the Lewes Handicap. In the Free Handicap at the Houghton Meeting he was allotted 7 st. 6 lb., and it was thought that he had a great chance, especially if Sloan could be secured to ride him. This was arranged, the American jockey asking, however, that the colt might be sent to Newmarket in order that he could become acquainted with its peculiarities. To Newmarket Santoi

went accordingly, the real explanation, one is driven to suspect, being that Sloan was greatly interested at this time in Codoman, winner of the Prix du Conseil Municipal and other good races in France, and now in England, greatly fancied for the Cambridgeshire. Sloan, indeed, proceeded to try the two, making Codoman give 10 lb., and Santoi won so easily that a few days afterwards they were galloped again at even weights. Santoi again had it all his own way, whereupon the energetic jockey was anxious to see whether he could possibly give the Frenchman weight, and this time conceding 7 lb., Santoi won a third gallop. These trials were of course noticed



SANTOI WINNING THE GOLD CUP, ASCOT

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

by some of the horse-watchers, always on the alert at Newmarket, but in strict confidence an "explanation" of them was kindly provided. Those who fondly believed themselves to be behind the scenes were allowed to gather that Codoman had been giving 3 st., and that Santoi had been permitted to win for the sake of deceiving lookers on. It was supposed to have been ascertained by these gallops that "Codoman could pull a milk cart and beat Santoi."

When Mr. Edwardes got to Newmarket Sloan told him at any rate something approaching to the truth. The owner learnt at least that Santoi was a really good colt, and when the numbers went up for the Free Handicap it immediately became evident that he was

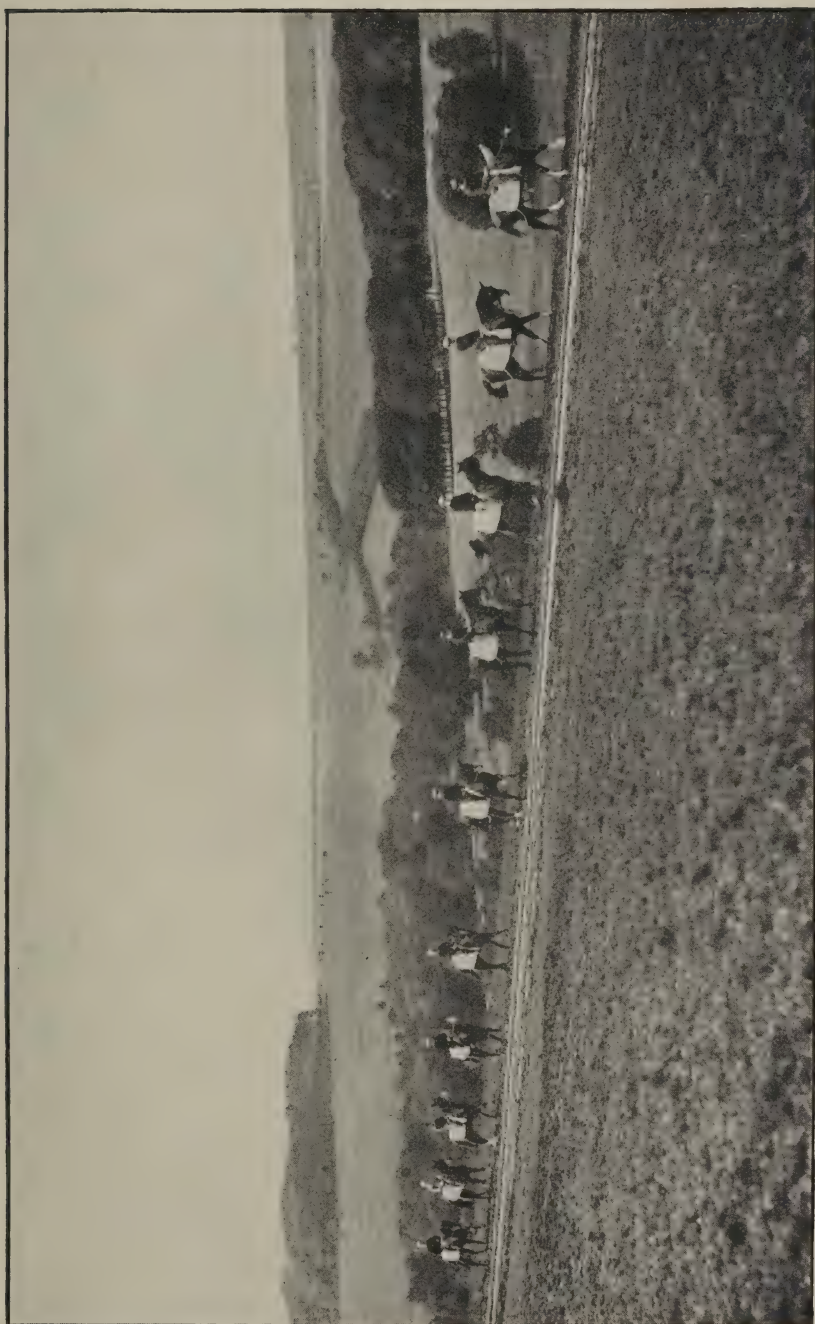
strongly fancied by those who were eager to support their faith in the ring. The rumour which had run round to Santoi's detriment had inspired Mr. Edwardes with the hope that he would get a good price, for the American horse Disguise II, the useful Marconi, who had already won a race at the meeting, and Sonatura were all in the field; but Mr. Edwardes's surprise was equal to his disgust when he found Santoi practically unbackable. He was able to get 100 to 40 once, the bookmaker refusing to go on, nor would any of the others lay even 2 to 1. Returning to the Birdcage just as Sloan was



VITEZ

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

getting up Mr. Edwardes told him the state of the case. The little jockey considered for a moment and then said: "Don't be in a hurry about it. I'll get you a better price. You'll be able to back it in running." There was indeed nothing else to be done, and the owner returned to the enclosure to await developments. The flag fell, Santoi, when they had gone two or three furlongs, was well behind, and as the others galloped on he dropped further back. Sonatura was going well, Disguise II was with her, Santoi apparently out of it, and presently a voice came from the middle of the ring, "10 to 1 Santoi." Hibbert put up his glasses to have a look, the result



THE OGBOURNE DOWNS
(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

of his observation being an offer of ten 50's against the colt, which Mr. Edwardes promptly secured. Hibbert then had another look, Santoi was still apparently out of the race, and "Ten hundred to one Santoi!" was his offer. Another bookmaker followed suit, Mr. Edwardes taking both bets; and very soon he was gratified to see his colt gradually creeping up, passing the others one by one, and winning with extreme ease.

Santoi's first appearance as a four-year-old was in the Jubilee. He was supposed to have too much weight, and started at the comfortable odds of 25 to 1, winning by a neck from Caiman. He followed on with the Great Whitsuntide Handicap at Epsom, and favourite for the Gold Cup at Ascot won that coveted trophy by a length from Kilmarnock II, with Forfarshire, Scintillant, King's Courier, and Sang Bleu behind him. In the Peveril of the Peak Plate at Derby he was overburdened with 9 st. 7 lb.; with 9 st. 10 lb. he could get no nearer than third for the Great Yorkshire Handicap, which went to the Cesarewitch winner Balsarroch; but of course horses who win Gold Cups are likely to be taken care of in handicaps. The Kempton Park Stakes that autumn was a notable race; indeed, it is seldom that half a dozen such horses as went to the post are ever found together. Volodyovski had won the Derby, Doricles the Leger, Epsom Lad the Eclipse Stakes, Merry Gal the Princess of Wales's Stakes, William the Third was to win the Ascot Cup next year. The race fell to Epsom Lad; but Santoi, beaten three parts of a length, was giving him 3 lb., so that at even weights he should just about have won.

In the Cesarewitch Santoi carried 9 st. 7 lb., a burden with which, needless to say, the race has never been secured; and then came the Jockey Club Cup, about which I have to write with caution. The colt, usually so full of life, was dull and listless on the morning of the race, and many of those who saw him in the Birdcage would have nothing to do with him. Nevertheless he started at 11 to 8 on, and, in the circumstances, it is strange that he should have done as well as he did, running second to King's Courier, beaten only by a couple of lengths. Mr. Edwardes and his horse were, there can be no doubt, victims of a conspiracy. Someone who had access to Santoi did not wish him to win, and took care that he should not do so. The horse was never quite the same afterwards, though he ran well as a five-year-old. Shortly before the Jubilee of 1902 he had been transferred from Berwick St. John to Ogbourne, and seemed to have been at first adversely affected by his change of quarters. In the Coronation Cup at Epsom he was third to Osboch and Volodyovski, but easily beat Black Sand and his Newmarket conqueror, King's Courier. He improved, moreover, after this,

winning the Coronation Commemoration Stakes at Lingfield from Volodyovski, the latter in receipt of 11lb., and he may be said to have done well for the Gold Cup, ridden by E. Piggott, the steeplechase jockey. William the Third won very easily from Osboch, but Santoi beat Volodyovski, King's Courier, Black Sand, the Oaks winner Cap and Bells II, and the two good French horses, Cheri and La Camargo. He was not to win again, but is doing excellent service at Mr. Edwardes's Irish stud farm Ballykisteen. His sons and daughters stay. One of them, Yentoi, is a winner of the Cesarewitch, and he is the sire of Santeve, Admiral Togo III, Lagos, Shuletoi, and a number of other useful horses.



SANTOI AT THE STUD

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

Santeve came slowly to hand, winning nothing as a two-year-old, though she was second for two Nurseries, beaten a neck each time. Her owner describes her as a very unlucky mare. She has nevertheless done by no means badly. She won her first race as a three-year-old, the Earl of Sefton's Plate, cantered away with the Somersetshire Stakes, and was beaten less than three lengths for the Oaks behind Signorinetta and Courtesy. With 7 st. 12 lb. on her back she won the Liverpool Autumn Cup of 1908, and with 8 lb. less was successful the following year. Still, she has never done quite what it was hoped she would do.

One of Mr. Edwardes's pleasant recollections is of a two-year-old called Fairy Field, whom he bought early in his career. His brother was away in Paris, so he thought he would do a little training on his own account, and arranged a trial with a view to ascertaining whether this colt was likely to win a selling race at Kempton at the approaching meeting. The gallop satisfied him that Fairy Field must have a great chance, if he were not, indeed, actually a good thing. He was sent to the meeting accordingly. Fortunately the race was supposed to lie between two others, Spinado, a hot favourite at 5 to 4, and Nocturne, at less than twice those odds. The more Mr. Edwardes thought of it the more convinced he was that his colt could not be beaten; and though these convictions so often proved wrong, in this case they did not. The nice odds of 10 to 1 were on offer in spite of the fact that there were only six runners. Though far from a heavy bettor as a rule, he made up his mind to have a dash for once, and as the trial came out right he enjoyed a most profitable race, being very little troubled by the circumstance that it cost 1,150 guineas to buy Fairy Field in. In such style did he win that the auctioneer's ring was surrounded by an eager crowd of buyers or would-be buyers, who were ready to bid as soon as the colt was led in, and the biddings were brisk until they had got well beyond a thousand. What the handicappers thought of it was shown by the weight allotted to Fairy Field in the Free Handicap, he having only run for and won a single £200 Juvenile Plate meanwhile. He carried 8 st. 2 lb. at Newmarket. I do not remember whether the weights were raised that season; at any rate he was put only 4 lb. below Musa, who won the Oaks next year. Fairy Field was probably injured to an extent which cannot be estimated by the iniquitous carelessness of a boy who brought him from Stockton after he won his second race. This promising youth had won some money on the colt, and when he got to London thought he would enjoy himself. Fairy Field was left in his box at Clapham Junction without food or drink for twenty-four hours. Everyone makes mistakes, and it was, as the result proved, an act of indiscretion when Mr. George Edwardes sold Yentoi. The colt had done nothing as a two-year-old, for though second to Polar Star on one occasion in a small field at Manchester, odds of 100 to 9 were laid on Colonel Hall Walker's colt, 20 to 1 bar one, and it was not really a race. But Yentoi came on and did remarkably well for Lady de Bathe, the Cesarewitch being only one of five races which he won as a four-year-old.

Mr. George Edwardes does not buy expensive yearlings, depending indeed almost exclusively on the produce of his Ballykisteen stud; but he contrives to win a considerable number of minor

racers, and is supposed to have specially good luck on Saturday afternoons. With regard to this question of luck it may be said people are bad judges of their own. I fancy Mr. George Edwardes is rather inclined to think that his luck has not been good on the whole, and he has doubtless met with a share of the disappointments which occur to all owners of horses. It was not a stroke of bad fortune, however, to buy for 190 guineas a colt who won the Ascot Gold Cup, £11,265 in stakes altogether, and who must be rated high among successful sires. This money, moreover, does not include that which has been won in bets. These are private



BALLYKISTEEN STUD HOUSE

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

matters; but when a horse is fancied and starts for the Jubilee at 25 to 1, it is tolerably safe to assume that his owner has had a good race.

Every owner of a numerous string gets hold of deceptive animals who never do what seems to be well within their powers. Anchora appears to come into this category. She won nothing as a two-year-old, a single race worth £100 as a three, as a four she did a little better, getting home on three occasions, but only in one race of any note—and that not of much—the Lewes Handicap. This year she has been second in her last four races without winning anything. Mr. Edwardes has never succeeded in carrying off a really

good two-year-old event, and Santeve's third in the Oaks is the nearest he has got to any of the classics; but it has been seen that Santoi beat winners of Derby, Oaks, and Leger with no advantage in the matter of weight. Mr. Edwardes's place in the "List of Winning Owners" has never been particularly prominent. His best season was in 1901, when he secured £8,920 in stakes. His peculiarity as an owner is the large number of minor races that fall to him.

The turquoise and white chevrons are seen under National Hunt



SANTOI IN HIS Paddock AT BALLYKISTEEN

(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

Rules. Early in his career as an owner Mr. Edwardes leased from the late Mr. J. C. Murphy a more than useful daughter of Kendal and Mavourneen called Breemount's Pride, one of whose earliest achievements was to win the valuable Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase of £1,725 from a good field, including Gentle Ida, who was second, giving, however, 33 lb. Manifesto ran here after winning the National for the second time, but he fell. It was thought worth while to send the mare over to France, and her first attempt in that country as a five-year-old was successful. She won the Prix de Lodi at Auteuil by fifteen lengths, and with a little luck would

assuredly have taken the Grand Steeplechase, worth that year £5,248. It happened in this season, 1899, that the course was flooded at the turn away to the right of the stands. A courteous French official endeavoured to explain this to W. Pullen, who had gone over to ride; but he did not understand the language, had not the least idea what was being said to him, and when the turn was reached blundered into something over a foot of water accordingly, the consequence being that the mare came down on her head. Pullen escaped from the bath, remounted, and yet contrived to finish second with thirteen behind him. "Ought to have won" is a



WEDDING EVE AND FOAL AT BALLYKISTEEN

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

statement which it is always wise to accept with a certain amount of hesitation; still, there can really be no doubt that Breemount's Pride lost a great deal more than fifteen lengths. She came out at Sandown in December for the Ladies' National Hunt Race, over three miles and a quarter, a course which takes a desperate deal of staying and has been won by National winners and other really good horses. Here Gentle Ida, an altogether exceptionally good mare, as many readers will remember, was trying to give her 21 lb. Ridden by Mr. George Thursby, Breemount's Pride won easily. Randall, who in those days rode as an amateur, was on the second.

Breemount's Pride ran in the Liverpool of 1900, won by His Majesty's Ambush II, just missing a place behind Manifesto. Mr. Edwardes has had various other jumpers, but this was doubtless far the best. He is not very ambitious in the way of entering for the great races, but his name usually appears. A son of his brother's Wavelet's Pride called Wanono is in the Two Thousand and Derby next year, and in the former race he also has Luxembourg, a son of Santoi and Weeping Ash, about whom I forgot to ask questions; but he may be destined to win races. The colt ran at Leicester in the summer, fourth to Meleager. Lately, Major John Edwards having as many horses of his own as he can well look after, Mr. George Edwardes's have been put under the care of P. Hartigan at Enford, a few miles from Ogbourne, and a fair number of races have fallen to the stable. It pays not to aim too high, unless, of course, one has a notably good horse; as already remarked, the races won by bearers of the turquoise jacket have been small ones. It can only be hoped that a worthy successor to Santoi may be presently forthcoming, for Mr. Edwardes's many friends delight in seeing the colours to the fore.





A GROUP OF MR. STEWART MENZIES' LABRADORS

LABRADORS AND THEIR TRAINING

BY OWEN JONES ("GAMEKEEPER")

LABRADORS are retrievers, some of them uncommonly good ones; that much is certain. Precisely how they were bred will remain a fruitful subject of debate; as a matter of fact all retrievers are mongrels, the results of judicious crossing. Careful breeding by selection through generations has kept them more or less true to type.

The origin of the aristocratic flatcoats, it is agreed, was crossing between Newfoundlands and the setter; of the curlies, probably between Newfoundlands and the Irish water-spaniel. The ordinary retriever of years ago, when the retriever was beginning to make its way as a recognised variety of utility dog, was by no means typical in coat. The curlies first set the fashion in evenness of coat, then the wavies, and then the flats or smooth-coated strain. The retrievers then most commonly seen had combination coats, curly, smooth, and wavy, and were known as broken-coated. How the various strains of present-day Labradors originated it is impossible to say precisely; but it would seem that the pointer was the base from which the variety was evolved by crossing with existing strains of retriever, and with dogs (apparently of pointer-Newfoundland origin) imported from Labrador by certain noblemen and others. A stout black pointer and a slim Labrador are practically the same in appearance.

Labradors hitherto have not suffered from the fashions of the show-bench, as the flat-coats a few years ago were suffering—in advanced atrophy of chest, flatness of flank, and lengthening of head

and nose to the exclusion of brain-box—and it is sincerely to be hoped they never will. When any young sporting dog gives promise of great deeds on the show-bench, it is all too likely that his training and experience as a worker will suffer, for he quickly becomes too valuable to be exposed to the rough-and-tumble risks of ordinary work with the gun. Labradors began by making their mark as workers pure and simple. And I believe I am justified in saying that what may be called the standard of type is the same in worker and winner.

A large proportion of Labradors have some white about them, as a rule on the chest. To these white patches they are more liable than flat-coats, probably because by selection they have not been bred so long without them. Whatever a black dog's breed, a white chest does not make a scrap of difference to his work, and is no bar to success on the bench. Many a good puppy has been destroyed because it was born with some white. A puppy with a bit of white one may often buy for twenty-five or fifty per cent. less than an inferior specimen without a white hair. Labradors also have a common tendency to lightness of eye. Though an expert judge has said that a barley-sugar shade is correct, most people prefer a dark eye in a black dog.

The distinctive features of an ideally built Labrador are cobbiness and proportion. There are, however, plenty of Labradors about of sorts, many of them anything but good to look upon. The better-looking a Labrador the better for work. A first glance tells you that there is about him nothing superfluous, no appearance of looseness of structure, floppiness, lankiness. What there is of him is all solid dog.

He should be of compact comeliness, of medium size, and possess a straight, close coat, perfectly free from wave or curliness, with a down-like under-layer. Some Labradors have a harsher quality of coat than others, more of a pin-wire texture than the desirable mole-like quality. The smaller strains chiefly appear to produce mole-like coats; they have also tails inclined to be whippy. And they are of a fidgety temperament—inclined to be fussing and fizzing about a few yards away instead of walking sedately at heel. The smallness of the small strains, with their very short, mole coats and skimpy tails, suggests an over-dose of pointer; some of these small Labradors look more like little black bulldogs. The large, coarse strains are generally coarse in coat; I consider a medium coat is the most serviceable. There are Labradors of great size and, usually, coarseness; huge, lanky, loosely-built creatures, suggesting a donkey in their pedigree; the sort of dogs that would excel in dealing with hares, dead and alive.

For pleasing the eye, it must be conceded that, as a variety, Labradors are second to flat-coats. Yet a good Labrador, merely for appearance, I prefer to a good flat-coat. The flat-coat is moderate in shapeliness—the Labrador, model.

A decided suggestion of the tinker's dog is what offends the eye in most Labradors—about the head; so that at first sight one might suppose they were related to the lurcher. Others that are quite passable in build and proportion have a way of cocking their head sideways, as will a terrier listening for a rat, and look as if they had a permanently stiff neck, which I do not care about at all. And numbers of Labradors pass muster as far as the shoulder, and then fall away miserably—weak-loined, cow-hocked, and cat-hammed.



FLAPPER, MR. MAURICE PORTAL'S CELEBRATED FIELD-TRIAL WINNER
(From a Painting by Miss Florence Jay)

Some gallop as if there were a stiff iron pin through their hips; between the legs of others there is scarcely room for them to put their tails.

Sourness of expression is another fault commonly seen; but I have no reason to suppose that this necessarily indicates sourness of disposition. All the same, the reputation of Labradors for good temper is not beyond reproach. I have known dogs whose chastisement it was wise to administer warily; one would seize the whip and make his trainer retire backwards with extreme caution. Another who inspired discreet correction, when passing along a road with her owner, laid teeth upon a playful butcher-boy who greeted an inquisitive sniff with a flourish of his apron. Others I have

known have had a weakness for jousting with their own species. A Labrador with the bristles well up along his or her back certainly looks as businesslike as any dog.

Without meaning to prove the rule by the exception, the kindest dispositioned retriever (or, for that matter, dog of any sort) that I ever owned is a Labrador. If a burglar wished to search her bed for silver teapots, she would welcome him with outstretched paw and encourage him to come again. She never has been known to pick a quarrel; it was thought she was entirely ignorant of the gentle art, till one day her own familiar friend, a terrier of her own sex, fell into the clutches of a pugilistic dandy--then she went to



SLAPPER, BY FLAPPER

First in puppy, and reserve and two specials in open dog class, Gamekeepers' Show, 1910
(Owner and breeder, Mr. F. Wade, underkeeper)

the rescue with great dignity and effect. She has made friends with every railway guard she has met from one end of the country to the other; one was so charmed with her sweetness and winning manner that he suggested she would make "a good collecting-dog for our line."

It has been cast in the teeth of Labradors that they are hard-mouthed. Many are; however, this is largely a matter of strain and training. Half the retrievers of all sorts that prove hard-mouthed are made so by careless training. It is true that most Labradors possess a habit which often has the same results as downright hardness of mouth; when they have winded and are close

to a dead bird but cannot see it, they will point at it, and then, having grasped its bearings, pounce upon it; and so many a dog with a naturally soft mouth earns the credit of having a hard one. Again, when ranging at speed, unless the lifting of a bird is timed to a nicety, it may receive a nip. Labradors will lift game just as trains gather mail-bags—without pulling up.

Wildness is another fault of which Labradors are commonly accused—not unreasonably. The idea no doubt arose by reason of their pace and dash—their splendid habit of working at a gallop. I freely admit that an untrained Labrador will do more harm by disturbing ground than a flatcoat; but that is no reason why pace should be mistaken for wilful wildness. The dog who ranges



MR. A. NICHOL'S FAMOUS SIR RICHARD, SIRE OF CH. BRAYTON SWIFT

at full gallop, if properly trained, will come in at the same speed; and further, when he has found his game he will be back with it in a twinkling. To see a good Labrador work is a revelation to anyone who has been accustomed only to loitering potterers.

Once I was showing a friend what a young Labrador would do without a word being spoken to her and without even looking at her. We were walking in a meadow by some garden ground planted with brussels-sprouts. With a motion of my hand I ordered her to walk at heel. Presently, without the slightest warning, I jerked an old tennis ball (which she had not seen for months) about forty yards into the sprouts, and walked on unconcernedly. She (I was informed) had dropped the instant I jerked the ball. Another hand

sign, and she galloped to heel and walked as before. After a while, a wave of the arm, and she was away like the wind, made a cast through the sprouts and back to me—all at top speed without faltering. We thought there could be no scent at all, and that she was refusing to try. I signed to her to go again, but she took no notice. She had the ball in her mouth all the time, and though we had watched her cast, neither of us saw her pick it up; in fact, we would have wagered that she had done nothing of the kind. Another time, in the Hebrides, a woodcock was thought to have fallen into some undergrowth which one could scarcely blame a dog for refusing to face. Several experienced local dogs were tried in vain; but the gun who had shot at the 'cock had a strong notion that he had scored. The local people scorned the idea of trying the Labrador, vowing that if their dogs failed none could succeed—apart from the *fact* that the bird was not there. Anyway the Labrador went. And as nearly as could be calculated she returned with the woodcock in her mouth in about ten seconds from the time she started. Three grouse, of which setters could make nothing, she found and pointed one after the other. She is so trained that liberties may be taken with her which would ruin the general run of non-slip retrievers.

The man who can train a dog has many good qualities; quick perception, discrimination, decision, and so forth—and he must be a thinker. Probably he would be useful in other occupations. He must also possess a calm but firm and sympathetic temperament, and a fine stock of patience. Patience is said to be a virtue in all men. In a trainer of dogs it is a necessity. And his temper must be under absolute control. A man who has not trained himself cannot train a dog.

In the good old days of muzzle-loaders, "down-charging," and "tohos," there were many more men who trained dogs than now, certainly among amateurs. I do not suppose there is now one amateur in a hundred who has ever trained a dog or ever will. I do not say that amateurs—that is to say, ordinary shooting men—could not train a dog; but they don't do it. As a matter of fact, education itself gives a man an advantage when setting out to train a dog. I should say that more than half the pleasure and profit of owning and working a trained retriever lies in the knowledge that you have trained him yourself. A dog seldom gives of his very best work except to his trainer; man and dog train themselves to each other's ways. It is well within the mark to say that formerly there were a hundred sportsmen who could train a dog for one that does so to-day. Men did not train their own dogs then because they could not find or afford somebody to do it for them, but because it

gave them keen pleasure and brought them better sport. Of pointers and setters it may be said that training by the man who was going to shoot over them was of more importance than in the case of retrievers—that there is less “relationship” between the sportsman’s part and the retriever’s. This may be so. But there is enough relationship to make it well worth while for a man to train his own retriever; and, besides, the man who cannot or does not train dogs cannot work them.

Men say they have not time to train dogs. Many have not; many have, but are too lazy, or too much devoted to a kaleido-



CH. BRAYTON SWIFT

scopic variety of amusements. Plenty of men have become possessed of a well-trained dog only to spoil it, because they did not know how to handle it. Dogs, like women, love to be governed; if not governed both are likely to govern. I cannot imagine which is the worse plight, to be governed by a woman at home or by a dog in the field. (We already have lady gunners. I suppose in time we shall have lady gamekeepers, who will be tipped with a set of furs, a silk insertion blouse, or a pair of openwork gaiters.) It is much easier to untrain than to train a dog. What has taken months to accomplish may be undone in minutes. You may train a dog in months; it takes years to “make” him.

The shooting man really has the best chance of "making" a dog that has been trained to a certain state. Taking part in a formal shoot, in close attendance on the guns, is a terrific tax on a puppy's nerves. If a puppy belongs to one of the guns, and that puppy plays the fool, the sportsman merely apologises to his host, and all is serene; but if the puppy is a keeper's—well, as one keeper put it, they both get the sack.

There are plenty of retrievers, Labradors and others, which have nose and the knowledge of using it, good mouth, and obedience (to a certain extent). But you never know when they will run in, or give furious chase to fur when you want them to look for a bird.



STRANGER

An imported stud dog, the property of Mr. Stewart Menzies, Arnidilly, Craig Ellachie, N.B.

I do not say that the best-trained dogs will not take the law into their own hands occasionally; but even so, as a rule there is some cause of which their handler may or may not be aware, and they will always desist on command. The cause of ordinary retrievers' uncertainty of behaviour is that they have not been thoroughly taught each lesson of their early education; that is to say, they did not learn their grammar. The most critical stage in teaching a dog a lesson is when he *appears* to have grasped it. The trainer hopes he has, instead of making sure he has by the most tempting tests. The lesson of resisting temptation requires more absorption than any other.

You may deceive yourself into thinking that a young dog is

proof against running in or starting in pursuit, when likely enough he neither saw the bird fall nor the rabbit or hare steal away. The greater the temptation the more likely is the dog to fall, therefore you want to make sure that he receives the maximum of temptation in each lesson. When a bird falls almost on him or a rabbit runs almost into his mouth, that is the time when the struggle within him is sternest.

Staunchness when a dog is alone does not mean that he will be equally staunch when in the company of other dogs, especially when they are not so well trained as himself. To render a dog not only proof against the direst temptation when alone but in the company of other dogs, and even of other men besides his trainer, is a lesson



"ALL HANDS TO THE PORRIDGE"

too often left untaught till he makes his first appearance at a shoot, an occasion rather for testing than for teaching him. It is quite easy when a dog is young to teach him to conquer jealousy; not so in after life. Therefore it is an excellent plan to have a brace of puppies in training at the same time. Each of course should be taught to retrieve some dummy object, and to lie down and stay there while the trainer walks some distance and throws the dummy so that it pitches in front of the puppy's nose. Then the two of them should be tested at the same time, making them lie down closer and closer together, till say within a couple of yards of each other, the dummy being thrown so as to pitch midway between them, one being ordered to retrieve while the other controls his emotions.

Having brought them to this stage, you may just as well let one retrieve from under the very nose of the other.

I recommend this plan (with the object to be retrieved in full view) only as a test of obedience in circumstances which provoke jealousy, since the temptation to fall to an object that can be seen is greater than when it cannot. When a bird falls close to a dog on bare ground, especially if the bird jumps up and down, as often a bird hit in the head will, that is the time when a dog is most sorely tempted to run in. Another instructive test is, having ordered your two puppies to walk at heel, suddenly to throw the dummy as far as you can into cover, without their expecting it, walk on, and after a while order one of them to retrieve. Simply to say "Hie lost!" or give the order to seek and retrieve by a wave of your arm is fatal, and unfair to both puppies; rather say the name of the chosen puppy, followed by the word or sign.

Trained in this way, it is quite easy to shoot over two dogs, working each as you think fit. In fact, I believe as many as a dozen Labradors have been under the command of one gun at the same time, just to show what can be done by rational training. But it is open to question whether actually working more than one dog at a time causes carelessness through jealousy or stimulates by competition.

There is no object in speaking a word when you can see a dog and he can see you; to attract his attention to your signals, one short soft whistle-note may be used. Reserve a loud, long, insistent whistle-blast to fetch him instantly to heel when he is out of sight or easy sound, or when he blunders. Always fetch a young dog right in when he blunders, and lecture him. Plenty of dogs will come in to sign or whistle when they are close, but it is more important that they should do so when far away. So make this a special lesson, gradually increasing the distance as far as sound and sight will allow, at first where there is no game to tempt till the dog obeys instantly, then among game.

There is no object in teaching a dog to shine with ground game, which he assuredly will do to the exclusion of winged game if you enter him to both from the start. Even supposing he is of good obedience, fur is sure to tempt him from his search for feather. While he is taking his pastime with a rabbit which may be dead, wounded, or never even shot at, the runner is making useful tracks, or the scent of a dead bird is decreasing. Very often a dog is fetched to search for a bird which he has not seen fall—how is he to know that whatever game he first comes upon is not what he is wanted to deal with? An experienced dog gets to know that the object he is ordered to search for will have added to it the scent of shed blood,

whether of fur or feather. The scent of fur in any case is far stronger than that of feather. So it is advisable not to allow a puppy to touch fur, at any rate during his first season's work.

The reason why so many dogs fall to the temptation of fur is because it is not easy to teach them by chance lessons. Even where rabbits or hares are plentiful you cannot find one sitting closely in the open just when you want it; but if you can, and the puppy falls, as he probably will, it is long odds against your finding another until the puppy has forgotten what was the matter. A quick second barrel of temptation is the one that does the trick in dog-training. Besides, you want a puppy to be under control without his knowing



"ALL GONE!"

it: if a rabbit has a free run so will the puppy. It pays over and over again in the saving of time and the thoroughness of a puppy's training to have a large wire-netting enclosure in which are a few rabbits (or Belgian hares), a few bushes for cover, but no burrows. Here you may teach a puppy more of your ideas about ground game in ten minutes than you could casually in the open in ten weeks. And what you thus teach him he will not easily forget.

Here again, at first, one puppy should be entered at a time till he has grasped the situation, and then two or more may be tested together by a walk at heel, and, having passed this test, by being sent one at a time to find a dummy or a bird. On the first occasion it is

better to let them see the dummy or bird thrown—this will give them a hint as to what is expected of them; whatever happens they will know they were not sent for a rabbit. In all cases of going for rabbits they should be pulled up instantly and sharply by whistle, made to come in to heel, and lectured severely, with a threat of the whip. They are pretty certain to make a rush at a rabbit which they may see, or to follow the scent of one not seen; but if they instantly desist on hearing the whistle it is well. I would rather a puppy erred at once and repented than having remained passive should develop a violent taste for coursing later on. For when a



MR. F. WADE'S WELL-KNOWN WINNER, WATFORD SAL

puppy falls to temptation, but turns from his evil course on command, he not only shows that he has recognised his mistake, but he has obeyed when the temptation to disobey was strongest. Some puppies are longer than others in tumbling to the delights of chasing and running in. Many a puppy, and even experienced dog, that in the ordinary way will take no heed of ground game, will go for a rabbit in collision with netting.

There is not space here to go minutely into teaching a puppy to retrieve and the cultivation of a tender mouth. However, many men with the express idea of teaching a puppy to retrieve quickly, by praising him so soon as the quarry is in his mouth defeat their

object ; the puppy naturally concludes that he is being praised for carrying the thing about. Directly he has delivered it into your hand lavish praise and caresses upon him, celebrating each occasion by giving him a tasty morsel.

I am sure it is a fine thing to make a puppy drop when you throw something for him to retrieve when ordered. He will drop of his own accord after a few lessons. In any case keep him down for a few minutes; the more he seems inclined to get up the longer keep him down. And do not then send him to find and retrieve, but order him (preferably by signs) to get up and walk at heel. The more disposed he is to go the longer make him walk at heel. When the order or sign to go is given he will appreciate it all the



JUNO, A PRIZE-WINNER, OWNED BY MR. DORLING (HEAD KEEPER)

more ; and, besides, having forgotten exactly where the object was thrown, he will exercise his nose all the more. By training a puppy to drop you are training him at the same time not to run in ; the puppy not so trained gives no warning, but tears off before you have time to offer advice. Dropping does not prevent a puppy's learning to mark the fall of game. Dropping may be discontinued after a while. Trainers who allow and even encourage puppies to go at once to retrieve an object thrown are teaching them to run in, and while curing them of that, may cure them also of retrieving.

What I have said about training applies of course to all sorts of retrievers. Here is a point where people often come to grief with Labradors : No distinction in the order is made to range closely (say, when a bird has fallen within gun-shot), and when widely.

Even when a Labrador has seen a bird fall close in he is somewhat inclined to rush out far beyond and sweep round. By exercising him with a dummy concealed close by without his knowing it, and checking him and fetching him back to heel and repeating the word "Steady," he may be taught to range widely or closely to order. He will soon grasp the meaning of a quietly spoken "Steady," followed by a gentle motion of the hand to give direction. A high sweeping wave of the arm will send him far out. That they can be trained either to work every inch of ground in a small circle or to scour many acres is what gives Labradors such a value over pottering strains of flat-coats.

A capacious but not necessarily ugly mouth is an advantage in a retriever; there is an excusable tendency in a small-mouthed dog to pinch his game. When entering a puppy to game it is a good plan to use a cold bird, and nothing is better than a cleanly shot old partridge. It is not too big, and the puppy will be free from the temptation to express warm juices; will find later on the scent of warm game extra strong by comparison, and acquire the valuable habit of picking up cold game which otherwise might be lost. A wood-pigeon is a very bad bird for a young dog to retrieve; careful as he may be, it will fill his mouth with feathers. There are plenty of other tight-feathered birds available when game is not. A dummy for retrieving practice should be oblong in shape, so that the holding of game across the mouth may be taught.

A thorough course of retrieving dead birds is advisable before a puppy is allowed to try his nose and mouth on a runner. He can be taught to follow a trail by dragging a dead bird on a string. The mouth of many a promising puppy has been spoiled by his well-meant efforts to manage a runner. It is sheer folly to allow an inexperienced puppy to tackle a full-grown pheasant, particularly an old cock. It is only natural that teeth should be used to suppress spurs and wings, not to mention the mere holding of a strong bird. I once saw a man enter a Labrador puppy at an old cock pheasant that was lying on his back, in full view at the edge of a ride, tearing the air with his spurs.

A great object of a young dog's training is to impress on him that his mission in life is to find birds you cannot find yourself. So when he has seen, say, five birds fall, make him follow at heel while you pick up four, and then order him to find the other. You can instil the idea with dummies.

I do not say that a good flat-coat is inferior to a good Labrador. But I do say that no sort of retriever can excel a good, well-trained Labrador for brilliance, dash, pace, diligence, nose, and obedience, both on land and water.



THE WAY OF A HOOSHTA

BY FIRTH SCOTT

As it steamed slowly through the Suez Canal the vessel swung past a gap in the sand-heaps piled on the bank, and a great expanse of desert waste, stretching through shimmering haze to a skyline range of hills, came into view, with a camel train, somewhere on the road from Arabia, making its way slowly, solemnly, slouchingly.

The eyes of a youthful passenger caught sight of it. At once, after the manner of his kind, he gave tongue to his delight.

"Camels! Camels! Real live camels! Look at them!" he cried.

The least somnolent turned in their deck-chairs lazily; the old Australian, sitting with a rug round his knees and a cloth cap on his head—he maintained he had not been warm since he left the sandflats of Pilbarra—roused himself to look. Then he rose to his feet and leaned on the traffrail, a smile of pleasure on his face.

"The friend of man—especially some men," he said. "A great beast is the camel. There are camels in Australia—it's the only alien allowed to land without paying a poll-tax. I've seen 'em coming on to the goldfields in the early days with their tongues hanging out for want of a drop of the water they were carrying on their backs. More than once when I've been bushed their pads have saved me."

"Pads? What are pads?" the youthful passenger cried.

The old man pointed away over the desert where an

indistinct streak showed on the sand from the edge of the canal far into the distance.

"A camel, you see," he said, "hasn't hoofs, but pads, and when he walks he flattens the soil till it's marked with the pattern of his pads—that streak out there is a pad. It isn't a track and it isn't a trail—it's just a pad and that's what a pad is."

"A good track for a horse," someone remarked.

The old man laughed.

"Good? Well, yes. But don't try it unless you can stick on closer than a limpet. Maybe you don't know what a camel does for a horse? No? Well, I'll tell you. Take the slowest horse you can find and set him on a pad just after a camel has gone along. I tell you he'd break the record—win the Melbourne Cup, and that is the biggest race run in the world, you know."

He looked round for someone to contradict him so as to have an opportunity of sounding the praises of his own land; but no one spoke—the novelty of that entertainment had departed.

"Camels helped me to make the best deal over a horse I ever made," he went on. "I'll tell you the story if you care to hear it."

That was another matter, and the old man had an audience as he resumed his seat.

"It happened this way," he began. "I was down on my luck: about as far down as I could get, to be frank. I had footed it all the way to Broad Arrow and reached there stony broke and hungry. If you don't know what it is to be stony broke and hungry, you don't know what life is—not the pleasant sort of life, maybe; but you can take it from me the best of life isn't the most pleasant while it's passing. It's queer, but a man likes best, in later years, to think of the hard times he has had rather than the soft. But there, you'll find that out for yourselves some day and won't believe me till you do.

"Well, as I was saying, I was down to bed rock. I sat on the top rail of a fence before pushing into the township, trying to scheme out what I was going to do and wondering what chance there was of meeting someone I knew, when down the track there came a horse and sulky driven by a chap who was just about as full as a man may be. I expected to see him fall out every yard, but he held on till he was opposite to me, when he gave an extra lurch and landed out in the middle of the road. But it wasn't him I noticed so much as the horse. Directly the reins fell loose it stopped dead.

"'That's queer,' I said to myself and got down off the fence to inquire into things a bit. I went up to the horse and had a look at it. I was puzzled till I put my hand over its eyes, first over one and then over the other. It was blind in both and yet you wouldn't have thought so by just looking.

"When I had finished with the horse I turned to the driver, who lay where he had fallen. I pulled him to the side of the track and tried to make him sit up; but it was no good, so I put him where he would be safe, and got in the sulky for a turn along the track, as I felt a bit curious to learn how that blind horse went.

"The horse was all right in a general sort of way, except that it was a bit timid and inclined to be slow and wouldn't put his head up or pull. I gave him a good trial and when I came back to see how the owner was getting along what did I find but two policemen—traps we call them in the bush—standing over him.

"One of them beckoned me to hurry.

"'Here, you,' he called out as I drove up. 'The Crown wants the use of your horse and sulky to fetch a medical officer. You'll find him at the hospital two miles away and the Crown will allow you ten bob a mile, so travel.'

"'He looks a bit bad,' I said, looking down at the poor chap. 'Who is he?'

"'Stranger to us; but you get along, or I'll take the sulky and go myself,' the trap answered.

"Well, as I said, I was stony broke and hungry, and ten bob a mile for two miles twice wasn't to be sneezed at; so off I went as fast as I could make the old blind horse go." We'd gone about a mile almost as fast as a funeral when all of a sudden the old horse put his head in the air, pricked up his ears and went off at a pace that nearly sent me out of the sulky. You never saw a finer trotter in your life than that old horse was at the moment, and I was puzzled to know just what had happened to him till I heard a man's voice in the bush to the left crying 'Hooshta! hooshta!' which is camel talk for 'Lie down.' I knew what was in the wind then—there were camels about, and though old Blindy could not see them, he could smell them, which was worse.

"It did not take long to reach the hospital at the pace we were going; but when I turned, with the doctor beside me, to drive back to where the owner was waiting, all the fire had gone out of the horse and he barely crawled, until my passenger began to say things about me and the horse which weren't altogether pretty. But I said nothing till we came near the spot where the camels were camped. Then I turned sharp to the doctor.

"'If you want to know,' I said, shortly, 'this horse is the greatest trotter for speed anywhere in Australia, if not in the world. I've trained him to go slow like this near a town because I use him for trotting matches and it don't do to show what his pace is too soon.

"'Shouldn't think it did,' scoffed the doctor. 'Where do you carry it? Got it under the seat in a box, or—'

"I saw the ears go up. I leaned forward, gave the reins a shake and said 'Hooshta!'

"I don't know what the doctor was going to say. I don't think he knew himself a moment later, for the way that old horse went off nearly lifted him out over the back of the sulky, and until I pulled in alongside the policemen and the chap who had fallen out on the track, the doctor couldn't get his mouth open for the breeze.

"He jumped out and stood over the man, who was lying pretty much as I had left him.

"'Dead. Heart failure. Too much drink,' he exclaimed, and turned back to me. 'Come on,' he added, as he got into the sulky again, 'I want to see some more trotting.'

"I looked from him to the constables.

"'There'll be an inquest,' one of them said.

"'All right, send me on word. I've an important operation waiting at the hospital and can't stop now,' the doctor answered, as he nudged me to start.

"'How about that ten bob a mile?' I called out.

"The traps were stooping over the man to lift him up, and one of them looked round.

"'Send in your voucher and I'll send it on to the department, and when they've made inquiries and are satisfied you call round at the station and get it,' he said.

"'This afternoon?' I said.

"He stood up and stared at me.

"'This afternoon? This day twelve months, more like,' he replied.

"Well, that settled the business for me. How could a man who was stony broke and hungry wait twelve months for his cash?

"'Go on. Shake up the gee,' the doctor said, as he dug his elbow into my ribs again.

"I looked at him out of the corner of my eye. He was watching the old blind crock as a man only looks at a horse when it has got a hold of him. Talk about a woman getting hold of a man! I tell you if a man with an eye for a horse gets taken with one there's nothing in the world he won't do to own it. And the more he can't get that horse the more he wants to. That's what had happened to the doctor—I saw that at a glance—and I was stony broke and hungry, with twelve months to wait for my cash, and old Blindy wanting an owner!"

The old man broke off to chuckle.

"You sold it?" someone asked.

"I told the doctor I had come to make a few trotting matches if I could get anyone foolish enough to put up money against my

champion. I offered to let him stand in with me if he did what he could to fix up any matches for me and told him all the fairy tales I could raise on the spur of the moment about what the horse could do and had done; and the more I talked the more he got set on the horse and the slower I made it crawl, until the doctor was nearly bursting with rage and anxiety to own the creature.

“‘I’ll tell you what,” he exclaimed suddenly; “I’ll buy him!”

“We were getting close to the camel camp, so I pulled up old Blindy and looked round at the doctor as though he had said the cruellest thing to me I had ever heard in all my life.

“‘Sell him?’ I said. ‘What, sell my bread and butter? Sell my——’

“‘I’ll give you twenty pounds for him!’ he went on, excitedly.

“I laughed at him. ‘Twenty pounds wouldn’t buy a hoof of him,’ I answered.

“‘That be skied for a yarn,’ he cried. ‘How much do you want?’

“‘Don’t want to sell,’ I answered.

“‘See here, I’ll give you fifty,’ he said.

“‘You’ll have to double that before we begin to talk,’ I replied.

“‘I don’t see a hundred in that old screw,’ he said, trying to speak off-handed.

“‘That’s right,’ I answered. ‘Besides, he’s a horse that wants someone who knows how to drive.’

“‘Know how to drive? I can drive anything with hair on it against any man living,’ the doctor cried, and I knew I’d got him on the raw; so I started the old horse slowly and said nothing.

“‘Drive!’ snorted the doctor; ‘I can teach you, anyhow. If you want to see how that horse should be handled, give me the reins.’

“I saw old Blindy twitch his ears and raise his head. I slipped the reins into the doctor’s hands.

“‘Hold on; for the love of heaven hold on!’ I said, in a whisper. ‘He’s a terror with a strange hand on the reins,’ adding to the horse, ‘Steady on now, Hooshta!’”

The old man slapped his thigh, and looked round with a benevolent smile on his face.

“The old horse might have known what the game was,” he said. “It was no trot this time, but a fair racing gallop, and we flew along with the sand flung up from each wheel like the foam off a ship’s bows. I reckoned each stride would settle the shafts and pitch us out in a heap on the track. The doctor knew what he was doing when he had the reins in his hands, so I let him have it all his own way till we came near the hospital, when I reached across and took the reins out of his fingers.

“ ‘He’s a bit too much for you,’ I said, quietly, as I pulled old Blindy to a crawl.

“ ‘Too much for me? Poof! I can drive him as I like—I’ve never seen a horse yet I couldn’t do what I like with,’ he cried, hotly.

“ ‘You’ve seen one now,’ I answered. ‘You’ve seen one you can’t even buy, let alone drive.’

“ ‘Name your price,’ he cried, as excited as a two-year-old after a new toy.

“ So by way of encouraging him I said five hundred.

“ ‘I’ll give you a cheque,’ he said, with his nose in the air.

“ I smiled at him in a friendly sort of way. ‘Doc,’ I said, ‘we’re strangers, and I——’

“ ‘You can hold the horse till the cheque is cashed,’ he interrupted. ‘Leave it at the Club Hotel for me when you have been to the bank,’ he added as he jumped out, for we had reached the hospital gates.

“ He was back in a minute, looking as black as thunder, to give me his cheque.

“ ‘There’s your money, and I never want to see your face again,’ he said, as he flung round again and left me.

“ The cheque was all right; and as soon as I had cashed it I took the old horse and sulky over to the hotel and turned them into the yard. As a fair thing, I wrote out a receipt for the money, describing the horse and putting in that it was bought after trial and inspection with all risks, faults, and defects. I left that with the hotel proprietor for the doctor, who was to call later for the horse and sulky.”

“ What happened then? ” someone asked.

“ Then? Oh, then I had a feed and made tracks and haven’t been in those parts since.”

“ But how about the doctor? Didn’t he ever——”

“ Well, I did hear,” the old man said, “that he got a bit vexed. You see, the chap who owned the horse—he ran a sly grog shanty away in the bush—came to hear where the horse was. The chap I saw fall out on the track had borrowed the horse and sulky without leave, and so the owner was bound to make inquiries to find out what had happened. It was when he came along and met the doctor there was trouble. I did hear the court was as funny as a circus when the case came on. The doctor proved he had bought the horse and sulky fair and square, and produced the receipt I had left for him. You see he had only been in Australia a few months and hadn’t quite got used to the climate when I met him.

“ When the owner saw that receipt he nearly died. ‘Five

hundred quid!’ he cried. ‘You gave five hundred quid for that old blind crock?’

“‘Blind?’ says the doctor; ‘he’s no more blind than I am—I think I don’t know a horse when I see one? Why, that horse is the biggest trotter there is in Australia.’

“The court was interested at that and went outside to have a look at the great trotter and put the doctor up to show off its paces. But how could old Blindy show off when there were no camels about to give him a lead, and no one crying ‘Hooshta’? The doctor flogged at him and tugged his mouth till the reins nearly broke; and what with the owner jumping round yelling out about the five hundred pounds, and the court holding its sides, and little things like that, the doctor went off pop again, jumped out of the sulky and cleared. So the owner won his case and drove back to his shanty in his own conveyance, and everyone was satisfied.”

The old man’s glance wandered away over the desert, where the camels were growing hazy in the distance.

“Well, that’s the yarn,” he said. “The camels reminded me of it. Yes, they’re friends of man all right if you know how to use them. They did me a good turn once when I was stony broke and I don’t forget it. Good luck to you, old Hooshtas, good luck to you!”





THE DOG PACK AT EXERCISE AT THE KENNELS

SOME FAMOUS ENGLISH HUNTS

THE QUORN

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

It has often been my wonder what our ancient forbears would say could they but see our great fox-hunting establishments as they are to-day. I cannot but think that their astonishment would be unbounded, not only at the way things are done, but also at the marvellous improvement in hunt horses and hounds since their time. It would be of interest to watch their faces at the covert-side as they studied the present-day methods of huntsmen; it would be equally amusing to see these old worthies as hounds dash from covert after their fox with a field of over four hundred splendidly mounted men and women tearing helter-skelter after them. Dear, dear me! I fear they would sadly disapprove all this bustle and scurry, for their ways of hunting were slow and sure. There was no mad racing or jealous riding then, for they were out to hunt, to see hounds work, and this they did and thoroughly enjoyed in a

way perhaps few men experience to-day. Hunting has entirely altered of late years; and as a consequence, though a hundred men hunt where one was wont to, it is possible that out of the thousands who were out somewhere or other every day of the week from August to April, scarcely a tithe of them saw or understood much of hound-work. Hounds having gradually been bred for pace, it is therefore quite understandable that when they are running on a good-scenting day, especially in an enclosed country, it is no easy task, even when well mounted, to hope to live with them, at any rate near enough to see all their work. As this article, however,



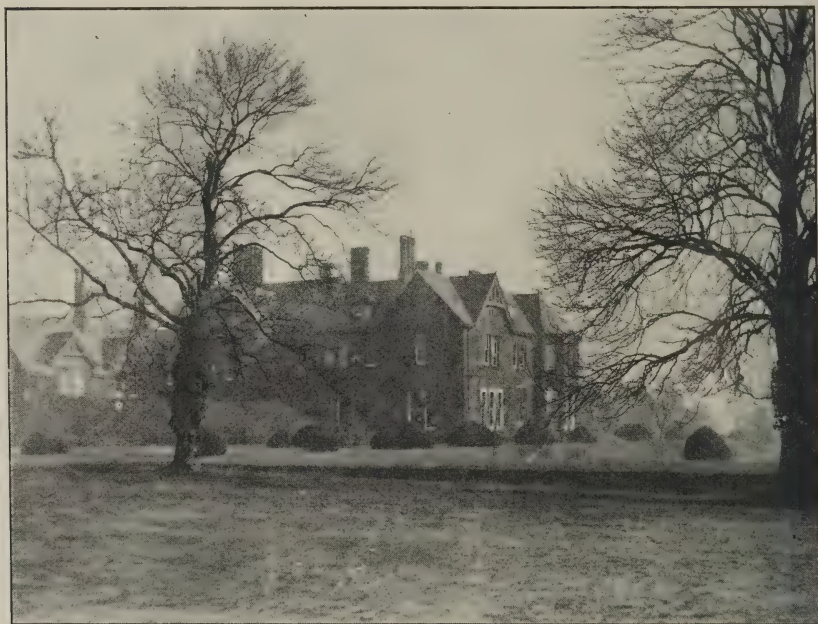
CAPTAIN HON. W. FORESTER, CAPTAIN J. FITZGERALD, MISS FORESTER, CAPTAIN FORESTER
(MASTER OF THE QUORN), MISS ALINE FORESTER, AND MRS. FORESTER

is not intended as a dissertation on ancient history, nor as a criticism on present-day riding—a subject which is well open in some very well-known hunts to severe comment—I will keep to my line, which this month takes me through the Quorn country.

It is not certain when that which is now the Quorn country was first hunted. Probably the early sportsmen hunted here as they did in other parts of England, for such deer, hare, fox, or badger as came in the way. There were no orthodox hunts in very early days, nor was the country divided up into strictly defined boundaries, as it is now. Those who kept packs of hounds then hunted enormous

districts, as for instance the Lords Berkeley, who covered the country from Berkeley in Gloucester to Charing Cross in London. Even when fox-hunting commenced the Masters were free to hunt over wide districts which nowadays are hunted by several packs of hounds. The Quorn country, as it now is, formed part of the territory over which Mr. Thomas Boothby hunted till he died in 1753.

His home, Tooley Park, which is now in the Atherstone country, was the centre from which he hunted Leicestershire. Born in 1677, he at the age of twenty was Master of the pack which passed into the possession of Hugo Meynell. For five and fifty years he



SAXELBYE PARK HOUSE, CAPTAIN FORESTER'S RESIDENCE

hunted hounds, pledging himself to no particular form of venery, for he took the stag, fox, or hare with impartiality, suiting his own tastes and studying no man's. All who kept hounds at that time hunted much in the same way, their hounds being of a very promiscuous kind to whom no game came amiss. This sport owners of hounds shared with their few immediate neighbours. Boothby hunted much in Charnwood Forest, one of the Royal preserves from the Conqueror's day; but as to his doings, or the sport he showed, no record seems to have been kept. All that has been preserved is his silver horn on which appears the legend, "With this horn he hunted the first pack of foxhounds then in England fifty-five years. Born

1677. Died 1752." After his death came Meynell, the man destined to complete the gradual evolution of sport, which during Boothby's reign had been in a transition stage for fifty years. It was Meynell who first recognised that finest of all attributes in the foxhound—the drive; and this he fostered and developed, teaching his hounds to hurry after their quarry, his contemporaries believing in capturing their foxes by dogged persistence alone. But this kind of hunting was doomed; for Mr. Meynell proved the superiority of his methods. Thus it came about that the metamorphosis of fox-hunting was completed during his reign, the essential



THE MASTER

point to remember being that he introduced the quick system of hunting, and with it induced the production of high-class animals, both horse and hound.

From Meynell's system has grown the modern style of fox-hunting, though it is true he did things which might to-day be much questioned. However, in breeding hounds he endeavoured to combine strength with beauty, and steadiness with high mettle. His idea of shape was a hound with a short back, open chest, straight legs, and compact feet. These were the first and greatest points in form. In quality, fine noses and stout runners were his first

consideration. He broke in his hounds at hare in the spring, to find out their propensities, and he drafted according to their defects. When hunting commenced, his hounds were hunted in the woodlands amidst abundance of foxes for two months. In November the pack was divided into the young and old packs, the latter consisting of three-year-olds and upwards, no two-year-olds being admitted except those of the highest abilities. The young hounds hunted twice a week as much in woodlands as possible; but they always had a few steady old hounds with them. Skirting, overrunning the scent, and babbling, were considered the



THE QUORN KENNELS

greatest faults; what he sought were true guiders in hard running, and close patient hunters in a cold scent, together with stoutness. Mr. Meynell, as Mr. R. C. Vyner in his "*Notitia Venatica*" tells us, prided himself on the steadiness and docility of his hounds, and their hunting through sheep and hares, which they did in a most surprising manner. He seldom or never attempted to lift his hounds through sheep, and from habit, and the great flocks the hounds were accustomed to, they carried the scent on most correctly and expeditiously. Mr. Meynell was not fond of casting hounds: when once they were laid on to the line of scent he left it to them; he only encouraged them

to take pains, and kept aloof, so that even the steam of the horses could not interfere with the scent.

Mr. Meynell had at no time more than three or four subscribers to his hounds, and at first only two—Lord R. Cavendish and Mr. Boothby, brother to the lady who became Mr. Meynell's second wife. The hounds in those days were kept at Great Bowden Inn, while Mr. Meynell lived for some time with Mr. Boothby at



ENTRANCE TO THE QUORN KENNELS

Langton Hall. During the season he usually killed from thirty-seven to forty-six brace of foxes ; but it must be remembered that hounds only hunted three days a week, and that neither Master nor hunt servants were provided with more than one horse per day. Meynell's diet was peculiar, for he endeavoured to take the greatest amount of nourishment in the least possible compass. His usual hunting breakfast consisted of as much as a small teacup would

contain of a pound of veal condensed. His pocket was always fortified with a small bottle of stimulus similar to that carried in the present day ; but instead of eau-de-vie, port, or whisky, it contained a far better stomachic in the shape of *veritable tincture of rhubarb*, to the use of which he was much addicted.

I have already mentioned that it was at this time that hard riding to hounds first began, and it was the example set by Mr. Childe, of Kinlet Hall, Shropshire, a sportsman of the highest order, and a great personal friend of Mr. Meynell's, that the leading members of the Quorn followed, much to the disgust of sportsmen of the old school. But the hard riders had their way, and though it militated somewhat against the science of hunting, it gave more zest to the sport. Mr. Meynell died 14th December, 1808, in his 74th year, a model of a Master of Hounds. He was the most successful sportsman of his time, and possessed of a strong and vigorous mind, joined with much perseverance as well as ardour in his favourite pursuit, and bringing faculties to bear upon sport as a *science*.

To endeavour to write a true, full, and complete history of the Quorn Hunt from Hugo Meynell's reign down to that of Captain Frank Forester, the present Master, would be a highly interesting task, though I fear a somewhat lengthy one. Yet to attempt to comprise all that should in justice be said of this most famous of all hunts into a few words is an impossibility, for one lays oneself open to criticism on the score of leaving unsaid those things that ought to have been said. Since the day when Mr. T. Boothby began to hunt the country in 1698 there have been twenty-six Masters, including the present one. This in a period of 212 years gives an average of eight years' mastership to each of the twenty-six different gentlemen. But, on analysing the matter closer, I find that out of the 212 years I mention, Mr. Boothby was Master fifty-five years, and Mr. Hugo Meynell forty-seven years. Thus 102 years is occupied by these two alone. The remaining 110 years, divided by twenty-four, gives an average of a little over four years for each Master ; though, as a matter of fact, Mr. Assheton Smith put in eleven, Sir Richard Sutton nine, and Mr. Coupland fourteen years. The nearest approach to these were Lord Stamford and Captain Burns-Hartopp, both of whom were seven years in command ; Mr. Greene and Lord Lonsdale were six and five years respectively at the head of affairs.

The mastership of the Quorn Hunt, as may be supposed, is scarcely a sinecure ; rather is it a very anxious undertaking, and a position which is open to every sort and kind of criticism. Further, it is by no means an inexpensive one, and the qualities of tact and judgment necessary to it are exceedingly rare. However, the

Quorn has been singularly fortunate in its Masters and huntsmen ; there are names of both in its archives that can never die, men who have made hunting what it now is—the finest sport in the world. It is, we all know, the fashion to decry hunts other than those to which we ourselves belong. Why it should be, I cannot for the life of me understand. The ready sneer, the fault-finding, the ever-making of odious comparisons, are utterly unworthy of generous fox-hunters.



LEAF WITH AN ARMFUL OF WHELPS

Indeed, to hear men grumble and grouse, one would almost imagine that Masters themselves could control scent. A Master, no matter who he may be, is, after all, only a human being, with human limitations as to what can be done. To expect the impossible is as childish as it is to cry for the moon. Of course there are cases where a Master who is a novice at *hunting* hounds, and knows nothing or next to nothing about it, yet insists on trying his hand at the work,

and sport in consequence suffers. On the other hand, when a Master does all he can to promote sport and keep up the ancient glories of the hunt, by breeding only from the best kennels, by employing the best obtainable hunt servants and mounting them well, by studying the farmer and covert-owners, and by a generous expenditure of his own personal means, then nothing but the utmost loyalty from members of the hunt is his due, and everything possible should be done to assist him. Perhaps, however, the bark of these grumblers is worse than the bite, and the letting-off of steam is their safety



GALLOPER, BY BELVOIR GAMEBOY—SPEEDWELL

valve—let us at least hope so. Nevertheless, I generally find that those who criticise most are they who themselves live in glass houses, and whose knowledge of sport is perhaps a little more limited than they would have one to suppose. One wonders, indeed, what the establishments would be like under their regime, or what the criticisms would be then. Perhaps, however, in the interests of sport it is fortunate they never have been, and never will be, at the head of affairs. The Quorn, like every other hunt in the country, has its critics. There are some who find fault with the hounds, the foxes,

the kennels, the huntsman, the farmers, fences, scent, and naturally also, to make things quite complete, the Master. Of course every man has a right to his own opinions and ideas, and opinions differ in most things in every phase of life. Yet those who know anything at all about hounds, horses, or hunting, seldom are very far apart in their ideas, or far out in their verdicts.

In making the foregoing remarks I am in no way alluding to any hunt in particular, but to grumblers generally, of whom there are plenty in every hunt, and whom nothing will ever please. It is a brigade which has long existed, and will, I am confident, still be going strong, long, long after I who write, and you, my readers, who glance at my words, have gone to ground. There never have been,



THE QUORN HOUNDS AND HUNT SERVANTS

and never will be, the Master and huntsman and pack which will please all, and having arrived at this point and agreed at least so far, let us take a look at the Quorn as they are to-day under the able and admirable mastership of Captain Forester. It was in 1870 that Mr. Coupland became Master when he purchased the Craven Hounds from Mr. George Wills. This pack is therefore the nucleus of the present one, as it was never dispersed. Previously to 1870 each succeeding Master owned the hounds, an arrangement I am inclined to think a good one, as with the rapid succession of Masters in such a country as the Quorn the hounds are sometimes apt to be the last thing considered if they are not the property of the Master. At the present time the pack consists of fifty-four and a half couple,

according to the Hound List of 1909. Of these only seven and a half couple are four years old, and none of any age above that. This leaves forty-seven couple of hounds of the age of one, two, and three years.

This, I think, speaks for itself. The pack is certainly a very useful working one, and owing to a largely increased breeding department the kennel is now full of young hounds. Taking the kennel through, the Belvoir blood predominates, quite seven-eighths of the pack being full of it. They have a very level appearance and are good-coloured hounds, naturally showing a lot of Belvoir tan. They



RAPTURE, BY BELVOIR RAGMAN—DIGNITY

have good necks, shoulders, ribs, with deep open chests, and though not heavy-boned hounds, have quite enough for a galloping country like the Quorn. Their feet are compact, their backs are short, and their loins powerful. The bitches are first-rate in their work, draw well, and are very quick to the horn. They have also plenty of drive and tongue, and tremendous speed. The dog pack has greatly improved in the last few seasons, and now consists of a good-looking lot of workmanlike hounds. It is indeed quite possible with this year's entry they will be as good as the bitches, and this being so, the pack as a whole should be first rate.

Of the hounds other than those with Belvoir blood are four good-looking four-season hounds, Comfort, Courtly, Ruby, and Wilful, by Lord Galway's Manager. There are also three four-season hounds, Hengler, Heedless, and Restless, by Brocklesby Sandow, and one four-season hound, Merrylass, by Bicester Deemster. Of the three-season hounds, Vanity, Virulent, Vixen, and Vesper, by Lord Bathurst's Hardstaff, are all that remain of those from elsewhere than the Belvoir kennels. Perhaps the best-looking of the pack are Caroline by Belvoir Valesman, Galloper by Belvoir Gameboy, Hostess by Maltster, all four-season hounds, while Senator by Statesman, Driver, Dexter, Dainty, Diligent, and Dowager by



QUORN HUNT SERVANTS

Belvoir Ragman, are the pick of the three-season hounds. Glider by Belvoir Gameboy, Remus by Belvoir Ragman, Wagtail and Willing by Belvoir Worcester, are two-season hounds which take my fancy; as do Contest by Vanquisher, Patience, Piety by Belvoir Gameboy, Racket, Rally, and Rapture by Belvoir Ragman, Valiant by Belvoir Helper, and Victory by Belvoir Warlaby of the one-season hounds.

The kennels are situated about one and a half miles from Barrow-on-Stoar, and stand on high ground commanding a fine view. They are imposing-looking buildings of red brick, are erected on strong clay subsoil, and consequently are

very healthy. They were built in 1905 at a cost of about £14,000, the accommodation for hounds, horses, and servants being all that could be desired, and in fact I think there are no kennels in the kingdom to equal them. They contain four good airy lodging-rooms and large court-yards, and in the centre a large drawing-room opening into the feeding-room. There is also a short covered way into the boiling-house on the north side, the accommodation for kennelmen being in rear of the building. Two grass yards with small kennel attached and a large number of whelping places adjoining, and a good hospital separated from the main kennel, con-



VALIANT, BY BELVOIR HELPER—VARNISH

sisting of two lodging-rooms each capable of holding eight couples of hounds, are first-rate additions to any kennels, and these of the Quorn are really excellent. There are about thirty-five hunt-horses on the average, the larger proportion of which are well-bred medium-sized animals mostly up to thirteen stone. There are also several smaller ones used for exercise work. The hunt servants I consider are extremely well mounted on horses suitable to the country, and this is a matter Captain Forester is particular about. George Leaf, who came in 1908 as huntsman from Lord Middleton's hounds in Yorkshire, was previously first whip to the Pytchley for six

seasons, as he was also with the Blankney. Leaf, both as a huntsman, a rider, and in kennel, has a high reputation. As Quorn huntsman he has followed some of the very finest huntsmen in the world, and he has a somewhat critical field to please. He is admittedly showing excellent sport. The foxes he is set to catch are real good natural bred and reared ones, and consequently are wild and take a good deal of catching.

There is not an artificial earth in the hunt. It is not a good-scenting country as a whole, unless the ground is very wet. The best-scenting portion is what is known as the Friday country, viz. that



THE MASTER'S DAUGHTER, MISS FORESTER

south of the railway between Melton and Leicester. The Monday country is the next best; this is north of the kennels. The fences are strong, white-thorn cut and layered, and there is a good deal of timber. In fact there is every description of fence, and a horse that can jump boldly and also that can gallop is essential. And perhaps nowhere—save with the Pytchley—are such “fields” to be seen of splendidly-mounted horsemen and women. From two hundred and fifty to four hundred or more are to be seen out on Mondays and Fridays, mounted on the finest hunters in the world, and most of them hard riders. Farmers are not out much; for, though hunting is as popular as ever it was, it was never much of a

country for farmers' hunting at any period, it being mostly grazing land and small farms. However, they are a sporting lot of men, and their wire all comes down each season, which is a sign of good feeling on their side, and tact on the part of the Master.

I have already referred to the difficulties of the mastership of the Quorn and the attributes necessary to fill the position. The hunt have in Captain Forester a sterling sportsman. Never was there a keener man to hounds, or a better Master as to details. A disciplinarian both in the kennel and the field, he fulfils his most difficult and anxious duties with complete success. A first-rate rider to hounds, and no mean huntsman when occasion demands it, he is entirely worthy to figure in the list of names of those who have filled the position before him. The worst that can be said of him is that he evinces a little *trop de zèle* sometimes; but this is the most forgivable of all venial offences, for a Master who is not keen is no sort of use with the Quorn. A descendant of a fine old Shropshire family, a family the head of whom has the rare privilege, granted by Henry VIII, of standing covered in the presence of his sovereign, Captain Forester served some years in the 3rd Hussars, and is a Deputy Lieutenant for co. Durham.

Captain Forester was born September 7, 1860, and has therefore just completed his half-century. He married, April 10, 1894, Aline, eldest daughter of Sir Powlett Milbank, Bart. Though he does not occupy a place of his own in Leicestershire, he lives at Saxelbye Park, near to the kennels, a house belonging to Mr. C. W. Wright, of Notts cricket fame. As a Master of Hounds, owner of racehorses, a game shot and sportsman generally, he can hold his own with most men, but nowhere more conspicuously than when galloping across the wide green pasture-lands in the cream of Leicestershire, in command of the ranks of brilliant horsemen and women racing for all they are worth behind him in their endeavour to live with the Quorn.





FISHING-BOATS ON THE DANUBE

A DAY'S PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING IN THE DOBROGEA

BY ROOK CARNEGIE

IT is quite possible that some of my readers will ask "Where's that?" Let me say that it is that part of Roumania lying between the Danube and Bulgaria, and bounded, as the geographies say, on the east by the Black Sea. It is historically interesting as having been given back to Roumania, its former possessor in early times, in exchange for ceding Bessarabia to Russia, one of the most bare-faced "rushes" of modern politics.

The first of many days among its hills and valleys, it remains fresher in my memory than subsequent ones. If its description give to my readers a quarter of the pleasure that its re-telling does to me, I shall be amply satisfied.

We were four, of whom two have since "gone over," Runnicles, our host, most paradoxical of characters, and Stuart, the dear old "Major," done to death by Kurds near Batoum, in the disturbances of a year or two ago. Billie, now waxing wealthy if not fat on corn-cake at Hull, and my humble self, remain "to tell the tale." We were to have been five, but it was a hard-and-fast rule with Runnicles, our host, never to wait a minute after seven; and though the German consul was seen speeding down the cliffs above, still the order was given to Spiro, our Greek crew, to put off.

The launch turns slowly round, and away we spin over the broad breast of Father Danube, passing on our right rows of curiously shaped, gaily painted Turkish craft, on which we see the cleanly crews engaged in washing and mending clothes, or squatting

in twos or threes, chatting and smoking on the brightly varnished decks. On the left a number of black-hulled "tramps" are lying in twos and threes along the quay, the Union Jack showing plentifully among the flags. So we puff rapidly on, passing a steamer just anchoring, the language proceeding from whose bows proclaims her to be a Britisher, and then, making a sweep to the right, enter one of the many branches of this great inland waterway, where beneath the placid waters lie the remains of a Turkish man-o'-war, *Lufti Djelil*, sunk by the Russian land batteries at the commencement of the war of 1877-78.

So we sail on, leaving behind us a long, broadening ripple on the surface of the river, the sun, now high and glaring, making the river, for the nonce, "blue" Danube. As we proceed we pass one or two boatloads of pleasure-bent peasantry bound for the town, all in their quaint national costume, almost identical with that worn by their forefathers when Trajan and his conquering legions marched through the land, and chanting together, to the music of a reed-pipe, some of their wild, sad, national songs. Our steam whistle scares from the reed- and willow-clad banks numbers of storks, bitterns, herons, and the other hundred and one species of bird-life to be found in the marshes bordering the stream's course. At one spot there comes out one of the troops of practically wild swine that roam all the year in the marshes, feeding on dead fish and whatever other dainties they come across—nasty customers to have to do with if one happens to interfere with them. All of us could tell tales of narrow escapes from them. Strangely enough, they are amenable to the swineherds, though these latter are generally hard to find.

Going round a bend we have before us the village of Machin, near which we intend landing, the sun glittering on the tin-roofed mosque and whitewashed minarets and cottages, with their background of trees and blue mountains. On the quiet water about the landing-stage lie several caïques, the aforementioned craft and black canoes giving the village a particularly Oriental appearance; it is, in fact, to all intents and purposes "Turkish," though now under Roumanian rule, which is shown by a few militiamen in black sheepskin caps, blue tunics, grubby white breeches, and sandals, lounging about the small "quay."

As we pass the village we sound our whistle; at its summons several small Turkish carts, on the look-out for a fare, start off for the spot where they know gunners generally land, and, we having anchored and got ashore by means of a ladder and a board carried on the launch's side for such purposes, are ready for us. We pick out two, the drivers of which we know of old, and strike a bargain for

the day. They are to drive as long and as far as we demand and make themselves generally useful for five lei, *i.e.* four shillings each. Around have gathered a herd of little Turkish boys and girls, which it is impossible to distinguish, all being dressed in loose breeches to the ankles, on the chance of a scramble for a ten "bani" piece, or something to purloin, but fly off laughing and screaming as one of our pack, a dachshund, pops about barking among their bare pink heels.



ROUMANIAN MILITIAMAN AT OUR LANDING-PLACE

Everything being packed into the carts, we settle ourselves as comfortably as we may on the wooden seats at the back of the springless vehicles, the dogs "among" our feet as they say in the North; the Turkish jehus give a whistle to their ponies, and we start off at a tearing pace, bumping in and out of the deep ruts in the sun-baked road, now banging against a stone, or along a narrow slanting path, with a cliff on one side and deep water on the other. Then across the open plain, the men racing one against the other, taking deep drains full tilt, they seeming to think the best way to cross

difficult places is to take them at a rush. I wonder we do not come to grief or the carts go to pieces, but neither we nor they ever do. After close on an hour of this rattling, banging, and jolting, we pull up in a long, broad valley running between the rising ground, on the one side covered with high maize fields, with the beetling crags and wooded heights of the Little Balkans on the other. It is covered by low brushwood, with here and there open patches of grass-land, stony and rocky, or long strips of maize and millet. The run up the river has made us hungry, so we settle ourselves in the scant shade afforded by some wild vine trailing over stunted oaks, and share a cold fowl and bread, washing it down with cool Roumanian wine.



AFTER THE BIRDS

Then out come guns and cartridges; we fill one his belt and another his pockets; over our heads go game nets, and lighting pipes or cigarettes, we take our places and start off in a line through the brushwood, which in some places is so thick and tangled that we can hardly move; the pointers working backwards and forwards in the thin, the smaller dachshunds, admirably suited for such work, pushing and burrowing through the thick undergrowth. Billie, who shoots at everything, brings down a small hawk, justifying himself with the declaration that he intends to stuff it.

Suddenly Mistress Bessie pulls up and we move cautiously in, everyone at the ready; step by step we near the bushes on which she is dead, but nothing moves. Then the "Major" goes forward

and gives them a kick, without result. Then he bends down, gropes in the rock and produces a large tortoise. Several times during the day we are disappointed by similar false points. Why they should deceive dogs' noses I do not know, but the fact remains.

We are nearing the edge of the brushwood when all at once, "B-r-r-r!" up springs a covey to my right, I get one of them, and two more rising in front fall in turn to a right and left from Runnicles. We watch the covey, which is a big one, down the valley, and then circle round to it. Crossing a bit of open land a single bird gets up, and being hit by the Major shoots up into the clear air, higher, higher, and then parachutes slowly down,



OUR HALTING-PLACE

every marking on its feathers visible in the bright sunlight, and drops at our feet. "In the head," says Stuart as he nets his bird.

Once more we are in thick brushwood, where we put up, or rather "Ilka" does, another covey, from which we every one draw tribute. The rest disappear behind maize, so we follow up our original covey, which we finally flush—Billie and Runnicles scoring, Major and myself missing our chance through stopping to kill a four-foot-long snake. As we cannot mark them down exactly, and

the sun is high in the heavens—and with what brilliance it shines in these parts our streaming faces show—we direct our course towards a well, where we have arranged to meet the carts which we find waiting for us, the ponies outspanned and quietly munching at a heap of maize-sticks, given them by the Turks, who themselves are squatting on their haunches and smoking the inevitable cigarette. We quickly send glasses of light cool wine down our dusty, dry throats, the curious, brightly painted wine-bottles keeping the liquid beautifully cold and sweet, and then begin to prepare lunch. Strips of dried beef, the native “fleica,” are toasted over a wood fire by the Turks, but not before they have satisfied themselves it is not the flesh of the pig. This, with hard-boiled eggs, caviare, sardines, cold chicken and ham, makes a royal repast, finished off with some grapes brought from a small vineyard in the valley, two game-nets full costing us the extortionate price of ten hani—a penny!

After a comfortable smoke, we settle ourselves for a sleep in the shade of the bushes, with handkerchiefs or newspapers to keep off the myriads of flies, dreaming away into Devon valleys or Highland glens.

I am awake first and sketch the picturesque scene. Far behind, the blue mountains, showing a jagged outline against the pale azure sky. In the foreground, the picturesque carts, in the shade of which the Turks sleep, their scarlet fezes and sashes giving the necessary dash of colour. Behind, the long valley stretching in alternate lines of dark green and bright yellow brushwood and maize, over which shimmers the mirage, in one place producing a vision of water; and far above all, high up, soar a quadruple of vultures. Not a sound save the noise of the ponies munching, and far away down the valley the clank of sheep-bells. A lizard runs out from near us and stops to gaze at me, and then pops over Billie's face, who starts up with a very singularly unoriental expression. The others rouse, the sketch-book is put away. We take a fresh stock of cartridges and make a line for where we left the coveys in the morning, and have not been going five minutes before up gets another large lot, of which we together secure a half-dozen. Coming up to where we expect to find the “early birds,” Bessie tells us we are not wrong, and we are all able to account for a bird each. Near here, too, we light on a few quail, lying beneath the leaves of some water-melons, and again put up a big hare, which I miss and Runnicles bags. They are extraordinarily large, some of them, in this country.

Once more we find a covey and thin it by another three; this one, however, takes fright (no doubt it is one of those we have previously

shot into), the birds separate and make for the hills, and as it is no use following them there, we work round a big half-circle, but discover no more partridge. They have probably been scared off by a goat-herd, who, in broad black hat, coarse linen shirt, rough flannel trousers, his feet swaddled in wrappings of the same, with untanned leather sandals over, and carrying a long hatchet-shod stick, is leading his flock of goats to water. On the outskirts of the pack stalk great gaunt wolf-like dogs; indeed, they have wolf blood in



ROUMANIAN SHEPHERD

them, as the shepherds, when they can get a young wolf, rear it to breed with their dogs; for the progeny are always most bitter against their wild relations, and are consequently preferred for sheep work.

A goodly number of quail, however, are added to our nets, these birds lying in the shade of the maize and only moving out at daylight and sunset to feed.

We are tired with our long day's tramp under the glaring Eastern sun, and what with the rough maize land and the thick

stunted oak and thorn bushes, intermingled with thick creepers, where one must step high at every pace watching not to catch one's feet in them, one cannot but allow our booty is hard earned.

In such land a long-haired dog is simply useless, as soon its ears and sides are one mass of burrs and other annoying seeds, which nearly drive it mad.

Once more in our carts, we rattle merrily away. The sun is sinking as we drive through the village, where the women come out to see who passes, covering their faces with their long robes—which they wear that they may not be defiled by the gaze of man, or worse than that, a dog of a giaour. Down in the launch we see the red of Spiro's cigarette like a glow-worm in the fast darkening evening. The Turks paid, we settle on board, great-coats on as a precaution against the marsh fever, and make a supper of the remains of our provisions. Soon we have before us the thousand and one stars of Braila. We run into our landing-place, and, packed with our impedimenta, tramp up the cliffs, now beginning to feel the stiffness of fatigue.

"Cine e?" the gruff challenge of a sentinel echoes on the night air. We halt till he shuffles up, to explain that we are innocent gunners and not a Russian night attack, comforting the soldier with a few cigarettes, which will help to pass his long vigil; and so on home, well pleased with our day's shooting in the Dobrogea.





ARROW-HEADED GATEWAY AT THE ROYAL TOMBS

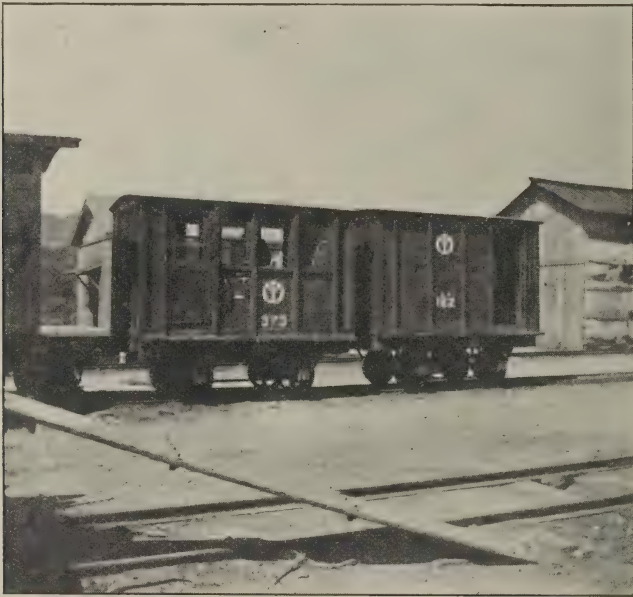
KOREA

BY LADY WESTMACOTT

THE simplest way to reach Korea from Europe is by the Siberian Railroad. Opinion varies greatly as to the interest or comfort of life during these ten days on the railway. So much depends on the individual point of view that there seems little use in generalising on the subject. Four express trains run every week from Moscow to Vladivostock, two belonging to the Russian Government, and the others to the International Sleeping-Car Company. I left Moscow by one of the latter, in what I considered a very comfortable car, that held two long couches, an adjustable table, and a full-length mirror. This compartment I had to myself all the way. I can imagine it less comfortable had the train been more crowded.

The food in the dining car was much better than anything that was ahead of me for some considerable time, though this again is a subject on which very contrary opinions are expressed. The train leaves Moscow at night, and in the course of the next day it crosses the Volga, which even so far north of the Caspian is a very wide

river, with numerous steamboats, and immense rafts looking like floating villages. The villages in European Russia are frequent, and men and women are to be seen working side by side in the grain and vegetable patches, cutting the former by hand. After miles and miles of birches and great fields of yellow mustard, the train crosses the Ural Mountains, and once in Siberia the change in the scenery is very marked. Omsk is passed, and then rolling prairie land succeeds, looking good pasturage for the huge herds of cows. The fourth day brings one to the junction for Tomsk. Irkutsk is said to be a modern little Paris, but I think that discovery was made by someone who was feeling gay. It strikes one from the



CARRIAGE ON THE MUKDEN-ANTUNG RAILWAY

train as a collection of churches. And the architecture of a Russian church is unique. Then comes Lake Baikal, where the train is changed for an identical one, and the route continues round the south of the lake, which formerly was crossed by ferry, or on the ice in winter. The scenery as the train skirts the lake is beautiful. It now, however, becomes much wilder, and to help the impression soldiers armed to the teeth board the train and accompany it to its destination. Curious specimens of humanity are to be seen at the stations—gipsies, Manchus, Tartars, Cossacks, and Russian peasants munching the inevitable sunflower-seed. The train, which runs very punctually, makes long stops in order to load with

firewood, but one is glad of the opportunity to get a quarter of an hour's exercise, and to try to raise an appetite for the next meal. It is a very smooth-running line, and I know none on which one travels with so little effort, with such relaxed nerves, and so much comfort. At Harbin, the junction for Port Arthur and Mukden, this train is left, if one is going to Korea, and the journey is continued to Mukden in a much less luxurious manner. Mukden, the old Manchu capital, makes an interesting stopping-place, and gives the traveller new views on hotel life as it is in the East. If the journey in the Orient is extended to other countries, he learns to look back



THE DERAILED ENGINE

on the Astor House Hotel at Mukden as the acme of luxury; comparisons indeed becoming odious later on.

Korea has been called the Land of the Morning Calm and the Hermit Kingdom. But there is no calm for Korea latterly, either morning, noon, or night; and the second title is equally as little applicable nowadays, for a line of railway enables one to enter Korea from the north or the south, and the number of tourists who visit this interesting country is increasing yearly.

Before leaving England I had written to the Japanese Legation in London to ask them if the railway across Southern Manchuria was open for passengers; they replied that the line was working, but that they did not recommend it for ladies. As it fitted in best

with my plans, however, to go that way, I accordingly left Mukden in November 1908. The first difficulty was at the railway station, where it was a question whether my quite modest-sized trunk and hat-box would find room in the train at all; for the train is running on the single-line light railway built from Mukden to the Yalu by the Japanese, and is intended primarily for strategic purposes. However, they were stowed in somehow, and, accommodated myself in a second-class carriage with several Japanese, off we started

at 7.10 a.m. The journey is well worth the trouble on account of the fine scenery. The train crossed a mountain pass that morning, with no further adventure than leaving the rail, luckily just as we reached a station called Pen-chi-an. Later another pass was crossed, and we stopped for the night, train and all, at a place called Tsao-ho, a little after seven. There was a clean Japanese inn not far from the station, where they produced quite a passable dinner, of



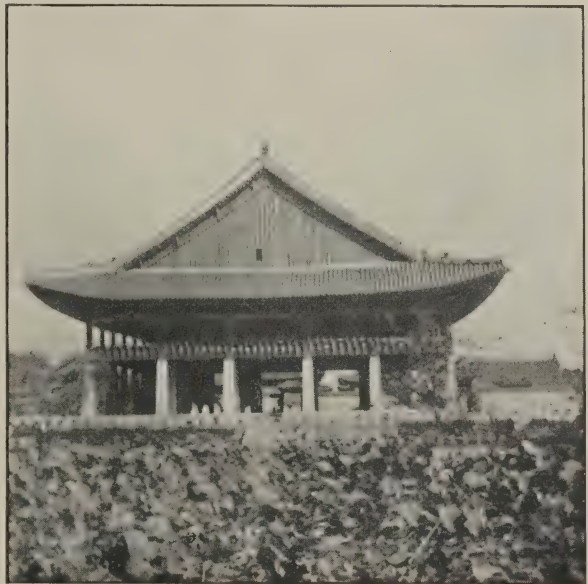
A PICTURESQUE CITY GATE

course in real Japanese style—of what it was composed let those who do not know give thanks.

The train went on again next morning at 7.30, the line climbing up another mountain pass, with beautiful scenery. We reached the foot a little after 11 a.m., and here we halted for nearly three hours. It was pleasant, however, after having had to sit bolt upright in the funny little train, to go for a walk; there was also lunch to lay in from the provision stall at the station, which supplies the wants of the various Chinese and Japanese travellers,

I invested in a ready-prepared luncheon basket, or, to write more correctly, luncheon-box—a white deal box, seven inches square, with ten minute divisions containing, presumably, ten various courses that would have covered a halfpenny each. It would be difficult to describe the contents, but, speaking roughly, they looked like the infant grandchildren of whitebait variously dyed red, green, yellow, and so on. Two very diminutive chopsticks and a paper napkin completed the contents—the whole a meal to suit a canary's form of feeding. My fellow travellers seemed to find it sufficient, however, and after trying one of the pink and blue divisions, I must own myself that I was not crying for any more.

A new building was being dedicated by the Chinese with a great deal of noise from fire-crackers, and watching this, and the Japanese railway employés playing lawn tennis without a net at the side of the line, put in the time pleasantly enough. It was almost dark by the time we reached Antung, and to enable one to catch the train next



THE KING'S DANCING-HALL

morning it was preferable to sleep on the opposite shore of the Yalu. So I went by jinricksha to the docks and crossed the mouth of the Yalu, which is broad here, by ferry boat. Sing-gi-shu possesses an exceedingly dirty Japanese inn, where with the help of a local policeman, who knew about three words of English, a horrible meal was produced after a long delay. Morning came none too soon to leave the grubby Japanese bed and to walk quite a way to the station to take the 7 a.m. train. As this is now the direct line to Seoul, the train is a pretentious affair, with corridor carriages, and it felt quite luxurious after the train of the last two days. One is now in Korea, with much to interest one all the day. The Koreans at the stations in their long white garments and curious horse-hair

hats tied under their chins with strings, the peasants working in their fields, the villages one passes through, the travellers riding along the high roads on the very diminutive Korean pony, all is a perpetual source of interest to a traveller visiting this country for the first time. We only reached Seoul at 10.30 at night, and the hotel struck me as luxury after recent experiences; the cleanliness and comfort are far ahead of anything one gets at either Harbin or Mukden. The restaurant is clean, and quite sufficiently good, and this can also be said of the Korean waiters who serve you. I do not know what I expected at Seoul, but certainly not quite all the up-to-dateness that I found. First of all, an American business house delighted to give money on a letter of credit that did



THE TEMPLE OF THE WHITE BUDDHA

not mention Seoul, and that had been utterly rejected by a Japanese bank at Mukden; this in itself gave the situation a good start, for funds had become unpleasantly low on the long journey from St. Petersburg across Siberia. Now one could look about at one's leisure.

Seoul is one of the most beautifully situated capitals in the world. Almost surrounded by high hills, some of which are fantastically shaped and bare, some dark with pines, a sunset in Seoul, with its peculiar violet atmosphere, is something to dwell in the memory. Then there are the stone-built churches and legations, and a good-looking open electric tram-car, practically at the door of the hotel, that takes one up the principal street of Seoul,

with its picturesque city gates, and various quaint gateways and buildings visible on either hand. To anyone who has been reduced to rickshas or the Far Eastern "fiacre" as the only means of conveyance, the joy of a good clean street-car will be understood.

Of course the principal sight of Seoul is the Emperor's Palace—not that the puppet Emperor lives there now, for it is full of fearful memories to the Korean Royal Family; but they inhabited it up till 1895, when the Japanese murdered the Empress there. It was interesting to wander through the depleted rooms and reconstruct the scene as it took place. "At the first sign of the troops (the

Kurentai troops—the soldiers under Japanese officers) breaking down the walls and entering through the gates, there was confusion throughout the palace. Some of the Korean body-guard tried to resist, but after a few of them were shot the others retired. The Royal apartment was of the usual one-storied type, led to by a few stone steps, and with carved wooden doors and oiled - paper windows. The Japanese made straight for it, and when they



WOOD AND HAY MARKET

reached the small courtyard in front their troops paraded up before the entrance, while the 'soshi' broke down the doors and entered the rooms. Some caught hold of the King and presented him with a document by which he was to divorce and repudiate the Queen. Despite every threat, he refused to sign this. Others were pressing into the Queen's apartments. The Minister of the Household tried to stop them, but was killed on the spot. The 'soshi' seized the terrified palace ladies, who were running away, dragged them round and round by the hair, and beat them, demanding that they should tell where the Queen was. They moaned and cried and declared

that they did not know. Now the men were pressing into the side-rooms, some of them hauling the palace ladies by their hair. Okamoto, who led the way, found a little woman hiding in a corner, grabbed her head, and asked if she were the Queen. She denied it, freeing herself, with a sudden jerk, and ran into the corridor, shouting as she ran. Her son, who was present, heard her call his name three times; but before she could utter more the Japanese were on her and had cut her down. Some of the female attendants were dragged up, shown the dying body, and made to recognise it, and then three of them were put to the sword. The conspirators had brought kerosene with them. They threw a bedwrap around



HATMAKER'S SHOP

the Queen, probably not yet dead, and carried her to a grove of trees in a deer-park not far away. There they poured the oil over her, piled faggots of wood around, and set all on fire. They fed the flames with more and more kerosene, until everything was consumed, save a few bones."¹

The air of desolation in the deserted palace helps the imagination to picture the scene vividly, and one walks away with much "that gives to think," as the French say—on how soon a country can forget a scene like that, on the blessings of civilisation to the Hermit Kingdom, etc. But the spectacle is so charming in the neighbouring courtyard, where the King's dancing-hall stands on an island surrounded by lotus—the lower part of the hall itself open to the air, with numerous pillars supporting the upper structure—that all gloomy thoughts must vanish; for with the blue sky overhead, and the tree-covered mountain in the background, no prettier scene

¹ F. A. McKenzie, "The Tragedy of Korea."

can be imagined than this wooden palace surrounded by lotus flowers.

There are several charming walks round about Seoul. One to the hill Nam San for a bird's-eye view of the town; another to the temple of the White Buddha. A third through the city-gate—or if you are lazy you can take the tram—to the woods about three miles out, where the Mausoleum of the Royal Family is jealously guarded by Koreans. They took my camera from me at the gate (one of the typical Korean arrow-headed gates), and it was only after much debating that I was allowed through to see the tombs. One could only respect the feeling, for one knows that the site is not that of an ordinary Royal Mausoleum to the Koreans, but a symbolical sacred spot—a rallying point, one can but hope, for young Korea.

Another afternoon can be pleasantly spent by taking the tram out to the Han River, where the scenery is beautiful in the sunset; and keeping on its right bank, after half an hour's scramble through a fishing village on its steep side, another line of tram takes one back to Seoul.

There is, of course, abundant interest in walking about the bazaars in Seoul itself. Here one can see the various trades at work—cobblers, blacksmiths, saddlers, carpenters, and hatmakers, the last making the extraordinary hats manufactured of horse-hair that the Koreans wear perched on the top of their heads and tied under the chin with two black strings. The whole dress of a Korean is pleasing to one from Europe, for “the man in the street”



“LIKE A HUGE INVERTED BASKET ON HIS HEAD”

looks immaculately clean in his long spotless white linen dress ; and if that of the coolie appears several shades less white, he makes up for it in the oddity of his enormous straw hat, that looks like a huge inverted basket on his head. Then there are the straw-shoe shops, and brass articles, and the makers of marriage chests. Beyond the commonest of native handicrafts, there is nothing of any value to be obtained in the bazaars ; and it is difficult to realise that the celebrated Satsuma pottery of Japan was made in the first place by a colony of Koreans that the Japanese transported bodily to Japan in the sixteenth century. A pretty little garden, not far from the palace, has a magnificent marble pagoda, given by one of the Mônggul emperors to his daughter who had married the king of



A KOREAN NOBLEMAN'S TOMBSTONE

the land. The Japanese removed the top of it in the sixteenth century. In a corner of the same garden is a Korean nobleman's tombstone, resting on the back of a huge stone tortoise. The tortoise is a symbol to the Korean of conservatism. He is never in a hurry—and the Korean follows his example.

A week or ten days can be spent very interestingly and comfortably at Seoul, and is certainly to be recommended to those travelling in the Far East at their leisure, for there is a great chance that in a few years' time the destruction of this ancient kingdom will be complete, and this corner of the world with its quaint people and customs may be so jappanned over as to have practically disappeared as Korea.

But helpless pieces of the game he plays
Upon this chequer-board of Nights and Days,"

I thought, as my eyes saw the last of the "simpatico" Koreans, when my ship sailed for Dalny from Chemulpo Harbour.



A GROUP OF YOUNG ONES

THE TRAINING OF DONKEYS

BY PLEASANCE RUGGLES-BRISE

It is generally supposed that the donkey, either from heredity or from the conditions in which it lives, is an animal of limited intelligence and unlimited obstinacy. Those whose imagination creates such a picture can only have gathered their impressions from hearsay and occasional unfortunate examples which they may have met. Those, on the other hand, who have devoted a great part of their time to the training of donkeys are able to show that with careful treatment and good feeding this despised animal displays quite as much as, or perhaps more intelligence than, a horse, and becomes easily amenable to every kind of discipline.

If a person selects the training of donkeys as a business or pleasure, a great deal depends upon whether he proposes that his hobby should furnish him with amusement or profit. Possibly the result may provide both, but we will take it for the moment that profit is the chief object in view.

There is no doubt that, assuming labour to be cheap and easily obtainable, the breeding and training of a number of donkeys of ordinary size will probably produce smaller profits individually, but

a larger turnover at the end of the year. For ordinary purposes the small donkey is in general request, and people are ready to give a good price for an animal that has been well broken. The question is often asked, What people want donkeys, and for what use? To this I would reply that the people who buy donkeys are those who require an animal that will do a pony's work, and not necessarily need a pony's care; and for these people the small donkey is often sufficient. If, however, labour is difficult to obtain and you decide to undertake the business single-handed, the best plan is to buy a few young donkeys, above the average size, and specialise in quality.

It is mere waste of time to hope for success with animals that



TRAINING ON LONG REINS

have already had their spirits broken by over-loading, overwork, and starvation, as in order to obtain absolute control and mastery of the animals it is necessary to handle them young and unbroken. It saves time and trouble to buy several donkeys in one neighbourhood if possible, rather than to pick them up separately throughout the country. With the thought of quantity, one's mind turns to the Emerald Isle, with its familiar market-day scene of a long string of ass carts slowly wending their way townwards; and woe betide the hurrying motorist who finds himself on the same road! Most Irishmen have, in addition to the well-known pig, a donkey or two feeding on the bog adjoining their cabins, and with a friend in Ireland it is not difficult to arrange for a consignment of a dozen two- or three-year-olds to be sent over to this country.

Imagine their arrival! Twelve unkempt, wild-eyed, terrified animals, with feet like Turkish sandals from living on soft land, up to now having foraged for themselves, costing their owners nothing. They have never been handled at all, and are driven down to the nearest sea town for shipment to England.

After a lengthy journey, which adds not a little to their terror, they arrive at the station. The side of the cattle-box is opened and the station-yard becomes a pandemonium of flying asses and yelling boys, the former going every way except the right one, the latter enjoying the fun and not a little adding to the confusion. To



LUNGEING OVER MADE-UP FENCE

get them safely home takes considerable time and patience. Not an open gate but they must run through it, not a homestead but they must investigate the stacks, till at last drivers and driven reach their destination exhausted, and the donkeys experience their first taste of English food. Oats have been an unknown quantity in the dietary of their Fatherland, and they look on them at first with great suspicion.

After a day or two's rest they are herded into a yard, when those in the best condition are selected for education, the remainder being allowed liberty and good food for the time being. Now begins the hard work. It is one thing to drive them into a yard, quite another to catch and halter them; and when after some effort,

not unmixed with excitement in dodging heels, the animal is at last safely haltered, lo and behold he will not lead ! It is only by dint of threats and coaxing that he is at last persuaded to enter the stable. When once safely ensconced the blacksmith is summoned, as the feet are nearly always in a very neglected condition. Some donkeys submit with a good grace to the knife and rasp, others fight with such purpose that casting is the only means by which the work can be done. Frequently the hoof is of such length that it has to be sawn off.

It is a strange fact in a donkey's composition that if you push



THE BREAKING-IN CART

him over to the other side of his box he will always come back to the same place, or if you push him up to the pole of the carriage he will invariably come away from it. Is it his dignity that is hurt, or is it the outcome of years of neglect and of having to fend for himself, that gives rise to an innate feeling of suspicion in being forced to move on to unexplored foothold ? Certain it is that in schooling a donkey to jump you can undo hours of work by one useless or untimely push. Therefore in teaching your donkey the first stages of stable discipline, such as standing over to whichever side of the box you wish, turning round when told to be harnessed or groomed, tap

his legs with a light switch, holding his head towards you as you do it, so that he must move his body away from you. One soon finds that far from being a fool a donkey is extraordinarily intelligent and possessed of the most retentive memory, so that you can rest assured that when once he has grasped your meaning he will never forget. Of course this power of memory cuts two ways, as he will just as quickly remember any bad habits or faults that are passed



JUMPING

by without correction, as the good habits which you wish to cultivate; hence one must combine firmness with kindness.

I frequently hear it remarked that "donkeys have such bad mouths." Of course the generality have, because they are never—to use a technical word—"mouthed." Granted that they want more severe mouthing than a horse, as by the formation of their necks it is more difficult to make them bend and give to the bit, yet with judicious care and trouble you can give a donkey a really good mouth, so that he will answer to the lightest touch on the bridle.

The best bit to use for the purpose of mouthing is a straight-mouthed double-ringed snaffle with keys, as with that there is a direct and level pull on the bars of the mouth. That same bit (without keys) shares with the "Liverpool" bit the honour of being the best suited to donkeys. In nine cases out of ten you will find that a donkey is driven in a jointed snaffle, the bit least suited to his straight neck, as he can shift it on to the corners of his mouth and poke out his nose, whereas one's efforts should be directed to make him give and bend to the bit.

When the donkey has endured the uncomfortable proceeding



THE TEAM

of being mouthed for a few days, take him out on long reins, teach him to turn and back and pass objects without shying. Some young donkeys are so very nervous that more time has to be spent over this part of their training than any other, as you must pass and repass the object of fear again and again, and from all points of view, till they are familiar with it. And this is where you have to call upon your whole stock of patience, as it is not highly entertaining to spend the whole morning on perhaps one hundred yards of ground; but one is amply repaid when the youngster, formerly frightened at a shadow, becomes a sober and tractable animal.

After this put him in double harness with a quick-trotting donkey, till he has thoroughly grasped that his business is to trot uphill and downhill till told to stop. From this the transition to the single-breaking cart is easy, and in a short time, perhaps six weeks from the start, the donkey is broken and fit for use and the market. I never take my young donkeys far enough to tire them, and I find that by good feeding and not over-taxing their powers they soon come to take a lively interest in work and life generally, instead of looking on it as drudgery interlarded with blows.



JUMPING OVER RAILINGS

It is then an easy matter to teach them to run as leaders in a tandem or a team, and as the whip during their education is used as a punishment, *not* as a pace-maker, they go freely without the usual so-called "persuaders" in the shape of ash plants, tins filled with stones, carrots hung on sticks, and other useless and absurd contrivances. Of course it follows that the lighter the cart in which you drive the animal the greater the pace you attain. Nothing looks worse than to see a small donkey in a large cart.

The price one obtains for the finished article is from £5 5s. upwards, varying according to the trotting capabilities of the donkey rather than to his size and looks; in fact, there is practically

no limit to the price that a large and good all-round donkey will command.

I have frequently driven my team and pair ten miles in the hour; but for that pace donkeys must be clipped, as their coats are very weighty and woolly, and it stands to reason that these two combinations are not conducive to pace. What a metamorphosis it is, too! From the extreme of shagginess to a smart, trim animal with a coat like a seal, neat legs, and sharp ears!

When preparing to drive long distances the donkeys should be



POLO

conditioned in proportion as one would a horse, so as to get them fit, and then they will do any amount of hard work and make light of thirty miles a day at an average pace of eight miles an hour.

Want of time and space prevents me from dwelling on the many other uses to which donkeys can be put, such as to play polo, perform circus tricks, make excellent hunters for children, and the best and safest conveyances for old gentlemen who shoot from the back of an animal; in fact, given a fair chance and reasonable treatment, they will become like the horse—

Still the faithful, still the loving friend of man,
Ever ready at his bidding, doing for him all he can.



MISS LLOYD'S HAZARD

A GOLFING STORY

BY H. KNIGHT HORSFIELD

WHEN Miss Brenda Lloyd arrived at Foxholes, her old school friend, Madge Leeman, met her eagerly at the door.

"That's all right," she said. "You've brought your clubs; and how fit you're looking, Brenda!"

Miss Lloyd did indeed look fit. Her slim, well-knit form was that of an athlete. Her face, neck, and hands were tanned with long exposure to sun and wind. Her closely-cropped hair and short skirts were essentially business-like. In brief, her appearance was precisely that which one would look for in the winner of the Ladies' Open Golf Championship, an important fixture which Miss Lloyd had just pulled off on the famous links near her Scottish home.

On the following day Miss Lloyd, bearing her honours lightly, went round the course which the Squire of Foxholes had laid out for the entertainment of his guests and children. It was a nice little nine-hole course of the ordinary inland type; but Madge, the Squire's daughter, could not fail to note that it possessed no features worthy of the prowess of her gifted friend.

"I'm afraid it's awfully slow for you, Brenda dear," she said, after the first round. "With your drives you carry every bunker quite easily, even when you go from the men's tees. I wish we had something better to offer you."

Then the conversation turned to links of world-wide fame: to St. Andrews and North Berwick, where the strength of giants is more worthily tested.

"I understand they have quite a decent sporting course at Roxton," said Miss Lloyd, meditatively. "We might run down there in the morning and back at night. It's only forty-three miles."

Miss Leeman assented readily, but on inquiry a difficulty presented itself. A man's competition had been arranged at Roxton which would occupy the links exclusively for several days. The entries closed on the following morning at twelve. It was plain, therefore, that Miss Lloyd must postpone her visit, even if she were

able to get it in at all, for her stay at Foxholes was to be brief. As the two friends returned home Miss Lloyd was somewhat silent.

That evening, when Madge was dressing for dinner, Miss Lloyd came suddenly into her room.

"Madge," she said, "I have an idea. Why should I not play at Roxton in the competition?"

Madge looked up from her toilet in surprise.

"You, Brenda? But you forget: it is a man's competition only."

"No, I don't. I propose to enter as a man," said Miss Lloyd, coolly. "It will be quite fair if I enter on my club handicap."

Madge gazed at her guest in some amazement. "But your dress, Brenda: that alone would disqualify you."

Miss Lloyd smiled. "We can easily get over that difficulty with your connivance, my dear. Surely Jack has left some old golfing suit which would fit me" (Jack being Miss Leeman's brother then at Harrow).

On consideration, Madge found her amazement rapidly merging into interest. The plan could be worked, and it would be certainly great fun. There was nothing ultra-feminine in Brenda's slim young figure and weather-beaten skin to give her away.

"Wait here, dear, and I'll see what Jack has left," she said, and she went on her tour of discovery.

Soon she returned bearing a promiscuous armful of garments. "These are the best I could find," she exclaimed, breathlessly. "Now, dear, we'll see what kind of a boy you make."

In a brief period Miss Lloyd stood admiring herself in the long mirror. Clad in Jack's serviceable and well-worn homespun, with cap and thick stockings to match, she merely looked a straight, clean-lipped young Englishman, of a type common enough at our public schools. There was nothing to attract attention one way or the other.

"And with this dust-coat on," said Miss Lloyd, throwing it around her shoulders as she spoke, "I can pass out of the house and down to the station without inviting the smallest criticism."

So it was arranged in friendly counsel that Miss Lloyd's entry should be wired to Roxton on the following day.

* * * * *

On the eventful morning Miss Leeman and her companion, looking practically sexless in the dust-coloured coat which came to her heels, stood upon the Foxholes platform awaiting the train. Both were in a state of high delight and excitement at the promising aspect of their adventure.

"You see, there is not a soul there that I know," said Miss

Lloyd, when they were at length seated, the sole occupants of a first-class compartment, "so there is no chance of my being recognised. Are you likely to meet any friends there, Madge?"

"No; Clarence Jelf may be there. He is staying at Roxton with the Eversleys; he is engaged to Maud Eversley, you know. But I don't suppose we shall meet them."

"Well," said Miss Lloyd (she had taken off her dust-coat and was endeavouring to achieve an easy and masculine disposition of her nether limbs), "if we do, and you find it necessary to introduce me, remember my *nom de guerre*—Mr. Alec Braidy, of St. Abbs Golf Club, N.B."

* * * * *

When they reached the club-house business was in full swing. Miss Lloyd at once made her way to the notice-board to find out against whom she had been drawn to play.

"That's all right," she said, "a four handicap. I like to play against a short handicap, it bucks one up."

But Madge had seized her by the arm. "What awful luck!" she exclaimed. "Don't you see who it is? Clarence Jelf!"

For Brenda, indeed, had been more intent on the handicap than upon the man.

Miss Lloyd turned to her somewhat agitated friend. "Well, I don't see what it matters. You must introduce me, of course. Mr. Alec Braidy, St. Abbs, remember. He doesn't know me from Adam."

Madge hesitated. She was a little reluctant to meddle with—

The tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive.

She had expected the little affair to go through without a word of prevarication on her part. However, she had no time to deliberate. At that moment a dark-visaged young gentleman, accompanied by a plump, good-natured young lady, approached the notice-board. An instant later Mr. Clarence Jelf and his *fiancée*, Miss Maud Eversley, had made the acquaintance of Mr. Alec Braidy of St. Abbs.

* * * * *

As golfers at Roxton well know, the first hole is rather a tricky one. A broad belt of whins lies in front of the tee, then comes a narrow stretch of sward, and beyond this more whins growing sparsely, yet giving an assortment of almost impossible lies. A very long, straight drive will clear all obstructions, leaving the ball on the clear, level turf within a full mashie-shot of the green; but trouble awaits the man who falls a little short.

Mr. Jelf took the honour, and got a fair drive; but he failed to

clear the second belt of whins, and his ball disappeared in a rabbit-hole. Then came the turn of Mr. Alec Braidy. With the eye of a born strategist he had taken in the lie of the land. He chose to play with his iron, and with a nicely-calculated drive he dropped the ball on the clear sward beyond the first line of the whins. Then with a good-length brassy shot he reached the green. Mr. Braidy prided himself on the fact that he always played with his head.

In the meantime Mr. Jelf's caddy was disconsolately regarding his master's ball in the deep recesses of a rabbit-hole. It had to be dropped out of course, and it cost Mr. Jelf two more strokes to reach the edge of the green. He got down in six. Mr. Braidy, on the other hand, holed out neatly in four, which was bogie.

So the match proceeded. Although Mr. Jelf generally out-drove his opponent, still in some extraordinary way Mr. Braidy always contrived to get home first. What he lost on his drive he made up in his approaches, and on the green he was simply deadly.

Mr. Jelf began to lose his temper. "What damnable luck!" he muttered to himself as Mr. Braidy, for the third time in succession, holed out from the very edge of the green.

Mr. Jelf's feelings were further ruffled by the open admiration of the bystanders.

"How beautifully Mr. Braidy plays," said Miss Eversley, placidly. "I think he is such a sweet boy."

* * * * *

The match ended, leaving Mr. Braidy an easy winner. The card he returned could not easily be beaten, whilst the white fragments of that of Mr. Jelf had already been cast to the winds. The defeat of the dark-visaged young gentleman was rendered doubly bitter by the warmth of the congratulations which Miss Eversley deemed it fitting to shower upon the victor.

"He really is the sweetest boy," she whispered to her discomfited lover, whom she delighted in teasing. Thereupon she joined Mr. Braidy and chatted to him merrily on his way to the pavilion, leaving her betrothed to the society of Miss Leeman and to his own dark thoughts.

* * * * *

Now the Roxton Club House adjoins the station, and a bell rings to announce the coming of the trains. Mr. Braidy and his friends sat discussing the day's events over a cup of tea, and the time passed more quickly than they thought. Suddenly they heard the warning bell, and they at once rose and made for the platform. It was now growing dusk, and just as the red light showed at the curve Miss Lloyd, who had resumed her personality in manner if not in appearance, started.

"What an idiot I am!" she exclaimed. "I've forgotten my clubs."

She flew back to the pavilion and sought the corner where she knew them to be. But many caddie-bags had come in in the meantime, and minutes were lost in disentangling her property. When she reached the little swing-gate the train was moving, and Madge was waving distractedly from the carriage window. She still had time, and was darting forward when an official hand arrested her and her precious moment was lost.

"Can't do it," growled the husky official voice, "must wait for the next."

Then Miss Brenda Lloyd, all her fine spirit deserting her, sank upon the nearest seat and tried to realise her position. For she knew that for Foxholes, so far as that night was concerned, there was no "next." What was she to do? Foxholes was now as inaccessible as the North Pole. In that dress, too, it was doubly awful. It was all very well to try to treat the matter lightly, but she was really in a horrible dilemma. At once she thought of an hotel. But there was no hotel within miles, and—added horror—she remembered, as she thrust her hands into Jack's hateful and unaccustomed pockets, she had forgotten to bring her purse. It was with a humbled mien that she went back to the pavilion, not because its bare wooden walls offered any solution of her problem, but because it was so obviously futile to remain where she was.

Within the ladies' room she heard light, laughing voices. She looked at the door with wistful eyes. She realised that that portal, within which she might have found help and sympathy, was inexorably barred against her. For a moment she felt that she was going to cry.

A tall, stalwart young fellow entered. She remembered she had seen him earlier on the links when he had admired her play. He spoke to her at once cheerily.

"That's a rattling good card you've sent in. I don't think it will be beaten to-day." Then, noting the boy's dejected attitude and a suspicion of tears in the big blue eyes, he added quickly, "Hallo! what's the trouble? Anything wrong?"

There was something soothing in the kindly voice. Brenda told him of the missing of the train—of the home unattainable. Though she tried to keep her tones level they ended in an unmistakable quaver, and he laughed.

"That all! Why, my dear chap, I'll give you a shake-down at my place with all the pleasure in life."

But for reasons of her own Brenda shook her head sadly. The problem lay so much deeper than he knew.

"Well, look me up later if you don't find anything better," he said, good-naturedly, as he passed through the swinging doors to the bar, leaving Brenda to her own devices.

Now fell despair descended upon Miss Lloyd. It was getting late—so dreadfully late. She could not remain there. In a little while they would close the pavilion for the night. Then she must go out into the darkness, homeless, penniless, and alone.

But at that moment the door of the ladies' room opened, and Miss Eversley appeared. An inspiration seized Brenda. She rushed forward. "Miss Eversley," she cried, forgetting her assumed sex, "I—I'm in dreadful trouble. I have missed my train. Will you take me home with you?"

Miss Eversley was taken aback. The request coming from a young and handsome gentleman was unusual.

"I—I don't think I understand you," she said, coldly.

"Oh, but you must," cried Brenda, eagerly. "Don't you see? I'm not a man at all, I'm a girl. I've missed the last train." And in hurried accents she told her the whole story.

In a very short time Miss Eversley had grasped the situation to the full.

"A girl!" she exclaimed; "why, this is just too lovely for words. And you knocked Clarence to splinters, and he is swearing you are a Scotch professional in disguise. Now, my dear, we'll telegraph to Foxholes that you are staying the night with Mrs. Eversley at the 'Limes,' and then I dare say the carriage will be round for us."

"But you'll keep my secret?" pleaded Brenda, as they walked round to the telegraph office.

"Of course—except from mother: she must know. But she's a good sort. She'll see the point of the joke at once. And the point is that I mean to flirt with you outrageously, my dear. I intend to give Clarence a lesson. I certainly cannot permit unbridled jealousy, at this early stage of the proceedings at any rate."

Yet it is certain that when a little later Miss Eversley said sweetly, "Oh, Clarence dear, Mr. Braidy has missed his train, so I'm taking him home to spend the night at mother's," that young gentleman's countenance would have made a fair study for Othello just before the smothering scene.

* * * * *

It merely remains to be told that on the following morning Brenda bade her kind young hostess an affectionate farewell, and that Mr. Jelf learned from the notice-board that the competition had been won by a young Scotch visitor, Mr. Alec Braidy of St. Abb's.



AMBATCH CANOE, OMDURMAN,

BIG-GAME SHOOTING IN THE SUDAN

BY H. A. BRYDEN

SINCE the days when Sir Samuel Baker hunted big game in the country of the Nile tributaries of Abyssinia, and thereafter, making his way to the head waters of the great river of Egypt, discovered the Albert Nyanza, much water has flowed and wonderful chapters in history have been accomplished. Baker, one of the greatest hunters of his time, was among the first to bring before the purview of the British sportsman the wonderful possibilities of big-game shooting in the Nile regions. His "Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia" ranks as a classic of the sportsman's library, and is beyond doubt one of the most spirited and fascinating books on big-game shooting ever written. "The Albert Nyanza" took the reader yet farther into the heart of Africa, and opened another vista of possibilities for the pursuer of great game. In those stirring days of the sixties of the last century another keen sportsman, whose name for various reasons is less well known than Baker's, was Consul Petherick, who began trading from Khartoum in the middle fifties, and saw and shot quantities of game in the Nile and Sudan regions. Schweinfurth, the German traveller and naturalist, penetrated far into the Bahr-el-Ghazal country, and his excellent book, "The Heart of Africa," published in 1873, added yet further to our knowledge of these still little-known regions. Schweinfurth was, however, more of a traveller than a sportsman. Then came the various troubles of the Egyptian Government, the intervention of the British in Egypt, the rise of the

Mahdi's and Khalifa's power, the fall of Khartoum, and the complete abandonment of the Sudan regions to the powers of barbarism. For the better part of twenty years all this vast and interesting country became sealed to Europeans. For many years before the disasters of the Egyptian army in the Sudan there had been a great traffic in live animals, which were captured by Arabs and native hunters, and dispatched by way of Suakin, Port Said, and other ports, to the zoological collections of Europe. All this was, of course, for many years put an end to.

With the breaking of the Khalifa's power at the battle of Omdurman in 1898 came the reopening of the Upper Nile and



SHILLUK NATIVE, UPPER NILE

Sudan regions and a new era for British sportsmen. Rare beasts of chase, such as the beautiful Mrs. Gray's waterbuck, and the white-eared and Uganda kobs, were, so to speak, rediscovered. The leucoryx, the addax, and many rare gazelles were again

accessible in the more desert parts of the country; the kudu, the situtunga, the waterbuck, the noble roan antelope, the buffalo, the giraffe, the various hartebeests and bushbucks, reedbucks and other antelopes, were all to be found in abundance in regions where for so many years the foot of the white hunter had never fallen. Elephants of great size, carrying the finest tusks in Africa, were plentiful in the regions of the Upper Nile, and soon began to attract sportsmen. It was presently discovered that the great white rhinoceros was to be met with in the Lado Enclave, a district at the very extremity of the Sudan, leased till recently to the Congo Free State. Lions, leopards, and cheetahs were always available, hippos abounded, and ibex, Barbary sheep, warthog, and two kinds of bushpig were to be

found and shot within the new territories of the Egyptian Government. Feathered game of many kinds attracted the man wielding the shot-gun, and wild-fowl of numerous species were constantly to be met with in vast numbers.

With all these attractions one would have thought that the Sudan and Upper Nile regions would have been quickly overrun by European, and especially by British, sportsmen. For various reasons this has not been the case. In the first place East Africa, with its marvellous display of wild life, its railway running from the coast to the Victoria Nyanza, and giving easy access to the best hunting-



SHILLUK AMBATCH BOAT

grounds, has been a very formidable competitor. Its attractions are undeniable, and for years the country has been a happy hunting-ground for those sportsmen who can afford the somewhat costly luxury of a big-game expedition. Some few of these hunters have travelled from the Nyanza to the Nile and made their way back to civilisation by Khartoum and Cairo. But for the most part these men have already expended the bulk of their energies in East Africa and Uganda, and have not cared to linger long in the Nile country and the vast Sudan regions. Certainly Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt turned aside to shoot white rhinoceros in the Lado Enclave, and other game in the Upper Nile regions; but they were

peculiarly favoured individuals, and every resource of the Egyptian Government was placed at their disposal. The game of East Africa at last begins to show symptoms of depletion; and good heads are not now procured with the ease of a few years since. Again, the increase of farming is already making an impression on the fauna in the more settled districts; it is clear that the game of East Africa is not going to last for ever.

In the second place two other reasons have somewhat militated against the freer employment of the sporting resources of the Sudan country. One of these is that considerable areas of the territory



WARTHOG

have been declared reserves within which the game are protected against all visiting sportsmen. This is undeniably true; but it is to be remembered that protected areas also exist in East Africa, and after all the country thrown open in the Nile and Sudan regions is so vast that almost every kind of game is to be found and bagged. Again, many people have the idea that the Sudan and Nile countries are unhealthy. The Upper Nile regions lie, certainly, at a lower altitude than the highlands of East Africa, and, situated as they are near the Equator, they are unquestionably hot. But it is to be remembered that the best shooting season—from November to the end of February—falls in the winter months, when the climate is

comparatively dry and bracing and the prevailing wind blows from the cool north.

In the third place sportsmen and travellers who have had experience of the cost of living and hotel life and travel in Cairo and Lower Egypt, so much enhanced at the present day by the extravagances of American and other tourists and globe-trotters, have rather hung back from a Sudan sporting expedition. As a matter of fact, once away from Cairo and its expenditure, the trip need be no more costly than a short expedition in East Africa, while the expense, some particulars of which will be given hereafter, can be exactly



TEMPLE AT NAGAA

ascertained. The Sudan Government Railways at the present time are making every effort to forward the interests of the genuine big-game sportsman. They have now a bi-weekly service of corridor *trains-de-luxe* during the winter season, which connect with the Egyptian State Railways and their own steamship service, and take the passenger from Cairo to Khartoum for the sum of £15 19s. 3d. Egyptian (the Egyptian £ being worth 6d. more than the English), which includes sleeping car. These trains are fitted with every luxury of travel, dining and sleeping cars are there, electric fans and light, special air-cooling apparatus, and other comforts. The Nile steamers, which carry the traveller from Assouan to Wady Halfa, a

distance of 220 miles, are fine vessels, fitted with every modern convenience for voyaging in a hot climate. Travelling by the Monday train from Cairo, the sportsman will reach Khartoum the following Friday; or if he leaves Cairo on Thursday, he will arrive at his destination on the following Monday. An alternative route is to go round by sea via Suez to Port Sudan, on the Red Sea, and thence train to Khartoum. By this route, which costs between £13 and £14, the fine sporting regions of Kassala and Sennar are attained. The round trip from Cairo by these combined routes is performed at a cost of something less than £24, which can scarcely be looked upon as an excessive charge for a long spell of travel into the big-game regions of Africa.

Before reaching Khartoum the traveller, if he so pleases,



SUDAN STEAMER

can betake himself to Dongola, and from there, travelling for some three days on camel-back and carrying water, can reach a region peculiarly favoured by the addax, a large desert antelope, which has fallen to the rifles of but few European sportsmen. During the last twelve months the Earl of Kingston and Sir Robert Harvey penetrated to this piece of country and succeeded in bagging four of these rare antelopes. The addax, which carries fine horns, seems to be a connecting link between the koodo and the oryxes. Its large, shallow hoofs are well adapted for getting about in the sandy wastes wherein it makes its habitat, and its buff-and-white colouring is also peculiarly suited to its surroundings. In the desert regions of Northern Kordofan, which may be reached from Dongola

or Khartoum, are also to be found the curious leucoryx, or white oryx, whose long horns, with their scimitar-like curve, are an attractive trophy for any sportsman who is not afraid of hard work in a dry and barren region. In Kordofan and the Dongola province are also to be met with a local race of the Tiang hartebeest, as well as the addra gazelle, the red-fronted gazelle, the Dorcas and Isabella gazelles, and some other desert-loving species.

If the traveller betakes himself to the Kassala and Sennar provinces he will find himself in one of the most interesting game countries of the Sudan. Nearly fifty years ago, when hunting among the Blue Nile tributaries of this region, Sir Samuel Baker enjoyed magnificent sport with those wonderful sword-hunters, the



ADDAX

Hamran Arabs, in pursuit of all kinds of heavy game. The sportsman of the present day can hardly hope to vie with Baker's great achievements, but he will still find in these regions such fine beasts of chase as lion, leopard, elephant, giraffe, buffalo, Tora hartebeest, waterbuck, bohor reedbuck, roan antelope, greater kudu, Abyssinian bushbuck, Soemmering's gazelle, the red-fronted and Heuglin's gazelles, the scarce Beira antelope, the Abyssinian duiker, Salt's dik-dik, and other species. Black rhinoceros, so plentiful in Baker's time in this region, are now scarce, and are protected in these two provinces. It is to be noted that owing to its increasing scarcity in the Sudan regions the giraffe is also additionally protected, and a special fee of £20 has to be paid if one of these beasts is shot. Khartoum and the Atbara

Junction are perhaps the best getting-off places for sport in these districts of Kassala and Sennar. The country, especially in the Kassala province, is extremely picturesque, and in some places horses can be fitly employed as in Baker's time.

Certain kinds of hill-frequenting game are to be met with in places somewhat off the beaten track of the sportsman in these eastern regions of the Sudan. Of these the fine Nubian ibex (*Capra Nubiana*), the *Beden* of the Arabs, is to be sought for in the mountains along the Red Sea coast. These wild goats carry good heads, the record pair, obtained by Prince Henry of Liechtenstein,



JEBEL BARKEL RUINS

in Upper Egypt, measuring 51 in. over the curve. Suakin or Port Sudan are suitable places from which to begin operations against these mountain dwellers. The great Barbary sheep—one of the finest of the various races of wild ovines—occurs among the desert ranges of the Northern Sudan, from the Red Sea province to Kordofan. It has been quite recently discovered that these sheep are to be found on hills fifty miles north of Khartoum, a point considerably south of any hitherto recorded. It will of course be necessary to obtain special local knowledge of the whereabouts of these sheep. The Abyssinian ibex, of which a number of specimens were brought home some few years ago by Major Powell-Cotton, is, apparently,

only to be obtained in the Simien mountains of Abyssinia. That charming little mountain antelope, the Klipspringer, is to be met with upon certain hills of the Red Sea province. It is, however, somewhat scarce and local, and a certain amount of careful inquiry will be necessary to ensure its successful pursuit. The wanderer in search of Nubian ibex would be certain to be able to obtain trustworthy information of the whereabouts of this antelope.

If the sportsman should be desirous of trying his luck in the wonderful game regions of the White Nile, he will, of course, proceed direct to Khartoum, and from there organise his expedition.



NATIVE WOMEN, OMDURMAN

At Khartoum a comfortable hotel, "The Grand," will serve as head-quarters. For the journey up the Nile native sailing boats, "gyassas" and "nuggers," which can be made reasonably comfortable as house-boats, can be hired for from £20 to £25 (Egyptian) per month. The Sudan Government steamers travel once a month (on the 15th) from Khartoum to Gondokoro, the farthest point attainable, and the sportsman can, if he pleases, be set down at suitable points for hunting. He can arrange to return, if he so wishes, a month or two later by the steamer returning north. In this instance he must of course cast himself loose from civilisation, and be content to depend upon himself and his native followers. The fare

for the round trip to Gondokoro is £65 (Egyptian). If these means of progression are not approved, special steamers are obtainable from the Sudan Development Company, which will render a sporting expedition almost one of luxury. The cost, however, is high, from £20 to £25 per day; and unless a party of hunters combine forces, or the sportsman is possessed of a more than usually well filled pocket, the expense of such a trip would be rather prohibitive. However, many of our wealthier shikaris will scarcely grudge the cost of an expedition which has the merits of much comfort, quick transit, and the inestimable advantage of transporting the party rapidly from one shooting-ground to another. During a month or six weeks' absence from Khartoum, on a steamer trip of this kind, many regions can be

visited and a good variety of game brought to bag. The Sudan Development and Exploration Company have London offices at 13 Austin Friars, E.C., and all inquiries can be answered there. The help of Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, the well-known tourist agents at Ludgate Circus, will also be



GRAIN BOAT, BLUE NILE

found very valuable upon all points of Egyptian and Sudan travel.

In the White Nile country many splendid beasts of chase, affording fine trophies, are to be obtained. Elephants seem to thrive hugely in this vast region of tropical heat and moisture; they attain a greater size than in any other part of Africa, and tusks of over 100 lb. apiece are not seldom obtained. Black rhinoceros are occasionally met with. The white rhinoceros is, as I have said, only to be met with in the Lado Enclave, west of Gondokoro. These animals have been a good deal harried of late years, and it is possible that, since the arrival of Captain Stigand, who now has charge of this territory, special measures may have been taken for their protection. The game of the White Nile regions, including the

Bahr-el-Ghazal, Bahr-el-Zeraf, etc., includes also buffalo, giraffe, hippo, lion, leopard, cheetah, Jackson's, the Tora, and Neumann's hartebeests, the Tiang, another member of the great hartebeest family, roan antelope, waterbuck, Mrs. Gray's waterbuck, and the white-eared and Uganda kobs. Mrs. Gray's waterbuck belongs essentially to the group of lesser waterbucks, or kobs; it is a most beautiful and highly prized species, remarkable for its fine, doubly curved horns and the black-brown body colouring of the old rams, strikingly relieved about the head by yellowish ears, a yellowish-white patch in front of and behind each eye, the nozzle, chin, and



JURS MAKING A GRAIN BIN, BAHR-EL-GHAZAL

throat being of the same yellowish colour; there is also a remarkable whitish patch in front of the withers. Only the males carry horns. This is a good-sized buck, standing about 38 in. at the shoulder. Owing to the keenness of competition for the trophies of this lovely antelope, only one specimen is now allowed to each sportsman under his licence. These antelopes are extremely water-loving, like all their kind, and are to be sought amid the vast Nile swamps and upon open inundated flats, where the shining waterscape is checkered by papyrus beds and palm-clad islets. The white-eared kob, another extremely beautiful species, notable for the snow-white markings about the face and throat, much resembles Mrs. Gray's waterbuck, and is found in a similar habitat in the

same region. Quite recently another of these water-loving antelopes, known as Vaughan's kob, has been found by Captain P. E. Vaughan in the south-west of the Bahr-el-Ghazal province. In this species the full-grown rams, instead of wearing the dark coat of their allies—Mrs. Gray's and the white-eared kobs—are of a bright, foxy-red colour.

Other beasts well worth the attention of the sportsman in the White Nile regions are the bohor reedbuck, the common reedbuck, the situtunga—another water-loving antelope—the harnessed bushbuck, red-fronted gazelle, Rothschild's gazelle, and the Abyssinian and blue duikers. The warthog, red bushpig, and Sennar pig are found in various parts of the Sudan regions. Striped and spotted hyænas,



DINKA HUT, LAO, BAHR-EL-GHAZAL

wild dogs, jackals, foxes, lynxes, servals, and wild cats are also often encountered. The magnificent Derbian eland is found in the Bahr-el-Ghazal province, and occasionally near Mongalla. One specimen is allowable to the sportsman under his licence; but it has to be borne in mind that most of the Bahr-el-Ghazal country is closed to gunners, and a special permit has to be obtained to enter the territory.

Under the £5 game licence the less ambitious sportsman can secure only a limited number of game. He may, however, shoot as many lions, leopards, cheetahs, and other carnivora as he pleases. His bag may include four hippos—south of Kodok or Sennar there is no limit—four ibex, two Barbary sheep, one klipspringer, as well

as warthogs, gazelles, and some of the smaller antelopes. The wealth of wild-fowl in the Nile regions of the Sudan is extraordinary, and game birds of many kinds, including francolin, bustards, and guinea-fowl, are always to be met with. There is a limit of two birds of a particular species in the case of pelicans, flamingoes, storks, herons, egrets, ibises, etc. If, as is most probable, the gunner chooses to take out the full or £50 licence, he may shoot two elephants, one black rhinoceros, three buffaloes, one giraffe (£20 extra), four waterbuck (two only in Kassala and Sennar), four roan antelope, one kudu, one eland, one oryx beisa, one Mrs. Gray's waterbuck, four bushbuck, four tora hartebeest, four tiang, four leucoryx, four white-eared kob, six Uganda kob, four reedbuck



LOADING SENNAR FERRY-BOAT

(eight in Kassala and Sennar), six addra gazelle, six addax, and four Jackson's hartebeest; lions, leopards, and other carnivora are, of course, free. From this list it will be seen that the fauna and the game laws of the Sudan and White Nile regions compare not unfavourably with any other part of Africa; in some particulars, as in the case of the leucoryx, addax, Mrs. Gray's and the white-eared kobs, and the various desert gazelles, these countries can exhibit species which are quite unattainable in other regions.

Owing to local conditions shooters, unless provided with a special permit from the Governor-General of the Sudan, are not allowed to enter the following districts:—(a) The Kordofan Province

south of a line connecting Sherkeila, Rahad, Abu Karaz, Abu Zabbat, Nahud, and El Eddeiya. (b) The Bahr-el-Ghazal Province. (c) The districts south and west of a line drawn from Nasser on the Sobat to Fading on the Khor Filus, thence to the mouth of the Zeraf River (which the steamers or boats of private parties may not enter), and thence to the western end of Lake No. With the exception that parties using a steamer or boat as a base, and not proceeding more than a day's march inland from it, may shoot on either bank of the Nile north of Shambe, and on the east bank south of Shambe to the Uganda boundary.

Permits to enter these closed districts are occasionally granted,



TEMPLES OF ABU SIMBEL

under special circumstances, by the Governor-General. Such special permits are obtainable at the office of the Secretary-General, Khartoum.

As regards land transport, especially in the Dongola, Northern Kordofan, Sennar, Kassala, and Red Sea regions, camels are to be hired at about 10 piastres a day for baggage animals, and 12 piastres for riding beasts; 97½ piastres go to the English sovereign. Donkeys can be purchased for about £3, and mules for £9 or £10. On desert expeditions water is usually carried in "girbas" (skins), or "fantasses" (galvanised iron tanks), each holding 10 gallons. These

latter weigh 27 lb. empty and 122 lb. full. "Girbas," which are best obtained in Cairo, have some advantages; they are light and handy, and keep the water cold by evaporation; when new, however, they impart an unpleasant taste to the water, and require to be well soaked and washed before using. In bush country they are liable to the danger of puncture by thorns, but are very handy for short trips. When the very life of the sportsman and his attendants depends upon the priceless supply of water, the galvanised iron "fantasses" are to be recommended. It is advisable always to boil water before drinking. Canvas water-bottles and canvas buckets should also be included in the outfit.

As regards servants, a good dragoman, preferably a man who has been in the Sudan before, should be brought from Cairo to act as interpreter. His remuneration will be the subject of a special



DINKA TRIBE

bargain before starting. Ordinary servants receive from £3 to £5 per month; cooks the same wage. Native skinners, for preserving heads and trophies (usually obtainable at Khartoum), will receive from £3 to £4 per month. Native shikaris, obtained, of course, locally, will be fairly remunerated at the rate of 5 piastres per diem, with a small gift by way of "bakshish" thrown in, if they perform their duty satisfactorily.

It ought to be remembered that the '303 rifle is barred in these regions. A suitable battery would be a '450 cordite rifle for heavy game, such as elephant, rhinoceros, and buffalo. If a weapon of heavier calibre is deemed necessary for dangerous game at short ranges, one of the improved ball-and-shot guns of 10 or 12 bore would be most suitable. Westley-Richards's "Explora" is a first-rate weapon of this type. It has great smashing power, good

penetration, and carries accurately up to 300 yards. It can be used as a shot gun if required. For other game, especially for antelope and gazelle, a .318 or a Mannlicher or Mauser rifle would answer every purpose. A 12-bore shot gun, with some heavy cartridges for wild geese and the bigger waterfowl, should not be omitted.

In this brief article I have done little more than hint at the possibilities of a big-game shooting expedition to the Sudan and White Nile regions. Apart from the actual sporting interest of a trip which can now be easily accomplished in the short space of three or four months, a journey to the Nile sources, still as mysterious, almost as little known and explored as they were a thousand years ago, is in itself worth the accomplishment. The



CAMELS DRINKING, ROSEIRES

wondrous spell of the Nile in its mysterious upper regions; the illimitable country, still teeming with game, stretching on either hand of the river; the vast expanses of desert; the lakes, lagoons, and minor river systems, many of them to this day almost unseen by European eyes—all these things are full of attraction to the sportsman of British blood. Ladies now penetrate to these far-off and fascinating places, and, thanks to the comfortable steamers of the Sudan Development Company, which ply south of Khartoum, see and share the sport of their male fellow-travellers. In coming seasons it cannot be doubted that the Sudan and White Nile countries will become each year more and more popular with British sportsmen.

BOOKS ON SPORT

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS. By Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated.
London: John Murray. 1910. (18s.)

This story of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's expedition to Africa after big game is so well told that it would rank high among the many works that have been published on the subject if its author were a less notable man than the Ex-President of the United States. He has always been known as a keen sportsman, as likewise an ardent naturalist, and was, indeed, with his sound practical common sense and exceptional powers of observation, just the man to carry through successfully, and to give a graphic description of his adventures. One thing is to be noted with special satisfaction: the book is written in the English language, without any of the perversions of it in the way of fantastic spelling to which, in a moment of inexplicable aberration, Mr. Roosevelt once seemed to give countenance.

To some extent the way has been smoothed of late years for the traveller in Africa, at any rate within certain limits. He can go a good long distance by train, the railway, of course, running through much wild country. It is curious to read of a lioness being run over by an engine, but this is a recorded fact, and one of the officials brought in her head. Giraffes have also been killed by trains, once at least a rhinoceros got in the way with fatal results, another was a good deal hurt, and on the night Mr. Roosevelt travelled there was an interruption in the telegraph, due to giraffes having knocked down some of the wires and a pole while crossing the track. Elephants have more than once done the same thing.

The Ex-President, however, soon left the railway behind and started off after lions. Most African sportsmen give different accounts of the game they meet, disagreeing considerably as to the habits of the various creatures. Mr. Roosevelt, observing that the dangerous game of Africa consists of the lion, buffalo, elephant, rhinoceros, and leopard, declares that the leopard is in point of pluck and ferocity "more than the equal of the other four," a phrase which seems capable of more than one interpretation, but he evidently means to say that it is the fiercest of the five. It is likely not to be so fatal as the others by reason of its small size, and the author speaks of a friend, Mr. Carl Akely of Chicago, who killed bare-handed a leopard which sprang at him. He had crippled one fore and one hind paw. The leopard followed him as he tried to dodge, and he was severely bitten; but with knees and hands he crushed the life out of his assailant—if so the leopard can be called, seeing that it was assailed first.

Mr. Roosevelt found plenty of lions, and accounted for a proportion of them. Some of the stories he tells are certainly thrilling. The worse possible course to follow with a charging lion is, we are

told, to run away from it; but it must certainly require a good deal of pluck for an unarmed man to stand. One lion who pursued a native gun-bearer is described as "rising on his hind legs like a rearing horse—not springing—and striking down the fugitive." There is an anecdote of a white hunter riding along a trail in the darkness with a big boarhound, and hearing a rustle in the bushes in the side of the path. He took no notice, thinking it was a buck, when suddenly two lions came out on the path behind, and raced after him. One sprang on him, tore him out of the saddle, and trotted off holding him in its mouth while the other continued after the frightened horse. That the man should have escaped seems little short of a miracle. The lion had him by the right shoulder; with his left hand he managed to wrench his knife out of his belt, and twice stabbed the brute, the second stab going through its heart, upon which it let go and fell dead. The other lion, having abandoned the attempt to catch the horse, came back to look for the man, who, crippled as he was, managed to climb a small tree. The plucky dog continually worried the lion, who might otherwise have been dangerous, and at length the shouts and torches of the approaching kaffirs frightened the lion away. There is another tale of Percival, riding through a wet spot of ground where the grass was some four feet high, and suddenly finding a lion by his side. He leaned down and yelled in the creature's face, upon which it stopped short with surprise, but came on again. The horse's speed, however, saved itself and its rider. Mr. Roosevelt goes into detail about what we may call his own personal lions.

The differences of opinion to which we have referred are found in discussions about the rhinoceros. Some travellers tell us that he will never charge, though when frightened he will come blundering on, it may be in the direction of the sportsman. The first two rhinos which Mr. Roosevelt met charged in a way which he declares certainly meant mischief, whereas of the first four lions and the first four buffaloes secured by the party, none charged, though two of each were stopped when he believes they were on the point of charging. He pays a tribute to the double Holland which he used, expressing a belief that "no better weapon exists for heavy game." As for the charging of rhinoceros, Mr. Roosevelt concludes that in certain circumstances "it does not mean to charge at all and is acting in a spirit of truculent and dull curiosity; but often when its motions and actions are indistinguishable from those of an animal which does not mean mischief, it turns out that a given rhino does mean mischief. A year before I arrived in East Africa a surveyor was charged by a rhinoceros entirely without provocation; the man was caught and killed." There is another account of a rhinoceros

which charged through the line of march of a Safari, and then deliberately turned, hunted down the leader of the party, and tossed him.

Some writers are less instructive than they might be because undue modesty prevents them from accurately describing their sport; though it need not be said that there are others who achieve wonders on paper which they have not performed in the field. During a certain five days Mr. Roosevelt mentions, as an instance of what may be expected with fair luck, that he obtained fourteen animals of ten different species. "Except the lioness and one impalla, both of which I shot running, all were killed at rather long ranges; seven were shot standing, two walking, five running. The average distance at which they were shot was a little over 230 yards. I used sixty-five cartridges, an amount which would seem excessive chiefly to those who are not accustomed actually to count the cartridges they expend, to measure the distances at which they fire, and to estimate for themselves the range on animals in the field when they are standing or running a good way off. Only one wounded animal got away, and eight of the animals I shot had to be finished with one bullet—two in the case of a lioness—as they lay on the ground. Many of the cartridges expended really represented range-finding."

It is impossible within the space at disposal to do full justice to this interesting volume. The photographs, taken by Mr. Kermit Roosevelt and other members of the expedition, as also Mr. P. R. Goodwin's drawings, add greatly to the value of the book.

THE HIGHROADS OF THE ALPS: A MOTORING GUIDE TO 100 MOUNTAIN PASSES. By Charles L. Freeston, F.R.G.S. With Itineraries, Photographs, Maps, and Diagrams. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1910.

Readers are acquainted with the mountaineering experiences of Mr. Freeston, for we have had the pleasure of publishing various articles by him in this magazine, and to those who are familiar with it his work can need no recommendation. This volume, he tells us, represents the sum of seventeen years' experience of the Alps. During this period he has often felt the need of practical information of a kind which is not to be found in the standard guide books, and he has therefore supplied to others just what he himself needed so much before he gained a knowledge of the places he describes. It is almost needless to say therefore that the work is practical, and, to employ the hackneyed phrase, it "supplies a long-felt want." Coming from Mr. Freeston it supplies this want most efficiently.

Of course everyone will not agree with his views on mountaineering. "For pure enjoyment there is nothing to compare with pass-climbing in a car," he says, and describes the delight of finding

one's motor pulling strongly up a twenty miles ascent on an Alpine pass. Many lovers of the Alps will of course enthusiastically declare that crossing them on wheels is an altogether unsatisfactory method, that the only way of dealing with mountains is to climb them on foot, and the ardent mountaineer will naturally reach peaks near to which the motorist cannot approach. Very many, however, will incline to Mr. Freeston's view. It is by no means everyone who has the indispensable qualifications for mountain climbing, and the car opens new worlds to those who without it would be unable to gaze on scenes that it enables them to command.

The Swiss seem to have been peculiarly pig-headed for a time in repelling motors, and indeed put all sorts of obstacles in the way of the motorist; which is a peculiarly shortsighted policy, because the majority of those who tour in these vehicles are well-to-do men who would leave a good deal of money behind them. The restrictions were the more absurd for the reason that a motor car, as Mr. Freeston points out, glides smoothly down a path on rubber tyres, whereas the Alpine diligence, which the Swiss authorities of course encourage, is sadly destructive to a highway, in consequence of the enormous weight of the vehicle and the effect of the clumsy shoe which tears up the road when put on to lock the wheel. Even the Swiss, however—Mr. Freeston declares that “it is not in their nature to make concessions gracefully”—cannot resist the oncoming of the motor car. The chapters on “What the Crossing of a Pass Means” and on “The Equipment of a Car” will be found of the greatest service to intending travellers, for the author seems as well acquainted with the Alps and the requirements for travel on them as he presumably is with Piccadilly. No detail is omitted, the altitude and intermediate distances of the various passes are given, the hotels and inns are mentioned, carefully prepared maps are added, and the volume will assuredly be a boon to those who are inclined to follow Mr. Freeston's routes.

FORTY YEARS OF A SPORTSMAN'S LIFE. By Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, Bart. Illustrated. London: Mills & Boon. 1910. (10s. 6d.)

Not very long since we published an article in the series of “Sportsmen of Mark” on Sir Claude de Crespigny, some of whose exploits will therefore be known to readers, and indeed his name frequently crops up in various directions, for it would be difficult to find anyone who has played the game more indefatigably all round. Anyone who sees Sir Claude stepping alertly along, or cantering to the post at a steeplechase meeting, will regard it as extraordinary that, as he tells us, he should have begun his career in the Navy as

long since as 1862. But the Baronetage records that he was born in April 1847. He certainly does credit to the gallant stock of which he comes; few men have ever led a life more full of incident, and now in his sixty-fourth year he tells us that he "looks forward to winning more good races on any mount and over any course," adding, "within the next two or three seasons," which really seems an unnecessary addition. There can be no reason why he should limit the probable period of his activity.

Having served for some time in the Navy, Sir Claude thought he would like a little soldiering for a change. He consequently obtained a commission in the 60th Rifles, and accompanied the regiment to India, where, it need scarcely be said, he was soon found riding steeplechases, and riding, moreover, with continual success. After four years he left the service, though it may be added that he has seen a good deal of fighting since, having had some exciting experiences during the Franco-Prussian War. When the Boer War broke out and volunteers were required it was inevitable that Sir Claude should be among the first to volunteer. There was no man in England who was so certain to present himself; and, far from endeavouring to deter him, Lady de Crespigny went also, equally eager to be useful to her country—and nurses were in great demand. So far as we remember, all Sir Claude's sons were at the front in Africa, and all equally keen, we were about to say, to distinguish themselves, but that was not so much their object as to do good work. Captain Claude de Crespigny of the 2nd Life Guards, whose lamented death is a source of abiding grief to the many friends who loved him, was fortunate enough to find special opportunities, and, as a matter of course, took the utmost advantage of them. The manner in which his children have followed in his footsteps has been the great gratification of Sir Claude's life.

The account of Sir Claude's steeplechasing experiences is rich in interest to those who have followed the sport during the last thirty or forty years. The only thing that surprises us is that he has not been heard of as one of the pioneers of aviation, for he has always been an ardent balloonist. Skill and pluck cannot avert accidents. Sir Claude has broken many bones, though these occurrences have always seemed to him trivial, chiefly unpleasant because they temporarily incapacitated him. In one of his earliest ascents, bent on crossing the Channel, Sir Claude broke his leg, which was crushed between the car and the balloon. His description is characteristic. "Curiously enough I was not fully conscious of the injury I had sustained till I felt the bones grating, and glancing down saw that my foot was at right angles to its natural position. A friend was standing close by amongst the spectators, and I remarked to

him, 'My leg is broken.' He leant over the side of the balloon and took hold of the right leg. 'I said, 'No, not the right, the left one.' There now seemed to be every prospect of the balloon getting away, and I did not like the idea of a trip across the Channel with a broken leg. To say nothing of the discomfort of a journey under such circumstances, there would probably be danger in the descent, which often entails a good deal of jarring. I therefore managed to raise myself by means of the ropes on to the side of the car and was then assisted out backwards. An examination showed that my leg was broken in two places just above the ankle, and that the fracture was of the compound order." Lying on his back he watched Simmons sail away with, as he says, great interest and greater disappointment. The journey, it may be added, was safely accomplished, Simmons landing at Arras after traversing 170 miles in slightly over an hour and a half.

Sir Claude has something to say in defence of bull-fighting, the courage displayed by the fighters naturally appealing to him; but we cannot regard anything as a sport when the quarry—if so the bull may be called—has no chance of escape, and the cruelty to the miserable horses seems to us to render it absolutely indefensible.

We told the story in our article about Sir Claude of how he appeared to have been killed when riding his horse *Corrèze* in a steeplechase at Colchester. As he was carried away a yokel, summing up in his own mind what he knew of Sir Claude, was heard to murmur, "I wonder whether he's gone to 'eaven?" That he had not is evident, and indeed two days afterwards he won a hurdle-race at Woodbridge on Lord Marcus Beresford's *Amber*. It can hardly be necessary to recommend Sir Claude's book to all who have any appreciation of sport.

NOTITIA VENATICA. A Treatise on Fox-Hunting. By Robert T. Vyner. London: George Routledge & Sons. 1910. 2 vols. (21s.)

Innumerable as are the books on hunting which have appeared during the last century, a few remain unapproachable. Beckford's "Thoughts on Hunting" is as valuable and as much to the purpose now as ever it was; Somerville's "The Chase" remains a classic; we cannot of course leave out the *Hunting Book* of the Badminton Library, compiled under the immediate supervision of the late Duke of Beaufort, who, indeed, himself contributed to it; and "Notitia Venatica" must always hold its place in the front rank. The handsome volumes just issued by Messrs. Routledge, with illustrations by Henry Alken and others, coloured by hand, appear to be the sixth edition. When the first was published is unfortunately not stated, the brief preface to the first edition being given without date. The

late Mr. C. W. A. Blew was responsible for the issue of 1891. The present volumes have been revised and brought to date by Mr. Cuthbert Bradley. The work is so well known that anything of the nature of a detailed review is of course unnecessary. No one has ever been more thoroughly acquainted with his subject than Mr. Vyner, and this work contains the summary of his knowledge.

ANECDOTES OF BIG CATS AND OTHER BEASTS. By David Wilson.
London: Methuen & Co. 1910. (6s.)

This book is somewhat scrappy, being made up of a number of comparatively short anecdotes; but the anecdotes are interesting, collected by the author, an old resident in Rangoon who has seen a great deal of wild life and has heard much more at first hand. In reviewing Mr. Roosevelt's book we noted some of the marvellous escapes men have had from wild beasts when it has seemed that all hope of salvation must be abandoned. One of these stories appears early in this book. Three men were in a room up a flight of stairs leading from the outside of the house. They were sleeping, when the man in the middle was suddenly jerked to his feet by the tight clasp of the tiger's jaws upon his forearm. Keeping his hold, the tiger took the man downstairs. On reaching the bottom the victim turned his face to the house as well as he could and cried out, "Are you fellows not going to help me?" This was the first intimation of his fate to the other two. The shout had surprised the tiger, who opened his jaws, but placed his huge paw on the man's shoulder. One of the others dashed down and thrust his bayonet between the tiger's ribs, pushing it in and pulling the trigger. Even then, however, the brute had sufficient strength to bound up the stairs after the retreating men, but luckily for them it fell dead before it could do further mischief. This is a sample of the stories which Mr. Wilson has collected. One of the most amazing of them is of a little Burmese girl of eleven known by the quaint name of Better-than-an-Official. The child had gone out into the forest to cut firewood when a tigress suddenly appeared, picked her up, and carried her away as a cat does a little mouse. Her elder sister, Ngway Bwin, which means Silver Blossom, a girl of about fourteen years old, was next behind, and saw Better-than-an-Official thus seized. The third girl happened to have the chopper in her hand; little Silver Blossom snatched it, ran after the tigress, and lifting the big knife high above her head with both hands brought it down heavily upon the animal's head. The brute was stunned, and the girl hammered away until she killed it. There is an account of a leopard in Central India who had killed 173 men and women, and of such tales the book is made up.

BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

An attempt is being made to bring forward the attractions of Aberystwyth as a winter resort, and there is certainly solid foundation for the eulogies pronounced on it by friends of this picturesque watering-place. It has well-nigh everything to recommend it that could be desired. The hills are sufficiently like mountains to make the climbing of them an achievement; indeed, in saying this we shall be accused of under-estimating Cader Idris and some other notable ascents. There are all sorts of characteristic Welsh scenes, lakes and waterfalls, and the town is sheltered from the winds which prevail during the cold months. Visitors to the seaside naturally want to know what amusement they can find, and in this respect Aberystwyth is particularly well supplied. The Gogerddan Foxhounds, of which Sir Edward Pryse, Bart., is Master, meet constantly within easy reach. There is excellent fishing in the bay, an 18-hole golf course within half a mile of the sea front, one of the best rinks for roller-skating in the provinces, lawn-tennis, bowling, salt-water swimming-baths, and, in fact, all sorts of outdoor and indoor sports and pastimes. The evenings may be spent at the Promenade Pavilion or Assembly Rooms, which are visited by various dramatic companies and concert parties. An official list of hotels and apartments is supplied on application to Mr. J. D. Spencer, Cambrian Chambers, Aberystwyth.

* * * * *

Many people have given up eating oysters for fear of typhoid fever, it having been no doubt sufficiently established that the disease can be communicated by oysters from polluted water. There need be no fear, however, of those supplied by the Queensville Oyster Company, of West Mersea, Essex, not very far from Colchester. It is easy to understand the extreme attention which is bestowed upon these beds, for after the scare which arose a few years since it is well recognised that a company would at once be ruined if suspicion attached to the oysters they purveyed. A couple of years since the Company begged King Edward's acceptance of some of their oysters, which were graciously received at Sandringham. Oysters from this source may be implicitly depended upon.

* * * * *

The Presto Convertible Coat Collar is a most ingenious invention. To turn up one's coat collar in the ordinary way is by no means a protection from wind and rain, but by this simple device the collar is made to fit closely round the neck, and real protection is afforded. The Presto Coat Collar Company have their headquarters at 21A, Old Change, London, E.C., but these collars are coming largely into vogue and are now supplied by tailors in all directions.

* * * * *

The varying cost of running a motor doubtless goes far to prevent not a few people from undertaking the experiment, and it is a special convenience, therefore, to know precisely what it will cost. The Car Maintenance Co., Ltd., Holland Gate Garage, High Street, Kensington, W., supply everything for a fixed sum per annum, making a reduction, moreover, if the car is purchased through the Company, which claims to have the largest and best-appointed garage in the west of London.

* * * * *

It seems almost impossible to believe that a half horse-power valveless petrol electric-lighting engine and dynamo, with water and petrol tanks, can be supplied complete for so small a sum as £12 18s., but this is the tariff of Messrs. F. W. Smith & Co., Ltd., 12, Tib Lane, Manchester. This engine will light twenty 10 candle-power metal filament lamps. This is the cheapest engine made. The estimate for the twenty-light installation, including switchboard with instruments, accumulators, ignition coils, fittings, wires, etc., amounts to £34 9s. 6d., and forty-light installations to only £85. These prices can scarcely be rivalled.

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In writing of Mr. G. A. Claus's remarkable success with the U.H. magneto, which has gained prizes not only in England but throughout the Continent and America, we omitted to say that his address is 83 Mortimer Street, London, W.



A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

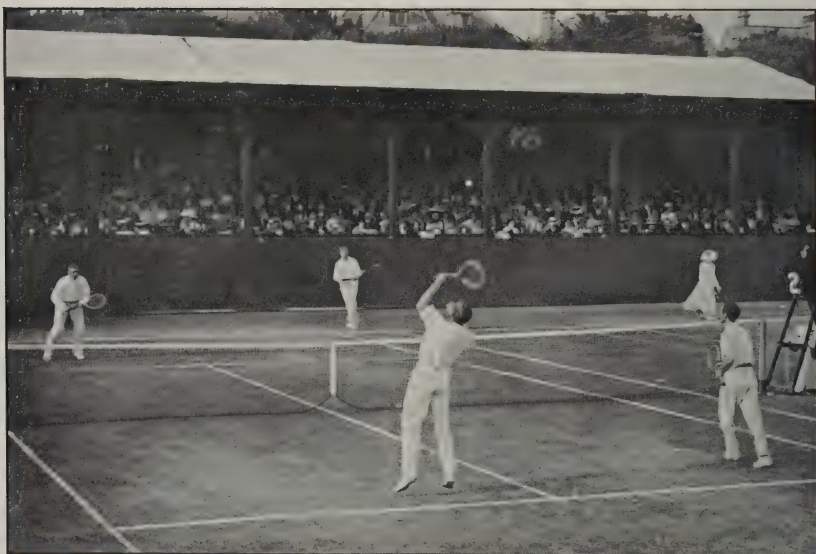
The result of the November competition will be announced in the January issue.

THE SEPTEMBER COMPETITION

The prize in the September competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath; Mr. Charles Breach, Eastbourne; Miss Eva White West, Balcarres, Ballsbridge, Dublin; Mr. Carslake Winter-Wood, Hareston, Paignton, South Devon; Mr. James Kerr, East London, South Africa; Mr. Arnold Keyzer, Cape Town; Mr. A. R. W. Livingstone, The Royal Scots, Glencorse Barracks, Milton Bridge, N.B.; Mr. T. Brittain, Johannesburg, South Africa; Mr. H. E. Hatt, Tiverton, Devonshire; and Mr. B. N. Wood, Holland Park Avenue, W.



BATH HORSE SHOW, SEPTEMBER 7, 1910
Glencross (winner) at the rails in jumping competition
Photograph by Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath



SOUTH OF ENGLAND LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT DEVONSHIRE PARK,
EASTBOURNE

Gentlemen's Open Doubles, Final Round
Photograph by Mr. Charles Breach, Eastbourne



MEET OF THE KILDARE HOUNDS AT JOHNSTOWN INN

Photograph by Miss Eva White West, Balcarres, Ballsbridge, Dublin



SOMERSET STEEPLECHASE, TOTNES RACES, SEPTEMBER 9, 1910

Photograph by Mr. Carslake Winter-Wood, Haveston, Paignton, South Devon



RUGBY FOOTBALL AT EAST LONDON, SOUTH AFRICA—BORDER V. BRITISH TEAM

Photograph by Mr. James Kerr, East London, South Africa



THE PYTCHLEY HOUNDS WITH F. FREEMAN, HUNTSMAN

Photograph by Miss Joan Colvin, Rughriach, Connel, near Oban, N.B.



THE WORLD'S SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP ON THE ZAMBESI—BARRY ON RIGHT

Photograph by Mr. Arnold Keyzer, Cape Town



A FLYING MACHINE ON THE PROMENADE AT WESTENDE, BELGIUM.

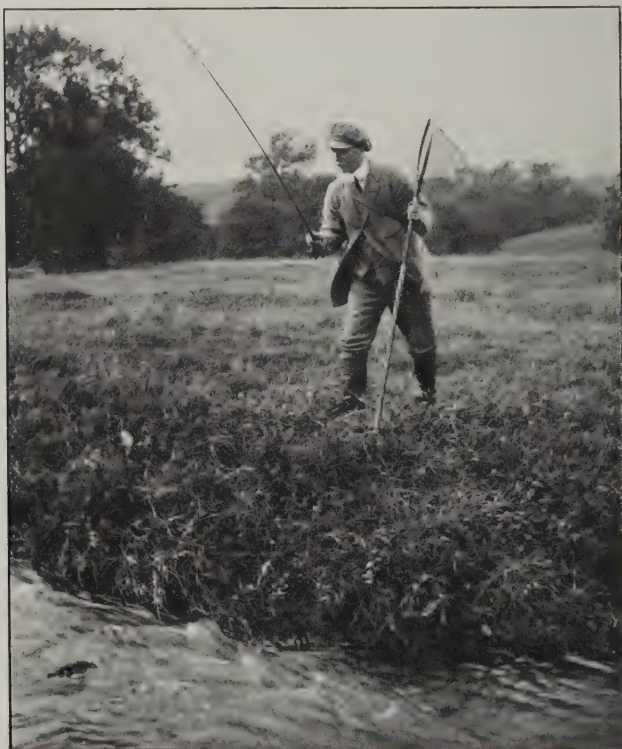
Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels



HALF-MILE, SCOTLAND V. IRELAND

The judges gave the race to the Irishman (Murphy), but the camera shows that the Scotsman took the tape with his chest and therefore won the race

Photograph by Mr. A. R. W. Livingstone, The Royal Scots, Glencorse Barracks, Milton Bridge, N.B.



ON BEDALE BECK, YORKSHIRE—KEEPING WELL OUT OF SIGHT

Photograph by Mr. C. Blakett, New Bond Street, W.



TRANSVAAL MOUNTED POLICE SCHOOLING THEIR HORSES IN SECTIONS

Photograph by Mr. T. Brittain, Johannesburg, South Africa



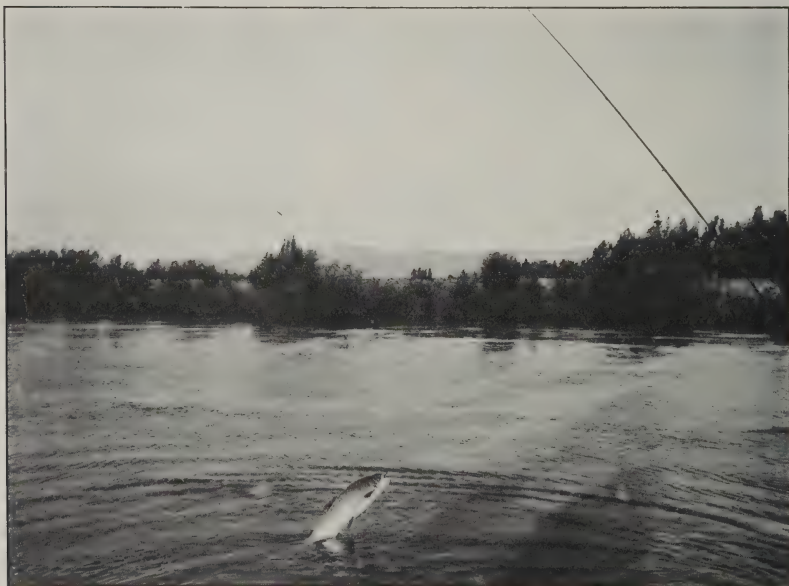
START FOR HEAT A, 100 YARDS, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SPORTS, CORK

Photograph by Mr. Joshua Keyms, Summerhill South, Cork



MOTOR-BOAT RACING ON THE THAMES

Photograph by Mr. Adolphe Abrahams, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, E.C.



PLAYING A RAINBOW TROUT ON TONGARIRO RIVER, NEW ZEALAND

Photograph by Mr. Arthur D. Shilson, Auckland Club, Auckland, New Zealand



GLOUCESTERSHIRE v. KENT AT CHELTENHAM

Photograph by Mr. W. J. W. Kerr, Llanfair, Prestbury, Gloucestershire



THE WORLD'S SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP ON THE ZAMBESI

Barry and his trainers, "Bossy" Phelps and Dan Corderry, taking the water

Photograph by Mr. Arnold Keyzer, Cape Town



POLO TOURNAMENT AT DURBAN

Photograph by Mrs. Hamm, Estcourt, NatalANNUAL POLICE SPORTS AT JOHANNESBURG—DETECTIVE THOMAS WINNING THE
FINAL IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP HURDLES*Photograph by Mr. T. Brittain, Johannesburg, South Africa*



ACCIDENT IN THE FINAL OF THE ONE MILE CYCLE HANDICAP
AT WILLAND SPORTS, TIVERTON JUNCTION.

Photograph by Mr. H. E. Hatt, Tiverton, Devonshire



TRANSVAAL MOUNTED POLICE SCHOOLING THEIR HORSES IN SECTIONS

Photograph by Mr. T. Brittain, Johannesburg, South Africa



A CLEAN JUMP AT RICHMOND HORSE SHOW, 1910
Photograph by Mr. B. N. Wood, Holland Park Avenue, W.



A KILL WITH LORD HARRINGTON'S HOUNDS
Photograph by Mr. P. H. Adams, Leicester



REGAL LODGE, NEWMARKET, THE RESIDENCE OF LADY DE BATHE

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

The Badminton Magazine

“THE COLOURS”

XII.—LADY DE BATHE

Turquoise and Fawn Hoops, Turquoise Cap

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

IT is not within the scope of this article to talk about the sensation which was made in English Society when Mrs. Langtry first came to London, having not only beauty but taste, tact, and wit to mark her arrival. Her name was Lily; she was born in Jersey, daughter of the Dean, the Rev. W. C. le Breton; and some ardent admirer of her complexion spoke of her by the obviously appropriate title of the “Jersey Lily.” For a number of years it happens that I followed the profession of dramatic critic, and it is rather a temptation, in view of my necessary acquaintance with Mrs. Langtry’s theatrical career, to dwell on details of her various successes. The Colours, however, is my theme, and not the footlights. I have spoken of the sensation which was caused by the lady’s first appearance, a second followed when she made her début at the Haymarket

Theatre as Kate Hardcastle, and yet a third when in 1892 the fact came to light that "Mr. Jersey," who had registered the turquoise and fawn hoops, turquoise cap, was none other than the popular actress.

The first year the jacket was carried a remarkable amount of success attended it; indeed, it has very seldom happened in the history of racing that an owner has led off so triumphantly. Mr. Jersey, to adopt the name under which the lady was pleased to race, had become possessed of a remarkably handsome son of Saraband and Colleen Bawn II named Milford. The colt was fortunately well entered, was ready to run early in the season, and came out at the Kempton Park Spring Meeting in the Royal (Spring) Two-year-old Plate, a £3,000 race. All the nine starters were running for the first time with one exception, the late Sir J. Blundell Maple's Minting Queen, whose career had been uninterruptedly victorious. She had won the Brocklesby and had followed on by easily carrying off four other races previously to this. Odds of 13 to 8 were laid on her, and they would have been longer but for the knowledge that Mr. Jersey's Milford had been well tried; indeed, bar the couple—Milford started at 5 to 2—100 to 6 was on offer against Colonel North's Royal Harry, 25 to 1 the other six, these despised outsiders including Son of a Gun, who afterwards showed himself to be a decidedly useful horse, and Medora, the dam of Zinfandel. The first time the colours were displayed they were successful, Milford, in George Barrett's hands, beating Minting Queen by a length and a half; and it was evident that Mr. Jersey owned a really good colt.

He went to Ascot, and with odds of 7 to 4 on him won the Coventry Stakes from M. Edmond Blanc's Marly, who had come from France specially for the race; Evermore third, Best Man and Haut Brion fourth and fifth. The July Stakes was his next outing, and only two turned out against him; one, Bill of Portland, since, needless to say, known as a prominent sire, who had then won the Bedford Plate at the Newmarket Second Spring; but Milford scored for the third time. He was to meet his first defeat at Sandown for the valuable Sandringham Gold Cup, worth on that occasion £4,675, and it was supposed to be such a good thing that odds of 9 to 4 on were freely laid. The late General Owen Williams's Perigord beat him, however, a length, which was nevertheless rather to the credit of the winner than to the discredit of Mr. Jersey's colt, for Raeburn, who had taken the Stud Produce Stakes at the Newmarket First July, was three lengths away, third. Milford also failed in the Champagne, which resulted that year in a great finish between the Duke of Portland's The Prize, Mr. Douglas Baird's Silene, and



LADY DE BATHE
(Photograph by Lafayette)

Perigord, separated by short heads, with a particularly handsome colt named Queen's Pardon close up fourth in front of Milford. Queen's Pardon, the property of Lord Ellesmere, might have made a name for himself, but he unfortunately broke his back while undergoing an operation. Milford, however, was by no means losing his form. He gave Worcester 14lb. and beat him for the Breeders' Foal Plate at Manchester, though in the Middle Park Plate, not unnaturally, Colonel Harry McCalmont's great horse Isinglass was too much for him, the winner being followed home on this as on so many other occasions by Sir Charles Rose's Ravensbury. Milford's four races had credited his owner with £7,818, and no doubt Mr. Jersey thought that racing was a glorious game, which it was not difficult to play remuneratively.

Of course renewal of his victories was anticipated next year, when he started off at Epsom favourite at 11 to 8 for the Great Surrey Handicap. A remarkably speedy mare called Floss, who used to come down the hill at Epsom at an amazing pace, won the race, Milford getting no nearer than fourth, and it is rather curious that on his second outing of the year, in the Egmont Plate at the Summer Meeting, he should also have found Floss in the field, and that he should have again finished fourth to her. Naturally he went to Ascot, and exhibited a distinct return to his two-year-old form in the Fern Hill Stakes, being second to the late Sir Daniel Cooper's Glare, who beat him by a neck, behind being Richard Marsh's Tanderagee, who was to win a £5,000 race at Kempton soon afterwards, and amongst others Bill of Portland and Best Man. At Leicester he had to give 9lb. to the famous Victor Wild, finishing unplaced, and it was not until his seventh attempt that he added to his winnings; the race proving nothing, as he walked over for it—a £100 Plate at Nottingham. At Alexandra Park he found a solitary opponent, Favoro, in the Palace Plate, and beat him; but he was unplaced to Watercress, whose stock, sent over from America, have lately been winning races, and his only other score of the year was in a match, when ridden by Mr. Ronald Moncrieffe he beat the Baron Max de Tuyll on Lumberer. Mr. Jersey had discovered that the game was not so easy; Milford had credited her with no more than £280, and as a four-year-old he only won three races out of sixteen worth £428.

Mr. Jersey, however, had developed much keenness. It was not long after this that she heard of a good horse in Australia named Aurum, and was induced to buy him. He had some engagements in the Colony which he looked like winning, and while the lady's property started for and secured two valuable stakes there, after which he arrived in England and was sent to William Robinson, who was

now training the horses: they having previously been in the charge of Joseph Cannon and of Pickering at Newmarket. Aurum came through the Red Sea and had a particularly exhausting passage; but he soon began to pick up, and when approaching fitness did more than one gallop at Foxhill which seemed to show that he was likely to make a great reputation for himself in England. He did not stand training, however, and was never able to run in this country; a grievous disappointment which Mr. Jersey endeavoured to mitigate by the purchase of yet another Australian. Many English owners had been invited to buy this horse, Merman, a son of Grand Flaneur



REGAL LODGE, WEST SIDE

(*Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket*)

and Seaweed. Mr. Jersey obtained him in the autumn of 1896, and he was more or less ready to run early in 1897, coming out for the Kingsclere Handicap at Kempton Park in the middle of April. He was unbacked and finished fifth, the race being easily won by Roman Chief, who beat Mr. Frank Alexander's Theale by four lengths. As a matter of course Merman, an unknown quantity, had top weight, 9 st. 7 lb.

He was unplaced again in the Newmarket Handicap to Bradwardine, as also for the Duke of York's Stakes at Hurst Park to

Diakka. The process of acclimatisation, however, was proceeding satisfactorily, and he started second favourite for the Tower Handicap at Leicester in July, beaten a length and a half by the 6 to 4 favourite, True Art. In the Lewes Handicap he was down at 6 st. 12 lb., and here for the first time he gave evidence of his quality, winning by half a length from Carlton Grange, the 11 to 8 favourite Balsamo fourth. In the Cesarewitch Merman had 7 st. 5 lb. Webb trained him, and he was more strongly fancied than the price 100 to 7 would seem to show; but Mr. Willie Low's St. Bris had won so easily the previous year—and had shown himself to be in form by winning the Alexandra Plate at Ascot—that he was made a strong favourite at 4 to 1, The Rush, a useful stayer of the period, who had been well tried, second in demand at 7 to 1. Merman won by a neck, The Rush, giving 12 lb., second, Carlton Grange, giving 11 lb., third, and most assuredly the horse's importation was amply justified. Lady de Bathe always maintains that I have depreciated Merman, and this may be so. But The Rush was not a good horse, though he stayed well, and according to this Cesarewitch Merman was 10 lb. his inferior. His owner urges, and I am not in the least inclined to contradict it, for there are arguments in Merman's favour, that at this time he was only just beginning to be himself, and that he was a vastly different horse afterwards. His only other outing after the Newmarket race was in a £150 Long Distance Plate, which he won readily enough.

In 1898 Merman, 8 st. 6 lb., came out for the Chester Cup backed at 11 to 2, finishing fourth to Up Guards, who was sold to go to India, where, I believe, he did what was expected of him; The Rush, who as a matter of course after the Cesarewitch was in at 9 st., set to give Merman 8 lb., second, and Piety third. Apparently Merman was not fancied for the Epsom Cup with 8 st. 10 lb., for he started at 20 to 1, the first three being Bay Ronald, the sire of Bayardo, Newhaven II, and Winkfield's Pride, all good subsequent winners, carrying 9 st. 6 lb. each. That he should have been trained for the Cesarewitch was a matter of course. So few horses can stay the distance that those who have shown an ability to do so merit the highest consideration. As he had won with 7 st. 5 lb. it was also perhaps natural that he should have had a stone more next year. He started at 7 to 1, third favourite, and finished third to the late Sir James Miller's Chaleureux, sire of the Derby and Oaks winner Signorinetta, who was a strong favourite at 75 to 20. Merman was beaten four lengths and a half, separated from the winner by a filly called Asterie, ridden by Sloan. The second favourite this year was the late John Hammond's Herminius, his owner having the utmost confidence that he would repeat the

triumph of St. Gatien. Merman ran for the Cambridgeshire, which that year doubtless ought to have been won by King Edward's Nunsuch. She, however, was hopelessly left, notwithstanding that Sloan, who seldom failed to get off, was on her back. It was not far enough for Merman, the fact being recognised by the handicappers, who had given him only 7 st. 10 lb., and he did well in finishing sixth. Next day he did better, for he won the Jockey Club Cup by four



THE AVENUE AT FOXHILL—OFF TO THE MORNING'S WORK

(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

lengths, and I am bound to admit that this race bears out his owner's contention as to his capacity; for he beat The Rush, who was only giving him 1 lb., Bay Ronald—probably running out of his distance, however—a bad third. Merman was out once more, in December, at the meeting originated and supported by the late Colonel Harry McCalmont at Newmarket. The chief event was the Cheveley Cup, over two and a half miles. Merman started favourite

at 5 to 4, ran third, beaten seven lengths by Nouveau Riche, and three lengths by Rampion, to both of whom he was trying to give 12 lb.

As an aged horse he started in 1899 for the City and Suburban. Everyone knew it was not his course, and it was not surprising to find him among the "50 to 1 others." Newhaven II won from Survivor. Mr. Jersey's horse was again the outsider of the party for the mile and a half Prince's Handicap at Gatwick; but hopes were evidently entertained of him in the Liverpool Cup, as he shared



LADY DE BATHE TALKING TO MR. ARTHUR COVENTRY

(Photograph by Sport and General Illustrations Co.)

second favouritism with St. Ia, being almost as good a favourite as anything, Grodno coming first at 4 to 1, Merman and the filly 9 to 2. He was again unplaced. The severe two miles of the Goodwood course, however, gave him his opportunity, and he successfully carried home 9 st. for the Goodwood Plate, following on by taking the Cup next day from King's Messenger, 9 st. 1 lb., and Newhaven II, 9 st. 12 lb. Merman had 9 st. 5 lb. and won two lengths, a head

between the second and third. He won the Birmingham Handicap, for though this was only a mile and a half he had nothing to beat, and 9 to 4 was laid on him. That he was very confidently expected to take the October Plate at Kempton is shown by his starting at 3 to 1 on; but St. Ia beat him a length. He was unplaced with 9 st. to the three-year-old Scintillant, 7 st., in the Cesarewitch, and wound up the season by running second to Mazagan for the Jockey Club Cup.

Merman was only seen once in 1900, but this was a memorable occasion. The Gold Cup that year was not unnaturally supposed to be a certainty for the French horse Perth II. He started at 4 to



MERMAN

(Photograph by Clarence Hailev, Newmarket)

1 on, The Grafter being on offer at 100 to 8, 100 to 7 the other four. Many visitors to Ascot that year have serious cause to remember the race for the Cup. I had seen Perth run in France and shared the general opinion that he was invincible. He had only been out once previously in his own country that season, but as a three-year-old he had but one failure, in a mile and a half race, and he had won the Grand Prix, the French Derby, and the Two Thousand amongst other races. At Ascot, however, for some unknown reason, he ran wretchedly, and Merman, ridden by Sloan, won from the winner of the previous Cesarewitch, Scintillant, with The Grafter a bad third.

At the stud Merman has not done what might justifiably be anticipated: why, it is impossible to guess. He has never indeed, so far, got anything approaching to a good horse; but of course his day may come. The Gold Cup was worth 3,360 guineas, and was the only race which fell to the colours in 1900.

Merman was not the only Colonial-bred purchased to carry the hoops, Mr. Jersey having also acquired a five-year-old named Maluma, a daughter of Malua and Madcap, who arrived in England towards the end of 1896, and ran twice without, one may presume, being expected to do very much. But she did no more next year, though not very much was asked of her. Maluma took a long time to settle down in her new surroundings, her seven races in 1897 being unmitigated defeats; that is to say, she was never even placed. She was nevertheless coming to hand, if by very slow degrees, and had made such progress in the spring of 1898, when also she was down in handicap, that she was favourite for the Crawford Plate at the Newmarket Craven Meeting. Her performance, unfortunately, was a poor one; but she did better in the Newmarket Handicap at the Second Spring Meeting, running the winner and favourite Jaquemart to half a length, receiving, however, 24 lb. This race, many readers will be aware, is run Across the Flat: the Crawford Plate is a six-furlong race. Maluma had speed and she also stayed, doing well, when she came to do anything, over varying courses. It is hard, indeed, to say what was her course. Her first success was in the Lewes Spring Handicap, which she not only won but won by ten lengths, the distance here being a mile, and she was supposed to be so certain to beat a solitary opponent for the Diamond Plate at Gatwick that 100 to 30 was laid on her, when, much to the consternation of her backers, she was beaten.

She made amends, however, in the Vyner Handicap at Hurst Park, seven furlongs, in the July Handicap at Windsor, a mile, and at Lewes in the summer again took the Handicap, a mile and a half, winning this last from Tom Cannon's Amphidamas in receipt of 15 lb., Nouveau Riche, receiving 17 lb., being third, behind them others whom we have met in previous pages, Up Guards, 8 st. 10 lb., and St. Bris, 9 st. She lacked pace, however, to make much show against the animals she met in the Challenge Plate over the six-furlong Bretby course, and with 8 st. 3 lb. was not unnaturally beaten for the Derby Cup, then a mile race on an easy course, for it wanted a good deal of winning that year. Eager carrying 9 st. 6 lb. failed by a head to beat his contemporary Water Hen 6 st. 9 lb. Maluma, nevertheless, was paying her way, her four races having been worth £1,677; and she continued to pay it next year, for though she only won one race in five attempts, that was the Prince Edward

Handicap at Manchester, worth £1,820, and as she started favourite at 4 to 1 it is safe to assume that she was well backed. An owner's speculations are private matters, but it may be said that Lady de Bathe bets freely when she thinks her horses have a good chance. We may also guess that this was the case when she ran for the Waldegrave Stakes at Kempton Park a little later, for here she started at 13 to 8 on, being beaten half a length by a more than useful filly in Mr. Neumann's Clarehaven, who was to win the Cesarewitch soon afterwards. Next season, however, Maluma was beaten out of a place in all her six races, and she died before sport under Jockey Club Rules had come to an end.



MERMAN WINNING THE GOLD CUP

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

The season of 1901 was not a prosperous one, and 1902 was saved from being a blank by one horse, whose successes, however, were particularly welcome to the owner, as the animal in question, a little filly called Smilax, was home-bred, a daughter of Milford and Tenax. She came out for a Two-year-old Plate at the Newmarket Craven Meeting, which she won, ridden by Maher, who also won the Westminster Plate at the Epsom Spring Meeting, 5 to 4 on; the Wallington Plate at the Epsom Summer, 5 to 4 against; the Princess's Cup at the Newmarket First July, 6 to 4; and the Cliftonville Plate

at Brighton, 10 to 1 on. These were her only five appearances, and she was undefeated. As so frequently happens, however, she lost her form. As a three-year-old she was also out five times, but never won a race, and indeed only once ran into the first three. She was kept in training, though in other hands, and after six failures as a four-year-old did at last succeed in securing a little Selling Pate at Liverpool in November.

Every owner of racehorses must be prepared for ups and downs, and a very serious "down" was to be Mr. Jersey's fate in 1903. A single race worth £290 represented the total of her gains. This painfully modest contribution to the expenses of a considerable establishment was made by Vergia, a daughter of Prisoner and Petrovna, who with a little luck in the matter of placing would surely have done a very great deal more. An ambitious policy was pursued with her, and there was every excuse for it. She came out in the Acorn Stakes without distinction, nor was she conspicuous when she made her second appearance in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, won that year by St. Amant, John o' Gaunt being also in the field. It requires something out of the common to win races such as these, and her third essay can now be recognised as the most utterly hopeless of all; for this was in the British Dominion Stakes at Sandown Park, in which Major Eustace Loder's Pretty Polly was seen for the first time. It is Turf history how she won, by what I shall always be convinced the Judge greatly underestimated when he put it down at ten lengths. Vergia was trying to give Pretty Polly 3 lb., though 23 lb. would surely have left the result unaltered. Still, Vergia was second, a neck in front of John o' Gaunt. Vergia's seconds must have been monotonous to her owner. She was second to Montem for the July Stakes, and after the little success to which reference has been made in the Soltykoff Stakes at the Newmarket Second July, was second to Lord Falmouth's Fiancée, beaten a head in receipt of 7 lb., for the Rous Memorial at Goodwood. She varied matters a little by a third to Orienta for the Staffordshire Breeders' Foal Plate at Wolverhampton, and was then second once more to Pretty Polly for the Cheveley Park Stakes. The famous filly started at 100 to 8 on; 50 to 1 might have been had about Vergia had anybody been bold enough to take it, and, of course, I am not saying that to have been second here was in the least an instance of bad luck! On the whole, however, a filly of Vergia's capacity might well have done more than she did. She scarcely trained on. It was thought worth while to start her for the Coronation Stakes next year, but Pretty Polly was in the field, and it need not be said what happened. In fact, Vergia was beaten seven times before she won a little race at Liverpool in November.

If horses train off, however, they sometimes train on, and this was the case with Maud Mackintosh. She had been known to begin with by the utterly incomprehensible name of Wetknee, and had run in all sorts of races as a two-year-old—in other ownership—before she was bought to carry the turquoise and fawn hoops and re-named Maud Mackintosh. At once a remarkable improvement was manifest. She won the August Three-year-old Handicap at Sandown Park, and after a second at Haydock, took successively the Meadow Welter Handicap at Windsor, the Vyner Handicap at Hurst Park, the Sutton Handicap at Gatwick, was beaten a hea



MERMAN BEING LED IN AFTER WINNING THE GOLD CUP—ROBINSON WAITING TO RECEIVE HIM

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

for another handicap at Kempton, and won the Swinton Plate at Manchester. These were small events, truly; but if a horse is backed, the result is as profitable in a little race as in the Derby. Apparently, though nothing of the sort had ever been suspected, the filly had heart-disease, for she dropped dead.

Few owners have had the luck to win two Cesarewitches, but Lady de Bathe, as she must now be called, for after her marriage she abandoned the assumed name of Mr. Jersey, is one of the rare exceptions. With regard to this assumed name, by the way, it is

arguable that a breach of the Rules of Racing had been committed. At a meeting where many dignitaries of the Turf were present, the late Colonel Harry McCalmont, on Mr. Jersey's name being mentioned, inquired "Who is Mr. Jersey?" His apparent ignorance vastly astonished his hearers, who with one accord, and not without astonishment at the question, replied "Why, Mrs. Langtry!" "I didn't know there was a 'Mrs. Langtry'?" was the answer, and as a matter of fact there was not, she having become Lady de Bathe. If, therefore, it was by "Mrs. Langtry" that the name of "Mr. Jersey" was registered, a fresh registration ought, one would suppose, to have followed? For all I know it may have done so, for I have never mentioned this incident to the lady herself, and it is not generally known. Colonel McCalmont was remarkably shrewd and acute, and many things struck him which passed most people unnoticed.

At the end of 1907 Lady de Bathe, whose horses were then trained by F. Darling, a son of the Master of Beckhampton, bought Yentoi, a son of Santoi and Rot, from Mr. George Edwardes, the purchase proving a singularly lucky one. The colt won the Victoria Welter Handicap at Sandown Park, the August Handicap at Windsor, and the Kent Handicap at Folkestone, started second favourite, to be beaten, however, for the Peveril of the Peak Plate at Derby, and after adding the Rufford Handicap at Doncaster to his score, became a strong favourite for the Cesarewitch, in which he was handicapped at 7 st. 1 lb. There was a meeting at Kempton Park the week before the Newmarket First October, and news came that Yentoi had not distinguished himself, had indeed gone badly, in a gallop with All Black. I had been proposing to back the colt that afternoon, but hearing the story consulted his owner, who was not a little perturbed by the report, details of which had not then reached her; so I abandoned my intention, as doubtless did many others. Whatever may have happened on the previous Saturday, Yentoi, starting at 100 to 6, won easily by three lengths from the first and second favourites, Pure Gem and Glacis, who stood at 7 to 2 and 4 to 1 respectively. Last year Yentoi failed to win a race of any kind, and is no longer in training.

Last spring Lady de Bathe led off well by taking the Brocklesby Stakes with Foot Guard, a grey son of Grey Leg and Bar the Way, but he has not been again successful, though he has been out in seven races. Up to the end of last season the owner of the hoops had won just a trifle over £50,000 in stakes during the eighteen years she has been racing. The first year, 1892, was the most prosperous, having, as we have seen, yielded £7,818, and of course 1903 with its £290 is the lowest. In no other year has she dropped

below a thousand, though in 1904 the figures show only £6 above that sum, and it need scarcely be said that a good many thousands are needed to keep a racing stable going, even when the animals are not extravagantly engaged. The horses are now in the hands of William Robinson, and there is little doubt that he will make the best of them.



YENTOI

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)



A JUNGLE POOL

TIGER-SHOOTING

BY "X."

"APRIL 1st.—Tiger-shooting begins." So some day may run the Indian Sporting Calendar—some day perhaps not so very far distant, when the tiger is scarcer than he is now, and when, to prevent his total extinction, ordinances will be promulgated granting him sanctuaries, a close season, and other indulgences.

Once on a day the Indian maneless lion was found over many parts of the peninsula. In a district where the writer was shooting recently, the last lion had been shot sixty years before. Now, to prevent his extinction, a corner in the land has been allotted to him as a sanctuary. At a census said to have been taken of him recently, he numbered fifty, and was on the increase. The attempt, however, by one of the great Indian princes to mix his usual tiger bag with a few lions failed. He enlarged for this purpose in his territories a couple of cagelings—so rumour hath it—and these were doing so surprisingly well (on that Prince's subjects) that steps had to be taken for their re-incarceration. It was at first a case of Humpty Dumpty; and all the king's horses and all the king's men failed to pick those two lions up again. At length, whether by threats of death or lavish promises of princesses' hands in marriage, a resourceful man appeared who said that he would guarantee the recapture of the lions if he were given a free issue of fly-papers.

One can imagine the startled Chief raising his royal eyebrows while he ordered his Lord High Almoner, or whatever minister it is who manages the fly-paper warehouses, to be both prompt and lavish. We repeat that we are only quoting rumour—well authenticated, however. We never believe rumours, but having brought the expectant reader so far, we must see him through. The resourceful man received his fly-papers, and, accompanied by a State shikari, visited the buffaloes that had been tied up as baits for the recalcitrant lions. One of the baits had been killed—the opportunity had arrived! The dead animal was well plastered with fly-papers, and the ground round about bestrewed with them. That night the kill was left unwatched, for the lions would never return if there were a watcher, no matter how well concealed. One of the brutes came back to finish his meal, and getting a fly-paper on his paw, wiped it off against his face. He continued doing this until he was completely papered, including his eyes. Need it be said that capturing a well-papered blind lion is as easy as shelling peas? The other lion went and did likewise. Rumour does not add whether the official, suspected of letting the State secret of this method of capture out of the bag, was given the task of scraping the paper off the lions. We imagine it is not improbable.

That the tiger will want one day all the indulgences that he can get is almost certain. A glance at an old and a new survey map will show the reason why—roads, railways, and again roads. And as these are galloping across and across the country at a greater rate seemingly than ever, rendering the tiger's retreats at once less retired and more accessible, it is obvious that where formerly one sportsman took the time and trouble to get to tiger-ground, now ten can go at half the trouble, in half the time, and for less than half the sport.

Tigers, however, have still zealous protectors in the persons of many Rajahs, who preserve them either for their own sport or that of their guests. And there are still natural tiger-reserves, which it will take long to use up—the great forests of the Nepal foot-hills, which are out of bounds to most of us, and the intricate and poisonous reaches of the half-submerged Sunderbunds at the delta of the Hooghli River. Here tigers exist still in literally terrible numbers. Rewards for their extermination are high, but the difficulties of climate and accessibility are far too great to permit of any appreciable lessening of their numbers. Add to this also the obstacle of red tape. It is within the certain knowledge of the writer that although quite recently the loss of life caused by tigers, and the consequent falling off in Forest Revenue, had been so great that the rewards had been largely enhanced, all efforts of a

party who wished to go and shoot were nullified by red tape. The applicant for the permit to shoot stipulated that the party must be allowed to shoot deer for the "pot." Now, deer were not then in season. They exist in the Sunderbunds in great numbers, but carry no heads worth shooting. Their preservation in this particular area and under the circumstances was simply the work of an inadapative administrative machine. As the party were not inclined to trust to existing on fish alone, the shoot fell through. The machine thus preserved a little of its very excessive venison—and its man-eating tigers!

The modern high-velocity rifle, with its great accuracy and penetration, scarcely affects the question of tiger-killing. The old heavy rifles and black powder used by our fathers were accurate enough at the short ranges common in tiger-shooting, and their heavy bullets possessed all the penetration necessary for soft-skinned animals. Indeed, the modern sportsman, still to learn by experience, often enough talks nonsense of the futility of carrying a heavy rifle, and will not gain wisdom till his smallbore, of such wondrous muzzle velocity and accuracy, has taught him a bitter lesson. Lucky it is if it prove bitter to him alone and the poor wounded tiger, and not to his companions or beaters.

In the hostile attitude of the British public, not uncommon now towards its administrators and soldiers in their dealings with those that are being ruled or conquered, any wild talk as to preservation of the tiger might possibly cause questions to be asked in the House with regard to the interests of the suffering Indian peasant. That the interests of ryot and tiger are closely connected there is not a doubt. Those of the man-eater are obviously opposed to those of the ryot. And although one of the former may kill many hundreds of the latter, although he may close roads, clear large tracts, and continue doing so for months, this is not, nor ever will be, from absence of every effort, public and private, by lead and poison, to end his nefarious career. In certain cases Civil officers are detailed for the sole duty of ridding a district of its man-eater.

The game-killing tiger is, however, a very different matter. One might almost say he is a friend rather than a foe to the peasant. He may take a cow now and again, as it were, for services rendered—and the pious Hindu who may not kill an old or a lame cow will leave her out at night, and so make payment without loss to himself or offence to his creed. In return the tiger keeps down or keeps away the cultivator's real enemies, the countless deer and wild pig, in the rugged bosom of whose forests lie the tiny patches of tempting green crops. Watch these never so diligently, and shout himself never so hoarse all night, a herd of

deer or pig once in, even for a brief half-hour, and the cultivator may say farewell to his crop. Lastly comes the cattle-killing tiger, although he is no hard-and-fast liver, and will vary on venison or pork when occasion offers. The wanton thief, or the tigress with young both to teach and feed, who strikes down needlessly, is of course not to be tolerated for a moment. But there is something of sweet reasonableness in the native's usual reluctance to have himself ridded of his tiger. Totally uneducated as the former may be, it is not the A B C which teaches him which side of his bread



MEN OF THE FOREST

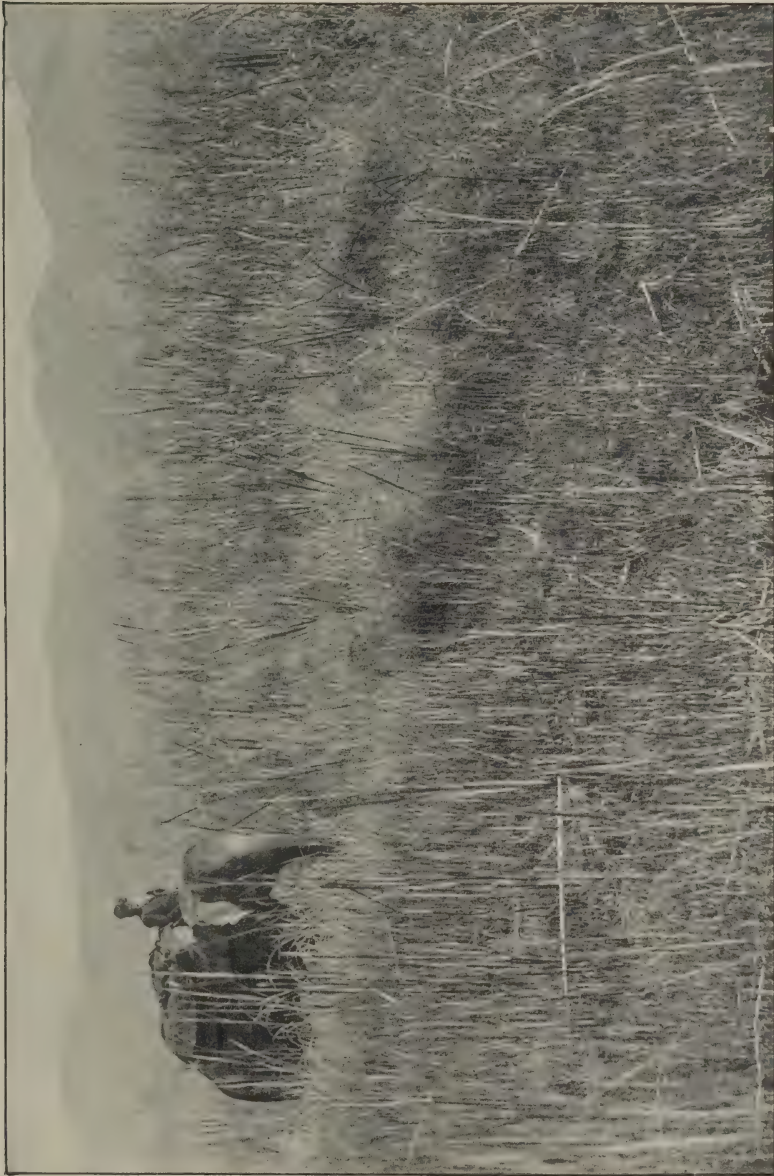
is buttered. He has plenty of horse-sense, mother wit, slimness, nous, akl, or savvy. And the jungle man is far too often unwilling to help anyone to shoot his tiger. First, the tiger has been there since time and the jungle man were. Custom to some of us is everything. Shoot this tiger, and another only comes. Perhaps not such a comparatively harmless familiar old pet as the late lamented—he who trudged his regular and well-known twenty-mile beat, looking up all his clients and dealing with all in turn and impartially, and probably mulcting no village in more than two or three easily spared head of cattle in the year. But who is this

white man? The last one that came was rough and angry. The one before exacted supplies that could ill be afforded, even if they had been paid for. The one before through careless shooting caused the death of Mansa. The one before that (well they remember him!) had got them all into terrible hot water because (despite every conceivable effort to thwart him) he had shot a tiger particularly ear-marked for the local Civilian. And the one before him had interrupted harvest-work by persisting in turning out everyone to beat jungles which had been carefully rendered blank, lest one success should lead to his longer residence in their unwilling midst.

All and each had demanded exertions from the village at a time of year when exertions were quite unseemly, and at hours of the day, and of the night too, when any but mad people were sound asleep in the shade or in bed. No, every precedent demanded that the tiger should be preserved and the sportsman, if might be, kept at a good distance. If not, the only part of him that the village wished to see was his back, and that in fullest retreat from their own forests where tiger really were, to others where they really were not, but where he had been told they were. Another cause for offence is the channel of communication between the sportsman and the local people for all the several things the former depends on from the latter. The Indian Government is, excepting towards those who are markedly seditious, a strong one. So strong, even to its remotest finger-tips, that the word of its meanest representative is regarded as law. Government, or the Sirkar, in the jungle man's mind, is the Civil Power, that only—or that power's representative. Of the Army or its representatives he knows nothing and cares nothing. The Commander-in-Chief might demand, on payment, an egg, or milk for his tea. The chances are that he'd get neither, much less a tiger, unless the Civil Power or its representative were present and sanctioned it. Unfortunately the latter is a very poorly paid, often tyrannical and corrupt person, called a chuprassi or peon. He wears a baldric bearing a large brass plate engraved with letters showing his status. Where that brass plate is shown implicit obedience follows. It need not be shown even by the rightful owner. If he is required by you in camp, he can hand it over to anyone else who will convey it ten miles away, show it to the required person, and return with all your demands fulfilled. But without that brass plate or its owner at your disposal, you will get little or nothing.

Perhaps it is not surprising that people dressed in brass plates and a little brief authority, with small education, fewer morals, and next to nothing a month, can be very irksome, in a good many more

ways than one, to other people who will take anything lying down, always provided that it comes through the representative of the Sirkar. The chuprassi is looked on as a necessary evil; but you—



"PAD" ELEPHANT ENTERING HIGH GRASS
(From a photograph by Mrs. Eardley Wilmot in "Forest Life and Sport in India," by kind permission of the publisher, Mr. Edward Arnold)

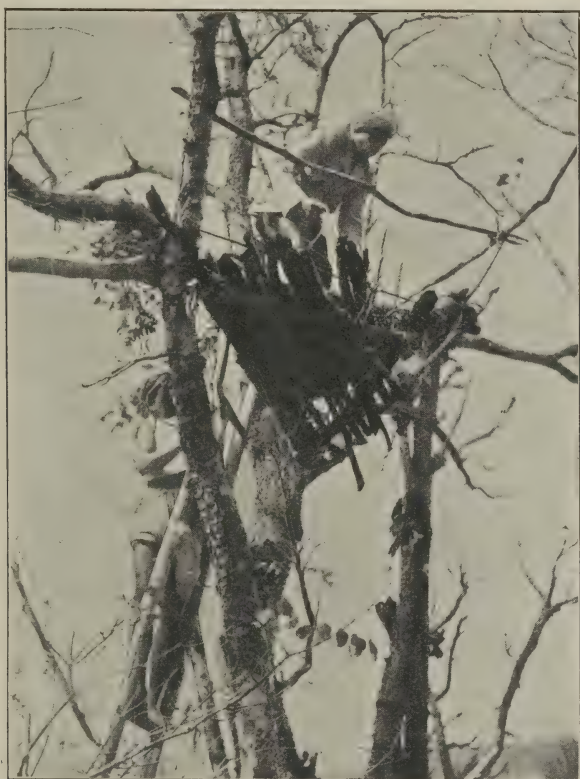
for if you weren't there neither would he be—are looked on as both evil and unnecessary. Until you get hardened to it, it is rather heart-breaking having thus to deal with people whom you

like and whom you would like to like you. Also you have to apply for a chuprassi as a favour, and have to pay for him while he is with you.

If so guileless an animal as the horse is productive indirectly of so much knavery, it may not be supposed that the wicked tiger has any better influences on those who go after him. Whatever dark blots there may be on the pages of the annals of Indian sport, be sure they are caused by the tiger. He has been, is, and ever will be at the bottom, indirect bottom, of many sharp practices, sometimes on the part of sportsmen themselves, more often on that of their shikaris or subordinates. Stories abound which, though amusing, are never very edifying. The shooting lies practically in the hands of certain district officials. Any outsider has to obtain his permit to shoot in reserved forests through them. And to officials living in very isolated stations, whose only advantage is perhaps that they lie in good shooting ground, there is certainly a temptation to keep the shooting to themselves—in fact, to look on it as their right, and one to be carefully guarded against interlopers. It is a safe game to play. People may talk, and have talked; may write, and have written, to the papers. The shooting rules are excellently well framed, and afford a safe barrier against all such complaints. It is, however, to the credit of the district official that he is generally ready enough to help, and that what hindrances exist are generally offered by native subordinates acting in what they think are their superiors' sporting interests.

All this is caused by the great keenness there is on shooting tiger, a keenness that has almost grown into a jealous monomania with some men who have shot their hundred tigers and wish the total raised by another fifty. And yet it is rather difficult to show that the sport is such a very excellent one. Is it a laudable desire to rid a village of its pest? Hardly. The village would as likely as not rather keep its pest and lose your company. Is the tiger a target that requires any extraordinary marksmanship to hit? Again no. At the most difficult he is a large mark at no very great range, requiring from a swaying howdah a "knacky" snapshot. At the easiest he is a pitifully easy shot as he comes to his kill under your machan, or passes directly past you in a beat. Does he require any particular degree of woodcraft to bring him to book? Certainly he does; but for ninety-nine out of one hundred of us, barring a very general supervision of details, these are far best left in the hands of the local expert. Even for those keen on meeting a mishap sooner or later by shooting tiger on foot, the opportunities, in most forests, and from the nature of the beast, must be very few and far between. For this reason it is satisfactory to reflect, from

the tiger's point of view, that we shall probably never have with us an Ex-President of the United States, and son, journalist, and photographer, *à la suite*. For he likes to drop his charging beasts on foot, stone dead, with one shot from a small-bore, to the soothing click of cameras. Possibly Kermit would have a chance of appearing in scare headlines as "Poppa's saviour"; but on these thrilling occasions, owing to the high grass or dense shade, only the very poorest results would accrue to the camera-man.



RIGGING A MACHAN

Nor does tiger-shooting take one, as a rule, to pleasant climates or beautiful surroundings. Often enough successful hunting is only possible when the land is trebly scorched with sun, hot wind, and forest fires, and the only beauty of surroundings lies in the fact that they are likely tiger-haunts. Then of all waiting games that of tiger-shooting is likely to give you the most wait with the least game. And waiting through many very long and very hot days, unable to move about much or to fire a rifle at other game, lest the tiger be scared away, is about as great a test of patience as can be found.

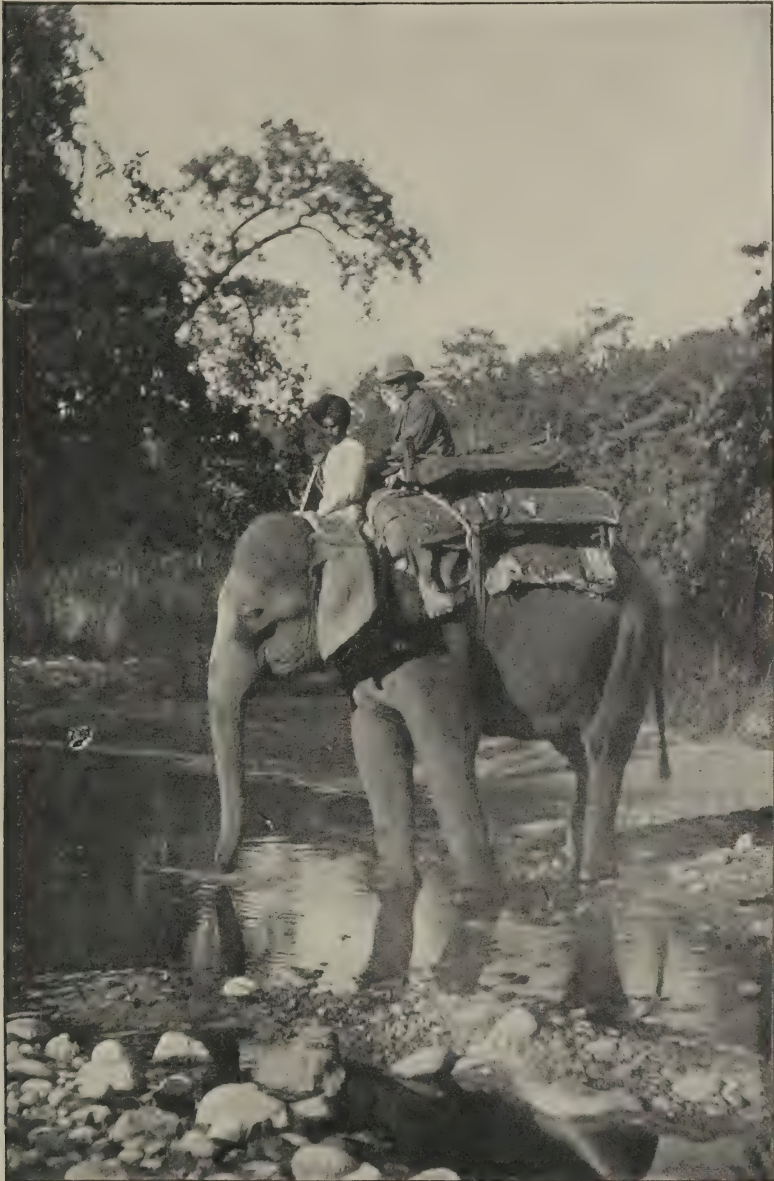
In the cold weather, sweeping through the long grass of the Terai on a line of stately elephants, or waiting as a stop as they approach, and watching for that movement in the long grass, sometimes stealthy, sometimes much the reverse, that starts the game—all this is exciting enough. But when the independent rifle-fire has ceased and the tiger lies dead, whose is he? To draw lots for the bag at the end of the shoot is the only way out of the difficulty, but obviously a most unsatisfactory one.

“Sitting up for him.” It’s a familiar expression—associated with some good and much evil—aching backs, cramped twitching limbs, beautiful nocturnal forest scenes, colossal but silent yawnings, and a determination never to do it again. “Sitting up for him” is indeed a perquisite of the novice or of the perennially keen—and it is only when every other means has failed that it is advisable to try this way of shooting tiger.

An hour or two, however, before sundown, and until moonset, if that be on the right side of midnight, is often a pleasant and interesting experience, especially if your perch is over a still pool of water—one of a very few left—and embowered in a deliciously scented white-starred korinda bush. Below lies the poor young buffalo, left as the tiger left him. Above sits a watching crow. On this scene falls gradually the quiet, or rather the peace, of evening. There is ample leisure to enjoy it, and you are left to such resources as your thoughts afford you. You may not turn the pages of a book, for if you are to see movement in the forest and hear all its sounds you must not move yourself. If your perch is an elevated one, and you remain motionless on it (and let us hope it is comfortable), no matter how bare and exposed it, and you, be, nothing shall see you but the self-conscious pea-fowl, the bustling jungle-cock with his train of hens paddling noisily on the leaves behind him, and sometimes the great grey apes that crash from tree to tree, whose absence one does not greatly regret.

There is the ceaseless cooing of a hundred thousand doves, the accompaniment to every other of the bird-songs. Short flights they are now making straight up into the air, where they pretend wing-defects, and tumble earthwards, never falling very far. Then they perch, the first to sleep as to wake—for you will hear individual cooings long before daylight, and they never stop all day. There is nearly sure to be a green pigeon about, seated apart from his companions, conspicuous on a bare tree. The most beautiful bird he is of all the forest, and with the most beautiful voice. His mellow, fluty, leisured but mournful pipe rivals in tone, though not in compass, the best of all singing birds, the British blackbird. A golden aureole flashes past, and later you will hear him utter, in his

one single note, a whole octave of music. Close at your ear is the burbling, twittering note of the bul-bul, bold enough to roost at



ELEPHANT WITH KATOLA

(From a photograph by Mrs. Eardley Wilmot in "Forest Life and Sport in India," by kind permission of the publisher, Mr. Edward Arnold)

your elbow; and the harsh attempt at song of that jolly knave the mina, first cousin to our own starling. Many another unknown

bird, that remains silent through the long hot day, will now uplift a thankful, if not a very tuneful, little song just before he goes to rest.

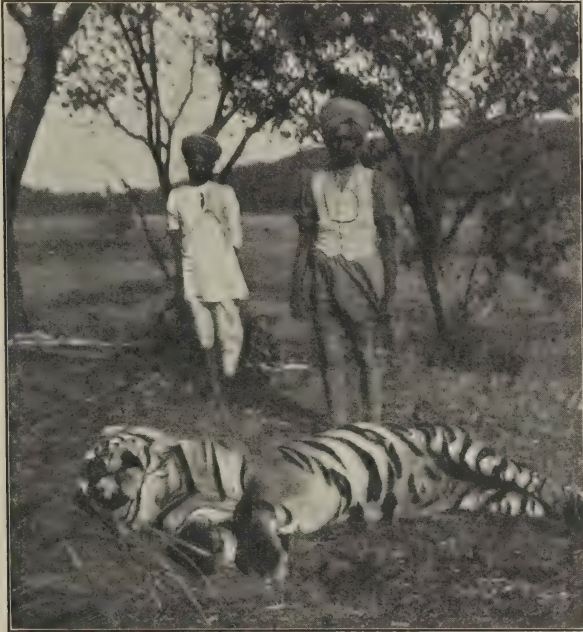
While the coo of the dove is the undernote, the wild caterwaul of the peacock, as he works his cautious way from tree to tree waterwards, is the over-note of all the forest bird-voices. But anon he changes to the second in his repertory of two, a deep and solemn trumpet note much more in harmony with sunset, forest, and still waters. Now and again the surface of these has been broken by the splash of a heavy or the scutter of a smaller fish. Floating motionless, or moving almost imperceptibly, is what looks like a withered crumpled leaf or a knot of soddened drift-wood. This is the periscopic eye of a snub-nosed alligator, one of the pair that occupy nine out of ten of these beautiful jungle river pools. He is doing his slow evening round, an hour to progress a hundred yards, with long, long, pauses, and with silent sinkings at the slightest movement. If the day has not been too hot he has been basking on the rocky islet opposite you, and on your approach slid noiselessly into his pool. When night falls and darkness hides him you are left wondering what he will find to eat. But who knows better—when he wants to feed, which is always when food is easily obtained, and at long intervals when it is not—where the timid gazelle comes lightly stepping to drink, or the frisking calf thrusts his unsuspecting muzzle into the cool water close by that crumpled leaf? A lightning rush, a swirl of the great tail, and the prey is seized by the nose, dragged in, drowned, and devoured at leisure.

A boar drinks noisily—no manners or nerves about him: after drinking he rolls and departs, well coated with mud. A herd of stupid-looking nilghai follow; great antelopes these, the buck, or, as he is usually called, the bull, not much under fourteen hands in height, and of a slatey blue. The Hindu persists in thinking that nilghai are near relatives to the sacred cow, therefore themselves sacred, and so free to live and to damage the crops; a mistake of which the nilghai takes advantage to the fullest. But the Hindu will be delighted at your shooting him.

Just before dark comes loping or slinking that thief of the world and king of scavengers—the hyena. Striped—he has often been shot for his betters in twilight or moonlight—high in the wither, low in the quarter, with a jaw that has bitten through a hog spear and can crack the biggest bone, but a downward-looking rascal and a great coward. Ubiquitous he seems to be, and his great pansy-shaped footmark is to be seen always in the early morning dust, before the wind covers tracks, round about villages

and camps; for he will pick up a stray dog or goat when chance sends them his way. A thoughtful shikari will have filled your pocket with small stones so that you can silently keep this prowler off the kill. His sudden voluntary departure is always a hopeful sign that the tiger is not far off.

If you have seen as much as this by dark, you will have been lucky. Usually now there will follow a long interval when nothing comes. The bigger, shyer animals have more remote abiding places, have consequently farther to come to water, and also they are later



THE BAG

in starting than the commoner and bolder beasts. But if tiger have been killing too frequently at midnight by water, these animals will sometimes alter their hours and drink at midday, instead of at or after midnight.

After moon-set further waiting is useless; but if you do wait, you will hear interesting sounds and wish for cat's eyes. Distant bellowings of the sambur stag, the sharp scream of the cheetel, and their nearer movements as they drink. The scufflings and squabblings of the black bear in the Mhowa trees, perhaps the magnificent roar of a tiger (but seldom heard) or the vulgar throaty noises of a panther on the prowl.

Close by, you may hear the crunching of the bones of the kill,

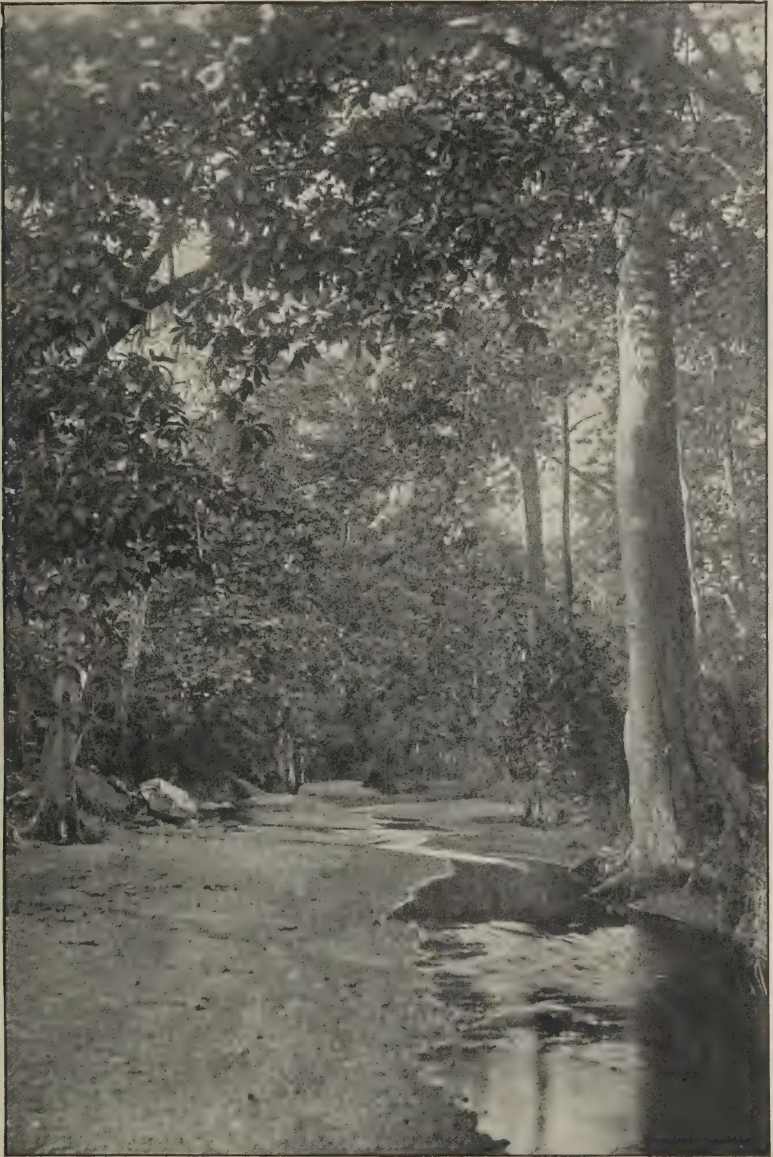
probably only another hyena, possibly a panther, less possibly the tiger. From the black hillside over against you comes the roaring angry challenge of the animal with the worst bark and least bite of all the forest, the barking deer—taken up and repeated again and again by others more distant.

All, some, or none of these sounds you might hear. But the ice-bird you would hear, most persistent of all India's feathered repeaters, as tireless by night as is by day the little Coppersmith, whose gentle ceaseless "Tonk, Tonk" can be heard through the loudest May gale that ever blew, and in the innermost parts of the closest sealed bungalow. For the ice-bird from dusk till dawn will keep on uttering that one resonant note. It is exactly that given out by a frozen echoing pond when sharply struck by stick or stone. Hence his nickname, for it is not his true one. But if you are only sitting up for "him," it is no good waiting after moon-set. The kill will then be but a blur, and your rifle-sights no longer visible. You may hear him, but you cannot shoot him so. Your cramped bones cry out, "What's the good of waiting longer?" The sharply interrupted whine of a mosquito as he lands on your forehead echoes, "Why, indeed?" And so to bed, thanking the moon for letting you get there so early, and your own forethought in not bringing an expensive electric invention by which tigers can not only be heard, but also seen and shot no matter how dark it be.

There is another and very different kind of sitting up for tiger, and that is the kind practised sometimes by the few sportsmen who win to the sea-front of the Sunderbunds. Here on one side the oily rollers from the Bay of Bengal come tumbling in, and the shark lurks out just beyond them. On the other side, the forest, where the alligator (a price of two pounds, six shillings, and never mind the pence, is set on the heads of such of him as contain human remains) cruises silent in his tide-sluced creeks. Between forest and surf, alligator and shark, lies a strip of sand-hills. From the forest side the spotted deer come out to drink at some scarce pools of brackish water. From the other side the great sea-turtle comes up to deposit, and the tiger goes down to eat, her eggs. He is very fond of them. Last of all comes man, who plants his frail tripod in the sand, climbs to his seat, and, if may be, shoots his tiger therefrom. This is odd sort of sport; but then the Sunderbunds are odd. Here semi-aquatic tigers are often seen, sometimes shot, while swimming creeks; and here, too, the spiky schuler (spelling uncertain), Nature's patent for aerating her oft-submerged tree-roots and the dense and matted jungle growth, render walking almost, and normal methods of shooting usually quite, impossible.

There is a very dark side to tiger-shooting, the cruel side. Not

always, nor in all forests, but sometimes it is necessary in order to cause such a lusty wanderer as the tiger to halt a day or two, and



A FOREST STREAM, CENTRAL PROVINCES

(From a photograph by Mrs. Eardley Wilmot in "Forest Life and Sport in India," by kind permission of the publisher, Mr. Edward Arnold)

to locate him when halted, to sacrifice the lesser to the greater, the sprat to the whale, and the ill-starred young male buffalo to the

tiger. He, or several of him, are tied up at sunset along the tiger's well-known beat, visited each morning very early, untied, and left at liberty all day. If one of the buffalo is killed by the tiger, well and good. It has been a sudden death inflicted probably after an elaborate stalk on the unsuspecting bait. If all goes well, the tiger feeds, lies up close by, is marked down early, and is in the bag long before sunset. But there are other and far less merciful night prowlers than the tiger: panthers, wild dogs, sometimes even hyenas will pull down a fair-sized young buffalo-calf. The death is not a sudden one, and the panther in particular has a cold-blooded way of walking round the bait, even of sitting by him and sizing him up. The tracks tell this hideous story all too plainly next day. The sort of death inflicted by wild dog is best not thought of. Panther and hyena will seldom touch, however, a good-sized young buffalo, and every effort should be made to avoid tying up small ones. But cattle owners are unwilling to part with well-grown buffalo.

It is not as curious as it may seem at first glance that certain localities always hold tiger: shoot one there, and another comes and takes his place; that each new tenant will work over the same beat as the last, and that each, if he kills in a certain place, will lie up where the last tiger lay up and be found when wanted at certain other places; that his line of escape, when disturbed by the beat, will be on almost a certain known line, along which there are certain known spots where he will always be tempted to diverge from the path of destiny; that "stops" posted at these spots can by a slight movement or sound keep him to the straight path which always leads to death. It might almost seem that a new tiger fresh to a locality found written instructions there and certain tigerish precedents laid down for his guidance, and that he followed them slavishly. But a forest is not merely a forest to a tiger any more than all parts of a town or country are equally suitable to man. Each is anxious for board and lodging suited to his requirements; each likes to sleep where he dines, or near by. And just as man when he wants supplies will go by road rather than blunder across country to get them, so does a tiger prefer certain paths and nullah or river beds to trapesing about in the dark, knocking his toes against stones, and getting thorns into his pads. Then after dinner the tiger likes to go to bed, nor go there thirsty, nor far to get a drink. He must have dense shade and quiet to sleep well in. One or more of these requirements he may find in many places, but all of them only in certain not too numerous spots, well known.

Similarly, when he is alarmed, his one desire is to clear out and avoid trouble. But he is not blundering through the jungle on his way just anywhere—he is going where the previous tiger used to go, to

continue his sleep somewhere else, and we know exactly where that is and what road he will use. So we go and sit somewhere on that road. Given that these habits have been in regular practice since time and the jungle-man were, a perfect knowledge of them, although highly interesting to see practised, is not so wonderful after all.

Perhaps some of the fascination of tiger-shooting may lie in the mischief that results from bad or careless shooting or methods. This entails a carefulness which invests the sport with a gravity marking it as apart from other shooting.

Far first and foremost stands the safety of one's companions,



BRINGING THE TIGER TO CAMP

whether they be beaters, trackers, or elephants. "Shoot dead or leave well alone," is a counsel of perfection which should ever be borne in mind, even if not always attainable. With the tiger lying dead, or gone away unwounded, the trouble is ended until you wish to start it again. With a wounded beast afoot the trouble is hardly yet begun, save in the matter of getting beaters and such-like up trees or out of danger's way elsewhere. With elephants, especially howdah-elephants, pursuit may begin at once or be delayed according to circumstances. Without them an hour or two's interval, or more on occasion (and how many, many lives have been lost owing to

neglect of this!), should elapse before starting on what may be a pleasant or an unpleasant duty according to the sportsman's taste in these matters. But a duty it (nearly) always is. Wounded tigers are not articles to be lightly left littering a place. The interval before pursuit allows of a chance of three things—and of one other which must be accepted unwillingly. The wounded tiger may die either directly from the wound or from the effects of drinking water on certain wounds. The wound may incapacitate him, from loss of blood or stiffening, for mischief. And his rage may have time to cool down. But he may also get clean away.

The pursuit begins. Its methods must vary under the many circumstances possible. Sometimes a tracker is necessary, and he works covered by rifles under the trunk of an elephant, or close to the sportsman if he be on foot. Risk there is, especially in dense country, but with proper caution and precautions it is reduced to a minimum, such as previous reconnaissance by hawk-eyed experts up trees, stone-throwing, the careful noting of the movements and sounds of animals, especially those of the ubiquitous monkey, peafowl, or crow. The treed experts having "made good" a zone, it is traversed and another started on. Sometimes if the covert is dense and impossible, and if a herd of buffalo, or even of goats, be procurable, they can be driven into particularly likely places. Although buffalo have a wholesome dislike of tiger, still on occasion they will face him *en masse*. Sometimes they perform their duties rather too well, and with horn and hoof obliterate him dead or alive. More usually they cause him to move and so give a chance of a shot. But the white man must look to himself when working close to buffalo at any time, more especially when they see red. Domesticated the buffalo is, yet in appearance and ferocity he varies but little from his wild brother, who of all wild animals has the name for being the most ferocious and the most vindictive.

As the pursuit, if such a slow business can be called pursuit, continues, and there is neither sight of blood-tracks nor sound of movement, the temptation to relax precautions and to push on is great. The sun is beating sorely down: even the most knowledgeable shikari is for shoving along. Someone is sure to keep saying, "Oh, he's cleared right out," and someone else, "Yes, or lying dead by the pool." But you, not they, are responsible for their lives. So no risks, and a cuff on the head to him who talks most. In time a voice from a tree may hail you. "I see a solitary crow cawing on a branch." Then, "I see what I think is something yellowish lying under that crow's tree. Shall I throw at it?" Then, "I have thrown three times—my third pitched right on it—it never moved. I also see vultures in the sky, coming our way."

That's the end of it. Rather a tame end, after all that delay and trouble and all that anxiety; so just one shot from the rifle into his neck to make sure. Yes, the great beast takes it lying down and gives never an answer. A moment later you are seated on him, and if it is not your very first one, you may be wondering, as you pinch his great pads and make those terrible veiled claws shoot in and out, whether you are glad or sorry to have taken from a beast of such matchless strength and terrible beauty the life that the Creator gave him.

But Ram Buksh is counting his whiskers, and says, as he salaams to you and kicks the dead tiger, that there are twenty-eight on the right side and twenty-three on the left, and that positively you are quite one of the finest shots he has ever seen.





MOTOR DEVELOPMENTS AND FLIGHT PROBLEMS FOR 1911

BY MAJOR C. G. MATSON

THE great Motor Show at Olympia affords an annual opportunity of estimating and commenting on the advance of the irresistible movement towards the universal adoption of self-propelled traffic both in our own country and on the Continent. And one may here observe, without any beating about the bush whatever, that the exhibition held last month not only surpassed any of its forerunners in the brilliancy of its organisation, and also in the extraordinarily interesting diverse types of machinery and carriage work, but clearly demonstrated the evident tendency towards common sense in every part of both the chassis and coach work there displayed.

Those of us who remember the inception of automobilism can recollect the bewildering complication of motor-car engines even of the most moderate horse-power. Inside the bonnet was invariably to be found a complicated tangle of small copper pipes for oil, larger ones for the water-circulating system, electric wires, or cables as they were termed, of varying thicknesses, cogged gear wheels running in the open driving the camshafts, in addition to the

water-circulating pump, which usually gave more trouble than all the rest of the machinery put together. The modern engine is a product of evolution, embodying the survival of the fittest of ideas, with the result that now is presented to our gaze a motor looking something like a small elongated box in which no moving parts whatever are to be discerned. The valves are enclosed with oil-tight and dust-proof plates, so that they themselves are neither seen nor heard in working. The pump has been abolished, as the engine is cooled in the great majority of cases by a natural system of circulation; lubrication is effected by means of a little pump in the base chamber whence just the amount of oil necessary is forced to all working parts, and such silence has been secured that few engines make more noise than does an ordinary sewing machine.

There are, of course, many extremely powerful and magnificent carriages in the market—I will come to them presently—but the popular taste at the present time is concentrated on cars which for taxation purposes are rated as being of quite moderate power, viz. from 12 to 15 h.p., yet which are capable of performing everything required of them as well as can be done by the big carriages of 30-40 h.p.

I will take what I may term to be improvements in the true sense of the word one by one. First, I will put as most important the gradual reduction of bore and increase of stroke. This means that more time is given to the proper combustion of the gases during the travel downwards of the piston, with the result that we have a very flexible engine which sticks to its work much more tenaciously when climbing hills than did the older type, while at the same time it consumes less petrol, and being smaller and lighter in itself, does not demand so much work from the tyres which sustain the whole mass. The lovers of Clement-Talbot cars will remember that this firm achieved extraordinarily good results in hill-climbing competitions largely on account of the adoption of the long-stroke principle, and now engines with short stroke are quite the exception to the rule. Three of the most successful six-cylinder cars of moderate horse-power have now a stroke of 130 mm. to a bore of 80 mm., and this is about the ratio which is becoming to be accepted as productive of the highest efficiency that we have reached so far.

As the engine has become compact and slab-sided, so have the bodies, speaking only of those open touring types which are now in universal demand. Last year in this magazine I called attention to the evident claims to favourable recognition of the then new "torpedo" type of coach-building, by the adoption of which all the ills that old-time motorists had to endure were done away with at

one fell swoop. The old bodies were vicious to the last degree in design—the legs of the driver and of his companion on the front seat were entirely unprotected, and the curves of the tonneau or back portion of the vehicle were so designed that they afforded lodgment for considerable quantities of mud, while the backs were so low that dust was sucked in at the rear in billowy clouds on every fine day.

The modern “torpedo car” may not look beautiful, but it is utilitarian to the last degree, and is now made so as to present a very smart, although a trifle uncanny, appearance. But to this we shall get used. The driver now sits with his legs concealed by what is termed a “scuttle” dashboard, only his head and shoulders being visible, and the passengers at the rear are so comfortably housed that they are entirely out of all draughts; moreover, the new type of vehicle can be cleaned in half the time that was necessary with the old one. Nearly all these light cars are now provided with four speeds in the gear-box—this has been accepted as a distinct improvement, and is, as a matter of fact, a great saving of wear in the engine, as one can always accommodate one of the gears to the particular gradient one may be surmounting without being tempted to “hang on” too long, so causing labour, and even knocking in the cylinders. People who still adhere to the three-gear type are to be found, but they are in the minority, and four gears is now the accepted practice.

Another refinement which has become almost stereotyped for 1911 is the enclosing of the propeller shaft in a tubular casing, which is itself anchored at its front end to one of the main members of the frame, serving as a torque rod which absorbs the natural twisting of the engine against the back axle, to which it is, of course, affixed at the other end. If, therefore, one proposes to buy a car absolutely up-to-date, it has these features, viz.—engine with stroke long compared with bore, forced lubrication by oil-pump to all parts, enclosed valves, four gears (one being direct, frequently the third), propeller shaft enclosed, and having a body of torpedo, flush-sided, or boat design; h.p. of about 15. Such a vehicle is quite capable of forty miles an hour on the flat, and has at Brooklands achieved very much higher speed. Nearly all cars are made with four or six cylinders, the latter of course being more expensive, and giving slightly less vibration; but really good four-cylinder cars made by firms of the first reputation are good enough for the generality of folk.

Prior to the opening of every motor show, a well-got-up outcry is always forthcoming both in the general and technical Press as to the merits of some new type which is destined to relegate all others

into comparative obscurity, and this year there has been no exception to the general rule. Many of my readers may remember the advent about two years ago of the new engine of American design in which the ordinary poppet or mushroom valve (this is a rod about six inches long, with a flat top, which one can carry in one's waistcoat pocket) was supplanted by moving sleeves in each cylinder which open and shut "ports," giving admission to the incoming and outgoing gases at the correct period. These sleeves are driven by a secondary shaft operated by a silent chain enclosed within the engine. Although I hailed the advent of this novelty as being an extremely interesting new departure, I did not rush into ecstasies concerning it, for the simple reason that neither I nor anyone else knew for certain how it was going to turn out after some years of work when exposed to stresses and vibrations of road travel. Now, however, one is enabled to form an opinion of it which is borne out by facts. The Knight engine, as it was termed, was adopted by the Daimler Co. of Coventry, to the exclusion of all other types, and in their view that it was a very good engine indeed they have been altogether supported by the purchasing public, who have kept the firm so busy in its manufacture that for some time past demand has been ahead of supply. Thousands of these cars have been made and appear to be giving boundless satisfaction to their owners; and travelling as I do a good deal about the country, I have never seen one of them "stuck up" by the roadside on account of any seizure or defect. A great feature for the amateur appears to be that there is no very urgent necessity for keeping the interior of the cylinders scrupulously clean, for the dirtier they become the tighter the compression appears to get, bearing in mind, of course, that too great an accumulation of carbon might prove injurious on account of the possibility of pre-ignition.

The Daimler Co. have now come out with a 12-h.p. model, also with stroke of 130, and bore of 80 mm., that created a considerable sensation among lovers of small cars, and I prophesy a demand for it even greater than for the 15 h.p. of last year. There was also a six-cylinder Silent Knight chassis on view at the Daimler stand, indicating that the system was equally applicable to six cylinders as to four.

Having said all this, then, in favour of the Silent Knight principle, which has also been adopted in its entirety by the Belgian Minerva firm, and by the Panhard Co. in France, also by the Mercedes Gesellschaft of Germany, as alternatives to engines having the well-known features of these renowned factories, I should like to put in a word from the point of view of makers of cars having engines of the normal type.

A good many people are, apparently, unable to put pen to paper in talking about automobiles without being guilty of considerable exaggeration, and I rather wish to controvert the statement that the sliding-valve engines have "triumphed" over all other types. To begin with, all the Brooklands records for speed are held by engines where the ordinary valve is embodied, also all the Royal Automobile Club records for fuel-economy and acceleration, and also all the various authenticated records for hill-climbing, reliability, and durability; and as far as freedom from vibration is concerned, having tried both types, I am prepared to make an affidavit that there is not the proverbial pin to choose between the slide valve and its well-known and entirely trustworthy brother the poppet or mushroom-headed article.

Now, these records still stand. It is open, of course, to the slide-valve engine to knock them all down; but, so long as they remain, let us hear no more bombastic talk about "triumphs," "victories," or anything of that kind. With the fortunes of the engine of the normal type are bound up many millions of capital, both here and abroad, and for a considerable number of people a valve that can be changed at the roadside—in some cases without even soiling one's fingers, as in the Maudslay, and in other makes where the valves are at the top of the cylinder—will always present considerable attraction.

There are no more perfect vehicles manufactured in England or France than the Rolls-Royce and Renault cars, to the producers of which the slide-valve principle does not appear to give any concern, and so with many dozens of other makes.

Proceeding from the general to the particular, and turning first of all to the question of "value for money" for the "small man" (who is more particular than anybody else to get his money's worth), the choice this year was far more extended than ever it has been before. The sensation of the show last year undoubtedly was the advent of the 14 h.p. Darracq, which was sold with body complete at 225 guineas. This year the same firm have placed on the market a 10 h.p. four-cylinder side-entrance car, with two seats, for £210, and I understood the sale of it was considerable. The Darracq also sell a 15 h.p. car with torpedo body complete, and a very handsome turn-out it is, for £295. Here the inlet valves are overhead, a principle I have always greatly admired, if only on the grounds of accessibility. Here the crankshaft, as well as the gear-box shafts, runs in ball bearings; there was also a 20 h.p. chassis, price £350.

In writing an article like this where the theme is "development," one's attention is chiefly concentrated on picking out the novelties; but in a very great number of cases the best makers

announce that their cars were considered to be so perfected that no developments in them were possible, which is probably the best advertisement that they could have—such cars are well known to my readers, but I have not the space to refer to any of them.

The Humber novelty was the new four-cylinder 10 h.p. with an engine having the small bore of 75 mm. only, with a stroke of 110, and magneto ignition; here there is a four-speed gear box, natural cooling, valves which seat themselves on flat surfaces, a change which is claimed to be an improvement on the old principle; the valve gear is driven by silent chains, as is also the magneto, instead of by cog wheels, which in the past at times created unnecessary noise.

This 10-14 h.p. model is sold at £300 complete, and the 12-20 h.p., which has the torpedo body, for £345. The 20-28 h.p. Humber can develop 50 brake h.p., which is enough for anybody. Humber cars are not to be classed nowadays among the ultra-cheap automobiles: they are largely appreciated by the public, and I think one sees more of them on the road than of any other type whatever in Great Britain.

An American vehicle, called the Overland, created a good deal of mild sensation, offering as it does 15-20 h.p. with a two-seated body for £220, or with torpedo body to hold four, £235. The 20-25 h.p. four-seater is to be sold with torpedo body for £310. These cars have the Bosch ignition and Dunlop tyres, they appear to be well made, and are certainly the outcome of a serious effort on the part of our friends "on the other side" to cut into the British market. In this connection it may be mentioned that early in November it was announced that the long-threatened American invasion was actually accomplished, as a company named the United International Motors Ltd. has acquired the sole rights to manufacture and sell in Europe cars of American design in twelve models ranging from £125 upwards. It was also stated that garage accommodation had been secured in the west of London for one thousand such vehicles.

A car that makes a great effort to become popular with the moderate man, in which one may say at once that it has completely succeeded, is the Straker-Squire, made in one model only, viz. of 15 h.p. The company have concentrated all their attention on the perfecting of this one type, and those who know the Straker-Squire will be of the opinion that they have achieved great success. The new model for 1911 has been improved in detail, as additional body space has been secured; the engine is now cast in one block, having a bore of 87 mm. with a stroke of 120; the crankshaft has five bearings, and is made of steel of extraordinary tensile strength.

The carburettor is the Ware, which is now hot-water jacketed, and so extremely efficient; both brakes are on the wheel drums, none being on the propeller shaft, and the wheels themselves are very easily removable for cleaning purposes. The chassis price of it is £300.

No car is more popular than the Sunbeam, of 12-16 h.p., the chassis price of which is also £300. This has a four-cylinder engine, bore 80, and stroke 120 mm. Here the worm drive, as in innumerable other instances, is substituted for the bevel pinion, which is a distinct improvement, as the worm is the quieter system. The great novelty of the Sunbeam stand was the new 18-22 h.p. six-cylinder; this is an extremely fine car, and at 2,000 revolutions it can develop 46 h.p.; the engine and transmission are inclined somewhat backwards, so as to get a perfectly straight drive to the worm which is beneath the back axle. All this was a novelty this year, and attracted great attention.

A noteworthy point in this new Sunbeam type is that the cylinders are "off-set" from the crank shaft to the extent of 1 in., by the adoption of which principle it is claimed that less obliqueness is given to the thrust of the connecting rods on the down or working stroke.

It would be extremely easy to fill up the entire space at my disposal with technical description of only one or two of the most magnificent of the *automobiles de luxe* which were on view. These appeal, however, to very wealthy people only, and are in reality of but little interest to the ordinary man. An enormous amount of money is spent in booming them in the Press, and the demand, strangely enough, for these vehicles seems to increase rather than diminish. They may be looked upon, perhaps, as only to be acquired by people here and there; but the general tendency of the day is for the motor car to become available for all and sundry, and at any rate it is now within the purview of every family which in the past has been able to afford the upkeep of a carriage and a pair of horses. I will therefore endeavour to confine my observations to those types which are most generally in use, with the view of offering perhaps some little information to the readers beyond the seas of this magazine, who may be out of touch with annual motoring developments, and who find the perusal of the technical organs of the Press somewhat bewildering. I have in the past had a good many inquiries from the Colonies and elsewhere as to automobiles which are especially designed to give satisfactory results on ill-made roads and where the normal working conditions are particularly severe. This year several firms are making a great speciality of this class of car. First of all I will take the Maudslay, the pro-

duct of one of our best-known engineering firms, which has this year brought out a type definitely designed for Colonial work. It is of the favourite 17 h.p. type, in which this firm has for long specialised; the engine is, without exception, the most get-at-able on the market, the valves being situated at the top of the cylinders and driven by a hinged shaft which can in a moment be swung on one side when any of the valves (all of which are interchangeable) is removed without the use of any tools whatever, and a spare one substituted. There are doors also in the base chamber, through which the big ends of the connecting rod can be examined or adjusted if necessary, without having practically to take the engine to pieces and rebuild it, as in most other makes. Indeed, through these doors any piston may be withdrawn, should it be necessary either for cleaning purposes or in order to replace one of the rings. This model is so fitted that the seating fitments and hood can be arranged to give good sleeping accommodation for two persons when the car may be out in the Australian bush or the Indian jungle. Anyone may purchase this vehicle with the utmost confidence.

Another firm, claiming to be the oldest motor-manufacturing concern in Great Britain, which has had very large experience not only in the construction of pleasure cars, but also of commercial vehicles, is the Dennis. Here, again, we find a Colonial model rated at a little over 20 h.p., but giving a good deal more actually on the brake. A speciality of this firm is the worm drive to the top of the rear axle; this results in a body rather high off the road, which is exactly what is required for Colonial use, where ruts are often deep and the roads heavy. The Dennis people were the first, with the Lanchester Co., to adopt the worm-drive principle, which has now practically ousted its forerunner, the bevel pinion, in almost every case. This worm is absolutely guaranteed for two years. I have a considerable personal knowledge of it, and can most confidently recommend it, especially as it is entirely silent in action. The engines for these cars are specially manufactured by the White and Poppe firm at Coventry, who have unrivalled facilities in the matter of the selection and casting of the most perfect description of motors. The Dennis Colonial car is moderate in price, and is a sound and strong vehicle which gives no trouble whatever when in use.

Another extremely practical automobile is the Deasy—with which make is now associated Mr. Siddeley, who was largely responsible for bringing the Wolseley cars to the pitch of perfection to which they have now attained. All sorts and descriptions of men are catered for by this firm, whose models somewhat resemble the Renault cars in outward appearance, in that air is drawn over

the engine and through a vertical tubular radiator at the back of it by fans on the flywheel, as in the long-accepted Renault practice.

A new model of Deasy this year is the 12 h.p. having a little engine of four cylinders with bore and stroke of 75 by 110 mm., with three speeds in the gear-box instead of four as in the other models, and worm drive, the worm being carried overhead as in the Dennis, which is a position that allows plenty of body clearance. A four-speed gear-box may be fitted, if preferred. The gear-changing is effected on the well-known gate principle. The rear axle has ball bearings throughout, and is of enormously strong design. Chief among the Deasy points of interest is the system adopted for the rear road springs, which is entirely distinct from anything else in the exhibition, with the sole exception of the Lanchesters. Mr. Siddeley, being of opinion, in which many people will agree with him, that the Lanchester system of springing the wheels is superior to any other, has adopted this form; they are extremely long, and anchored at three points—one of which comes almost so far forward as the centre of the vehicle. It is only necessary to make experiment by riding one of these cars to find what a degree of luxury is attainable by the adoption of proper road springs.

Other Deasy models are a 14-20 h.p., 18-24 h.p., 24-30 h.p. Accessibility is a very great point in this make, because when the bonnet is lifted the whole of the engine is exposed, the radiator, as has been previously mentioned, being at the back. Lubrication is, of course, automatic. Here, then, is a choice of three distinct makes, all British, and of the soundest possible design, at varying prices and designs for Colonial needs. The Deasy cars are fitted with wire detachable wheels; these are included with one as a spare, with standard four-seated torpedo body, for £360, which is about as moderate a price as one should expect to pay for a car which may be called upon to perform rough-and-tumble work year in and year out, perhaps in some outlandish part.

In the recent show there were some four hundred vehicles, with the whole of which it is impossible for anyone, however much of an enthusiast, to have much acquaintance. Some French cars appear this year whose names one has never heard before; doubtless they have their advocates who sing their praises elsewhere, but I, for one, know nothing at all about them. This much, however, I do know, that no absolute rubbish was on view at the exhibition. Anybody who set out to sell poor stuff would find that there was no market for his wares; for the British motor purchaser, to say nothing of the canny Scotchman, is no longer to be deceived as he used to be in days gone by. You can buy a good car, as a matter of fact, nowadays, for as little as £150. Two cars may be relied upon

to give good service, viz., the 7 h.p. Swift and the 6 h.p. Rover, which are suitable, of course, only for two persons. The Rover, it may be mentioned, is another firm that has adopted the slide-valve principle in one of its single-cylinder engines. Just beyond £150 may be bought the 7 h.p. Austin, and the Phoenix, an old-established make having many friends, is among the best of the small cars. From £200 to £250 the choice is considerable; here, among others, are the 10 and 12 h.p. Darracqs, a small De Dion, the 20 h.p. Ford, which is, like the Overland previously alluded to, a visitor from America, an 8 h.p. Rover with Knight engine, a Swift, a Star, and the new 8 h.p. Thames; for anybody wanting a thoroughly sound single-cylinder runabout, the Thames, which is made at Greenwich by the celebrated engineering firm of that name, is well worth serious consideration. It has a heavy fly-wheel, a good big engine, and can run all day long if necessary. Up to £300 the choice is bewildering, many French cars being included in this schedule, among them being the British Calthorpes. One of these cars with a grey body, scarlet upholstery, in torpedo form, was one of the smartest vehicles of the show; cars of this make have a "sporty" turn of speed. An 8 h.p. Panhard, 10 h.p. Argyll, and 10 h.p. Austin are in this class. Above £300 the choice is between several hundreds of types; among others I have not previously touched upon I may mention the well-known Talbots, which are made in various models from 12 h.p. upwards. This firm was among the very first to recognise the combined flexibility and power gained by the adoption of the engine with small bore and long stroke, with the result that Talbots cut such a dash at the various hill-climbing competitions that used to be held all over the country that they won all the prizes that were going. These were displayed in a huge case on the stand of the company at the exhibition. If anybody wants a car not "cheap," but good, which will be found a notable hill-climber, and at the same time fast and flexible, the Talbot is not to be passed over without very considerable searchings of heart.

No firm has catered more definitely for every type of motorists than have the Wolseley people. These cars are made by the great engineering firm of Messrs. Vickers, Son and Maxim—and everybody knows how excellent they are. Their reputation has been built up after many years of trial and experiment, the result of which is that Wolseleys are very great favourites indeed; in fact, at the exhibition, with perhaps the sole exception of the Daimler display, the crowd was greatest around their stand; and even on the opening day I found great difficulty in inspecting the new exhibits. Seven models are built for 1911, the most popular of

which undoubtedly will be the 12-16 h.p. model; this has a very strongly designed chassis, suitable for use as an open touring carriage. The valves of this engine are of larger diameter than they were, which enables it to carry its load to a higher rate of revolution, while at the same time it is equally as silent as before. All cars now have closed-in fronts, so gear change and brake levers can be housed inside what is known as the "scuttle dash," which forms part and parcel of the torpedo body. Speaking of scuttles, I was greatly struck by the appearance of a 24 h.p. Lancia, which is an extremely fine Italian car. Here the scuttle idea was carried to extremest limit, the whole body of the car, scuttle and all, being composed of highly burnished copper, which I thought to be a very appropriate metal. But to return to the Wolseleys: front and rear wheels are fitted with the Timken roller bearings, which are adjustable and far superior to the old-fashioned ball-bearing type. The 16-20 h.p. can carry the fashionable large touring body, and with the long wheel-base is suitable for town closed-carriages: here the rear axle is worm-driven. The Wolseley six-cylinder model of 24-30 h.p. remains a very great favourite, and it now has a companion in the 50 h.p., also six-cylinder; the first car of the latter model was supplied a very short time ago to Her Majesty Queen Alexandra. The chassis of this costs £1,000.

At a good price, viz. between £450 and £500, comes another excellent Colonial car, viz. the 15 h.p. Napier. For many years the Napier vehicles led the way in everything that was most magnificent, and only the most expensive types were manufactured. Now, however, the fairly moderately minded man can own a Napier, and the Colonial type is especially designed for rough use abroad. It is a very strong and sensible make of car, and is well worth the money asked for it.

Among the great names stands out the Panhard firm, from France. Here the novelty was a 25 h.p. chassis of Panhard workmanship with the Knight engine. The chassis is the same as the 18-30 model, the engine being, as stated, entirely new. Messrs. Panhard say that they have been testing the sliding-valve Knight principle for two years, and are delighted with it. This is really saying a good deal. There is also a new model, the 12-15 h.p. Panhard, and also an 18-24 h.p. with six cylinders. Also there is a six-cylinder of 30 h.p. which has the cylinders cast separately, but they are all bolted up closely together, giving it the appearance of a "block" engine. So altogether it will be seen there is a good deal of "news" about Panhards, although this is a very old and rather conservative firm. Panhard durability is a household word among motorists. Messrs. Renault did not exhibit anything new, but

some of their coach-work was simply magnificent. I was greatly attracted by a body of sedan-chair shape, fitted to a 9 h.p. chassis; this was the handsomest and, indeed, most charming two-seated body to be seen in the exhibition, but very French in its design and appearance, more suitable for use by some Parisian *élégante* than by our undemonstrative damsels, who do not appear really to appreciate anything more original of design than an ordinary taxicab.

The great Mercédès Gesellschaft also, as mentioned elsewhere, have interested themselves in the slide-valve principle, but only for the large engines giving 35-40 h.p. The new model Mercedes for 1911 is of 12-15 h.p., the price of which is £350 for the chassis, which is not so very much to have to pay for a car having this particular trade mark. And so one might continue indefinitely. The enormous assemblage of French, German, Austrian, Italian, Swiss, Belgian, and American automobiles would not have been assembled at Olympia unless there is a considerable market for them in Great Britain. A good many of them are made abroad at places where labour is considerably cheaper than it is in this country, especially when really first-class mechanics are concerned. Here they are brought in hundreds of different models, and some of them are sold at prices with which our own people find it difficult to compete, paying, as they do, no tolls as they come into our market. If one wants to sell a pig at the market town near which I reside, one has to pay a toll to get him in. But not so in the motor market. This, however, is a topic I will not pursue, being outside my province, and anyway I am no politician; but I merely give voice to complaints that are made to me on every separate occasion when I am having a chat with some of our well-known motor manufacturers in discussing the industry as a whole and his own particular branch of it in particular.

When I first started motoring I had a Benz—for the all-sufficient reason that no British make was available at the price I wanted to pay—in fact, there were then no British motor-cars at all. A year or two after (British automobiles being no for'arder) I bought another Benz, of larger h.p. Later on we were still in the dark ages of motoring, and I wanted a smart car to run on pneumatic tyres; but at that time there were still no British cars for people of modest requirements, so I bought a Renault. Now the whole position has changed. The British manufacturers have not only caught up the foreigner, but have passed him by, in the matter of design, workmanship, durability, and silence in working. All the vehicles described in this article in my humble opinion cannot be beaten, and in some cases not approached, in general

excellence by foreign automobiles of similar horse-power. The crux of the question at the present moment is price. Some foreign cars are cheaper than any British cars of the same power, so this is why people want to buy them. But for the individual who takes any pride in beautiful machinery, designed and constructed by his own countrymen and sold at a fair price, the choice in 1911 models is not only ample, but even amazing. From the buyer's point of view the free import of foreign cars gives him an enormous choice.

On leaving the Motor Show on its opening day I witnessed the start of Mr. Willows from Wormwood Scrubs for Paris. The day was fine and the air calm, and *en route* to the coast the yellow sausage-shaped airship caused much sensation as it circled at will over Trafalgar Square and the Pall Mall clubs. The pilot had the misfortune whilst making the passage to drop his map, and so lost his bearings; but he reached Douai without incident after travelling all night, and there descended. A good deal has been accomplished during the last few months in the acquirement of dirigibles by our own Government. The Clément-Bayard, for the accommodation of which a huge shed was provided at the expense of the *Daily Mail*, was purchased by the War Office for £12,500. The lowest price acceptable to M. Clément was £18,000, and the difference was found by the Parliamentary Aeronautic Committee, Mr. Harvey du Cros actually paying the money. Already, however, statements have been made that the bargain concluded is by no means a good one, the leakage of hydrogen gas amounting to as much as eight per cent. per diem. The price is in any case enormous, especially in view of the fact that the dirigible was not considered suitable for the use of the French Army, and a machine at least equally satisfactory could have been constructed in England for half the money.

The arrival of the *Morning Post* airship, the Lebaudy, of semi-rigid type, from Moisson, was rightly hailed as a remarkable occurrence in the history of airship development, the average speed of thirty-six miles per hour being maintained in spite of the fact that a strong side-wind was encountered. Unfortunately, owing to clumsiness in handling, on being drawn into its shed the envelope was badly torn, and in the general collapse that followed the frame was strained and twisted and the propellers broken. The other airship voyage recently attempted was the opéra-bouffe entertainment of Mr. Wellman, who started from America amidst terrific newspaper uproar, trailing behind him across the ocean an enormous partially submerged tail composed of drums of petrol strung together and weighing some tons. The airship was blown greatly out of its course, and its crew, by sheer good luck, were rescued by a passing

ship, at a point in the waste of waters where ships are not often to be found.

Concerning aeroplanes there is not much to be said. A show of aerial motors and other fittings of heavier-than-air machines has recently been held in Paris. All sorts of novelties were exhibited in the way of engine details, but there appears to be nothing whatever in sight tending to secure greater stability when in action for this class of vessel. Grahame White has won the Gordon Bennett prize in America at a meeting where very unsportsmanlike and arbitrary proceedings are alleged against the management. Next year will see this particular competition decided in Great Britain. Meanwhile the shocking tale of slaughtered airmen still increases. Quite recently four of them were killed in a week, in two cases in view of their wives. Hare-brained youths have been showing off by alighting in the open spaces of Paris, and although our light-hearted friends across the Channel could support with equanimity the spectacle of wayfarers being bowled over like ninepins in the accomplishment of these feats, yet when the aviators began to knock down the lamp-posts the situation was regarded as being more serious, and the police immediately promulgated regulations entirely forbidding this pastime.

Moreover, should any balloon or airship make a descent in an open space forming part of any French urban district, it in future will be forthwith packed up and taken away in a cart; so no longer will the Gallic aero-pilot piously ejaculate the uplifting aspiration *Resurgam* at the spot where he alighted.

In conclusion I give an extract from the correspondence columns of *The Aero* alluding to the death of Chavez: "Absolutely nothing could be brought forward in justification of crossing the Alps or even the Channel unless it be the sordid mercantile prospects of the manufacturer. Inducements therefore given to such performances at this stage are no less than criminal. The irony of it all is that nothing is given to the improvement or perfecting of the aerial craft, but all goes for show."

With such sentiments I am in complete accord.



WINTER SPORT—BOBSLEIGHING

A Series of Photographs by Horace W. Nicholls



A BOBSLEIGH PARTY AT CHAMONIX—OFF TO THE COMPETITIONS



WAITING THEIR TURN



STARTING ON A THREE-KILOMETRE RUN TO THE VILLAGE BELOW



ROUNDING A CORNER



GETTING UP SPEED



A MILE A MINUTE—THE THRILL OF THE "JOB"



TURNING TURTLE



A SPILL



AFTER A SPILL—HORSE-POWER IN REQUEST



ON THE WAY HOME



THE EDUCATION OF OTTO

BY "COELESTIS"

I HAVE always been rather a quiet, studious individual, and have never been much addicted to sport of any kind. At Oxford certainly I went in mildly for rowing, but I never got further than Toggers, as I found it interfered with my reading. After four years at the 'Varsity I passed successfully into the Indian Civil Service, and then stayed up another year learning Oriental languages and practising riding. I can't say that I cared much about equestrian exercise, but when I went up to be examined in equitation at Woolwich I managed to pass muster, and eventually found myself as joint magistrate comfortably settled at Tamashakebad.

Tamashakebad is a large station in the heart of India. It possesses a fairly big garrison, a brigade of Horse Artillery, a British cavalry regiment, and several infantry regiments, both British and native. It is a civil station of some importance too, and amongst the local magnates are a Commissioner, a Judge, a Collector, and myself. As regards sport, there is excellent shooting within easy reach of cantonments, and the country all round swarms with pig. When out in the district on tour I have occasionally done a little shooting. More often when I have finished the day's work I have

amused myself practising golf strokes, and wherever I go I always take my clubs. Pig-sticking never appealed to me. When I first came out to Tamashakebad, Seymour, the Collector, who is an enthusiastic votary of the sport, inveigled me into attending one of the meets of the Tent Club, but I wasn't particularly successful.

In the first beat of the day the Collector, myself, and two subalterns were in one party. As luck would have it, a big boar with enormous tusches came out of covert close to where we happened to be stationed. Seymour, who was in charge of the party, allowed the brute a little law, and then gave the order "Ride," whereupon he and the two subalterns started off at full gallop in the wake of the rapidly disappearing animal.

The going was abominable, and I thought it only common sense to ride with some discretion. My pony, a gross Arab entire of a somewhat lethargic temperament, seemed to be quite of the same opinion. I was soon left far behind, but I thought I'd just jog quietly on and see something of the sport from a distance. In the meanwhile the rest of my party had disappeared over a slight rise in the ground. Imagine my disgust, then, when on breasting the rise I found that the pig had run in a ring and was making again for the covert from which he had just been ejected. I was in the direct line between him and his point, and Seymour, who was riding the pig for all he was worth, yelled to me to turn the brute off from the covert.

I was hesitating what to do—I must confess I didn't particularly relish the job—when my pony caught sight of the bulky form bearing down upon us, gave a snort of terror, and apparently divining that I had not made up my mind, promptly settled the question by whipping round so suddenly as almost to unseat me, and bolting incontinently for the covert which we had just left.

I didn't try very hard to stop him at first, because in the circumstances I didn't care to ride a-tilt at a large and angry boar single-handed. However, after we had gone about a mile I pulled up my mount quite easily. When I rejoined my party I learnt that the pig had made his point, and had been lost in covert. My chief was visibly annoyed. He is a man who doesn't mince his words, and, in what appeared to me unnecessarily strong language, asked me why I hadn't intercepted the pig. I explained carefully that my pony, who was not accustomed to the sport, had taken fright at the sight of the boar, and though I had done my best I had been unable to pull him up. One of the subalterns—I rather think he winked at his friend—said he'd never seen such an infernal puller, and asked me why I didn't ride him in a double gag and a standing martingale. I didn't think it necessary to gratify his unwarranted curiosity, and

shortly afterwards I excused myself on the plea of the excessive heat of the sun, and returned to cantonments. Since then I have never felt particularly drawn to pig-sticking as a sport; but on one other occasion I was an involuntary participator in a hog-hunt, as the following narrative will show.

I had been on tour in the district, and one hot-weather morning, having struck my camp at Rotpur—a village some twenty miles from Tamashakebad—I was driving in my tonga to my next camping place. My two country-bred ponies, Rahim Bux and Imam Din, were jogging slowly along, and I was busily engaged thinking out the details of a report which I had to send in at the conclusion of my tour. Suddenly the tonga pair checked with a jerk, and looking up I saw a big boar crossing the road barely ten yards ahead. He crossed from right to left. I noticed as he passed that his near flank was covered with blood from a recently inflicted wound. I remembered that one of the native police at Rotpur had told me that the Tamashakebad Tent Club was encamped in the neighbourhood. This, then, must be some boar which had been speared, and had in some way given his pursuers the slip. I had pulled up the ponies and was watching the ugly brute making off across country on the left-hand side of the road, when I heard the rhythmic beat of a horse's feet on my right, and looking round recognised one of the subalterns of the Horse Battery then stationed at Tamashakebad, Dick Thrasher by name. At least I believe that to be his correct name; at the Club I have heard him referred to sometimes as Smasher or Crasher, and on one occasion as Hell-fire Dick. Thrasher is a short, horsey-looking man. There is something in his alert appearance which always reminds me of the aspect a terrier wears when engaged in a rat worry. He was riding a well-bred looking waler, but the animal was rolling a bit in his stride, and seemed to be pretty well dead-beat. Before coming to the road which the pig had just crossed there was some roughish ground overgrown with tussocks of coarse grass, and in the last few yards the horse must have put his foot in a hole, for he fell heavily, and then lay like a log on his side. His rider got free of him with remarkable agility and tried to get the animal to rise; but the latter was apparently winded by his fall and the pace at which he had been travelling. At any rate, he remained callous to the objurgations of the discomfited sportsman.

"Beat to the world!" I heard Thrasher say. "Just like my luck!" and he cast a regretful glance at the pig which was making good his escape. As he looked round apparently seeking for some inspiration he caught sight of the tonga, and then as he recognised me a broad smile lit up his features.

"Why, strike me pink if it isn't Otto!" he said. "Now we'll have the time of our lives!" As he spoke he stripped the saddle from his recumbent horse and rushed up to the tonga. Before I knew what he was doing he had thrust his hog-spear into my hands and thrown the saddle down under the seat. Then he grasped the reins and pushed me to the near side of the cart. He caught each pony a resounding thwack with the whip, and pulling them sharply off the road, set them going at full gallop across the open maidan in the tracks of the fugitive boar. All this takes some time to tell, but the whole thing was done in the twinkling of an eye. For a few moments I was absolutely paralysed by the swiftness of his action. In the first place, I had only met the man a few times at the club and once at his mess, on which occasion he was the life and soul of a very rowdy guest-night. I recollected that when in the small hours of the morning I had eventually made my escape this same Thrasher, rushing out after me, had pulled the sleepy gharri wala¹ off the boxseat, and then jumping on the back of one of the ponies had taken me at a furious gallop to my bungalow, where he spent the few remaining hours of the night before going on early parade. Beyond this the man was no intimate friend of mine; and then, again, if he had been my greatest pal on earth nothing would have induced me to drive across country in a tonga. But I hadn't been given any choice in the matter. I started to expostulate, but the lurching and bumping of the tonga over the rough, broken ground rendered sustained conversation almost impossible. Moreover, my companion waved aside all my objections in his characteristic breezy fashion. His attention was chiefly occupied with steering the team over some very tricky going, but in the intervals of belabouring with the whip my unfortunate ponies he was good enough to give me a brief outline of the events which had preceded our ill-starred meeting. His remarks ran something as follows:—

"The greatest good luck in the world meeting you, Otto, my lad, just when poor old Blue Gum had cooked his goose. Jerry and I had the deuce of a merry-go-round after another pig, and had just finished him off when I saw this old customer in front lolloping off on his own. We couldn't wait for our second horses, so we got going at once. Jerry's horse was beat when we started, and came an awful crumpler in a nullah before we'd gone two furlongs. I got up with the sur² when I'd run him a mile, and speared him too far back. He jinked and gave me the slip in some jhal, but I spotted him again, and here we are. He's the best boar in Asia, and I mean to have his tushes if we both have to die for it."

¹ Coachman.

² Pig.

In spite of the superexcellence of our quarry, I couldn't see why my life should be risked to gratify the whim of an utterly reckless adventurer, and I was expressing myself forcibly to this effect when my remarks were suddenly cut short by the near wheel striking a large lump of rock which lay in our course. The tonga gave a terrific lurch. I was jerked right up out of my seat, my head struck the frame of the tilt above, and I descended heavily to my original position. We were going at a hand gallop, and only a miracle prevented the tonga being upset.

"By gad! we struck a snag that time," chuckled the fiend at my side; "but no matter, we're gaining on the old sur!"

Our narrow escape seemed to galvanise him into still fiercer activity. He caught hold of the ponies' heads and gave them what he was pleased to call a couple of rib-binders. He was quite right: we were gaining on the boar, whose pace was visibly decreasing; but we were approaching some cultivated ground, and a low mud wall, hollowed out at the top to form an aqueduct for irrigation, confronted us a hundred yards ahead. My sais, who was hanging on to the back seat, was alternately wailing and praying to his gods.

"Pull up, pull up! You can't take the tonga over that!" I shouted, as I tried to regain possession of the reins.

For all the notice Thrasher took I might as well have spoken to the wind. The ponies, too, seemed to be infused with the mad spirit of their driver, and I doubt whether he could have stopped them even if he had wished to—and he certainly did not.

"All serene, my pippin," said he; "they'll take it in their stride. I took my guns at the gallop over this identical mud wall last cold weather."

I gripped the seat with both hands and prepared for the worst. I devoutly hoped that when the tonga turned over I should fall on Thrasher and flatten him out. As the ponies came up to the obstacle they pricked their ears; they were going too fast to stop; the madman who was driving gave them their heads and once more plied the whip like one possessed. Bump! splash! bang!

The ponies jumped the runnel, the wheels struck the obstacle with a shuddering shock, the tonga lurched like a drunken man on to the top of the low wall, and then jumped like a live thing on to the ground below, which we reached minus the sais behind. He may have been flung out, or he may have thought it was time to leave a sinking ship. All I remember is that as I glanced over my shoulder I saw him sitting on the ground in an attitude of abject despair.

My companion turned to me with a beaming smile,

"My word, Otto," he said, "you *have* got a sporting pair of tits! We'll have the old sinner yet."

I was shaken and bruised all over; but the mad spirit of the chase had entered into me, and I laughed to see Imam Din, who until to-day had always been a lazy slug, meeting with his deserts. We bumped and swayed over the uneven surface of the fields. The boar was heading for a mango tope which was surrounded by a mud wall some three feet high. Thrasher summed up the situation at a glance.

"I see his game," he said. "If we go round to pick him up on the other side he'll lie up in the tope and double on his tracks. We must hustle him through at any price."

The boar increased his pace as he came to the wall and leapt at it. He just reached the top and got over with a scramble. Thrasher surveyed the wall as we approached, and headed for a portion of it where the mud was beginning to crumble. By this time I had realised the futility of expostulation, and merely sat still awaiting developments. My companion was undoubtedly master of the situation, and I could not help admitting to myself that so far he had proved himself fully competent to deal with it.

"Sit tight!" he warned me. "It's 'Action rear' this time."

He dashed up to within a few yards of the wall; then, wheeling the ponies in a circle, he pulled them up with their heads facing in the opposite direction to which we had been going. The ground sloped steeply towards the wall, and directly he had brought the animals to a halt he reined them back sharply. The back of the tonga, striking the crumbling wall with considerable momentum, forced a breach. Thrasher drove forward and repeated the operation. Then he set the ponies going again, and, circling them round, put them at the opening. We came through into the tope in a cloud of dust, carrying away a further portion of the wall with our off-side wheel.

"A pretty piece of driving," I said, and the enthusiast at my side accepted my congratulations with a grin of triumph.

Some natives, apparently owners of the tope, came rushing towards us, waving their sticks and gesticulating wildly. Thrasher, without drawing rein, addressed them in villainous Hindostani:

"Achchha, Achchha, baksheesh piche. Kahan gaya sur?" ("All right, all right; you shall have baksheesh later. Where has the pig gone?")

The magic word "baksheesh" seemed to allay their hostile intentions, and they pointed excitedly in the direction the boar had taken. Thrasher's driving in and out amongst the trees was an education in itself. We had one or two close shaves, but we struck

a track in the middle of the tope and emerged triumphant on the far side. The track led us through the tope to the usual straggling native village beyond. We had temporarily lost sight of our quarry, but a crowd of natives running towards the far end of the village indicated the direction he had taken. Thrasher set the ponies at a gallop down the main street. The village fowls scattered right and left—one fell a victim to our Juggernaut car—and we missed a fat, pot-bellied baby, who was sunning himself close to the side of the track, by the fraction of an inch. An old harridan with scarcely a tooth in her head rained curses upon us as we passed. At the end of the village the kutcha road, which was guarded by a low cactus hedge, turned at right angles. The villagers who had collected here were pointing over the hedge in the direction of the open country. Thrasher's features broke into an expansive smile as the ponies jumped the hedge and the tonga crashed through it. Once more we had the boar in sight.

My charioteer gave a blood-curdling view holloa, and the startled ponies redoubled their efforts. Our quarry was only about a hundred yards ahead. He had evidently taken a breather in the tope while we were engaged in our battering-ram operations. As soon as he realised we were once more on his track he improved his pace, and made off towards some rough-looking ground on our right.

I had on one occasion when going my rounds camped in the tope into which we had just made so rude an entry, and I knew the surrounding country well. A little farther on the ground was intersected by a wide shallow nullah, and I saw by the direction the boar was taking that he was also aware of this and hoped to throw us off by crossing it.

With the calm born of despair I explained to Thrasher the lie of the country and insisted that this mad escapade should now come to an end.

"What! Give up the pig when we've got him stone cold?" he said. "I'll be shot if I do! Where that pig's going we're going; don't make any mistake about that! But I'll tell you what I will do," he added, with a conciliatory air; "if it's a nullah we've got to cross I'd have more control of the cattle if I took them across postilion fashion," and suiting the action to the word he sprang like a circus rider on to the back of the near-side pony, and with his heels beat a thundering tattoo on the unfortunate animal's flanks, what time he freely administered the whip to Rahim Bux on the off side. We hadn't gone much farther when the pig in front suddenly disappeared, and then came into view again, struggling up the far side of the nullah. As we approached the yawning chasm, Thrasher half turned to me,

"'Fast at water' is what the book says," quoth he. "Sit tight, Otto, and whatever you do keep that spear out of my back."

The pig, with the cunning peculiar to its species, had chosen the easiest place to cross, but even so the descent seemed as steep as the roof of a house. If we had gone slowly the ponies would have felt the weight of the tonga and we must have landed in a heap at the bottom. As it was we slithered down. Imam Din pecked badly as he reached the bed of the nullah, but Thrasher sitting far back had him short by the head and got him on his feet again in the most artistic manner. Then, shouting and flogging, he raced the poor beasts at the opposite slope. As we reached the top, for one sickening moment the ponies and the tonga see-sawed on the lip of the nullah. It seemed as if the weight of the vehicle must drag them back, and I was calculating the chances of finding myself pinned under the wreckage, when with a grunt from Imam Din and a wild cheer from his rider the animals heaved the tonga on to the level ground beyond. To this day I have never ceased to wonder how the harness stood the strain. Only a few weeks back when camping near I went to look at the spot where we crossed, and if it had not been for our experience I would have sworn that no wheeled vehicle could cross such a place. As Thrasher said afterwards, it was one of the hairiest things he had ever done, and from what I know of the man that speaks for itself.

But our adventures were not over. The boar, weakened by loss of blood, was faltering in his stride, and I saw that failing an accident we should soon be up with him. Once or twice he broke into a trot as though undecided whether to face round and charge the curious tilted vehicle which was attending him so closely. Thrasher evidently thought that he had his quarry pretty well beat, for he pulled the ponies up and slid to the ground.

"Stand on guard with the spear, Otto," he said, "while I unhitch the tits."

As he spoke he surveyed the ponies critically. Their heaving flanks were evidence of the mad race we had run; but if there was anything in it, the off pony, which had been spared a rider's weight during the last half-mile, was the less done of the two.

"I'll ride the grey bareback," said he, indicating Rahim Bux, "and you can put my saddle on the bay."

As he spoke he rapidly unfastened the traces and removed the breast harness. Then uncoupling the reins he made an impromptu bridle for each pony.

"Let's have that spear," he said, as he vaulted on to his pony.

"And what do you propose I should do?" I inquired.

"Why, come and see the fun, of course! Bring one of those

golf clubs you've got inside the tonga with you, and if the pig comes anywhere near slog him over the snout with the iron. I'll see he doesn't do any damage."

He rammed his spurs into Rahim Bux as he spoke, and set off at a canter in the direction of the pig. The absence of a saddle did not appear to inconvenience him in the least.

I stood contemplating the tonga, and marvelled that it had held together at all. Then I looked at the solitary steed which Thrasher had relegated to me after having practically ridden him to a standstill. He was black with sweat, and his appearance generally was that of one who had come far and fast. I wondered if I was the same person who had set out spick and span with my sleek well-groomed tonga pair that morning. A similar reflection must have crossed the mind of Imam Din, for he turned and regarded me with something of a reproachful look in his eye. Then my glance followed the undefeated sportsman who in the face of such overwhelming odds had all but come to terms with his quarry, and I hardened my heart and vowed that I would see him through to the bitter end.

I carefully selected the heaviest iron from my golf caddie, and threw Thrasher's saddle on the back of Imam Din. The brute, anxious to rejoin his comrade, wouldn't stand still, and it took me some little time to adjust the girths. I was busily engaged in this operation, and was cursing myself for being involved in such an uncongenial undertaking, when I heard a whoop, and looking round saw the boar making straight for me, Thrasher riding hard in his wake. Imam Din was now in a state of wild excitement, and I found it impossible to mount him. It seemed better under the circumstances to trust to my own legs. The boar spotted me at once. I saw he meant mischief, and as he was approaching from the off side of the tonga I dodged to the near side. With a savage "Woof, Woof!" he charged down upon it. I thought from the direction he was taking he would come round at me from the front, and made with all haste for the back of the vehicle. He must have changed his mind at the last moment, or else he saw what I was doing, for I all but ran into him. I caught him a welt on the snout with my club in accordance with Thrasher's directions, and doubled on my tracks. The boar was momentarily taken aback, but recovered immediately, and I made the complete circle of the tonga twice with the brute at my heels. I thought to throw him out by a little obstacle-racing, so I jumped into the cart at the front and hurled myself over the seat, alighting on the footboard at the back, with the natural result that the empty vehicle tilted up and I measured my length on the ground beyond. It was well for

me that the sudden upheaval deprived the boar of the power of immediate action; and Thrasher, profiting by the momentary confusion, took the brute in flank with a heavy spear-thrust, while I regained the cover of the cart and armed myself with my next heaviest club, my original weapon having left my grasp as I fell. But, luckily for me, the pig's attention was now diverted.

Thrasher, after delivering his spear, had ridden on and wheeled. Under the masterly handling of his rider, Rahim Bux was playing the part of pig-sticker as though to the manner born. The boar turned and charged savagely, but was again met with the spear, and this time he fell over on his flank, and without a sound breathed his last.

Thrasher slid off his pony and fell on the ground. He sat there holding his sides convulsed with laughter. Then he rolled on the ground still laughing. I emerged from the tonga; suddenly the humour of the situation struck me forcibly too, and I laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks. Then he produced his flask, and with his hand shaking so that he could hardly pour the liquid he filled a bumper and we toasted the big boar that lay dead before us; then we toasted each other, and after that Rahim Bux and Imam Din in turn, till his flask and mine were empty.

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Some natives appeared from nowhere in the manner peculiar to their race. With their assistance we hoisted the boar into the back of the tonga. Then we sorted out the harness and inspanned the long-suffering ponies. Very slowly and carefully, for Imam Din was dead lame, we made our way to the nearest kutchra road, and then at an easy pace to the Tent Club camp, whither Thrasher insisted that I should accompany him. The first object that met our eyes was old Blue Gum contentedly feeding in the shade.

That evening we spent riotously in company with other choice spirits. Thrasher proposed my health in a felicitous speech in which he dealt humorously with the events of the day. He then presented me with the boar's tusks as a memento of the kill. Next hot-weather I may buy a couple of seasoned pig-stickers. Thrasher said he'd be delighted to sell me two of his.



OVER THE STONE WALL

A FEW HUNTERS

BY COLONEL ST. QUINTIN

I HAVE hunted with very many different packs of hounds in both England and Ireland, have had through my hands a great number of horses of various class and temperament, and it has occurred to me that some reminiscences of a few hunters that had somewhat curious peculiarities and histories may afford interest and amusement, and also convey a few useful hints to readers who are fond of horses and have much to do with them.

Hearing of a farmer in the Grafton country who had two good-looking young horses for sale, I went to have a look at them, and found a big weight-carrying bay, and a lighter very well-bred one, running about for the summer in a strawyard. The latter was quite my sort, and I thought the other looked like turning into money; so, after a lot of bargaining, I bought them both, the weight-carrier for £120, which was the most I had ever then given for a horse, and the other for £80. They were both five off, and the farmer told me were made horses. His story about the quality one, which I afterwards named Crusader, was that he had been bred by a rich old gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had intended keeping him as a hunter for himself, but that after he had broken him in and

schooled him a bit, he found the horse too much for him, and therefore had let him go. He said he could not tell me anything about his breeding ; but he must have been nearly, if not quite, clean-bred, and he was up to about fourteen stone to hounds.

It was the beginning of August, and I was off the next day to Scotland to shoot ; so I sent the two horses to Hounslow Barracks, where we were then quartered, with a line to my servant telling him to keep them in loose boxes, feed them very light, and on no account to put them into a hot stable or give them much corn. On my return I found, of course, that he had done exactly what I had



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told him not to do. He had put them into a stuffy stable and fed them high, with, as he said, the idea of having them ready for me by the hunting season. The result naturally was that they had both caught cold, and, as bad luck would have it, both turned whistlers. Fortunately, however, their whistling was slight, and it did not stop either of them then, though the big one later on became a roarer.

I found, as I expected, that both knew very little of their business ; but that I did not mind, as I would sooner have a horse raw than spoilt. I found out also, however, that the big horse was

a real faint-hearted cur, and Crusader a regular rum 'un. I hunted them quietly in the neighbourhood up to Christmas, gave them a few days with the Queen's Staghounds and the Windsor Drag, and then sent them over to Meath for my two months' leave, everybody telling me I was a fool, and should break my neck, as English horses could not get over an Irish country: a popular fallacy! At any rate, all I did with them was to put them on to a long rope and longe them for an hour or two over some big banks and ditches for a couple of mornings. Crusader proved to be as bold as a lion, and as soon as he knew what was wanted he went bang to the top of the bank, no matter how wide the ditch was, off again, well over the one on the other side, and into the next field as if he liked it. But the bay did not like it at all. He stopped and funk'd, went into the ditch, head first into the bank, and when he got on the top, wanted to stop there, though I admit he made a mighty leap when he did make up his mind to get into the next field. However, by giving him easy lessons, as you would a child, I gradually made him understand a little, and at last he faced the big ones, though much against the grain. Those big hairy banks with a yawner on each side do, I admit, look a bit ugly to both man and horse until they understand them; but it only wants a little knowledge and pluck on the part of both to make them easy enough. However, the bay hated lepping, and never would jump any fence if he thought he could get out of it.

My first day in Ireland with Crusader was in the north part of Meath, when we had a very fast twenty minutes to ground over a most trappy, rotten, small bank country, and there were many dirty coats in that short time; but Crusader, though he went on his nose several times, always managed to splay out a leg somehow, got me through with the hounds without a fall, and carried me brilliantly ever after. But he was a very funny horse. He had a lovely mouth. I used to ride him in a very light double bridle, without whip or spur, for a touch of either would upset him at once, and he would stop and fight in a minute. I rode him with practically a loose rein, slapping him with my open hand on the neck, and talking to him; then he would do anything for me, and I saw many a good gallop on him in both England and Ireland. He had one pet aversion, and only one that I know of—a flight of hurdles. I am sure he must have been very badly treated over some before I got him, for he turned round with me at once the first time I came across any, and I had immense difficulty in quietly persuading him to jump them. After that, though he did not like them and always seemed to hesitate, he would not refuse. It was curious, as whilst I had him he never turned his head with me at

timber, however stiff. He was really a bold horse, as he proved to me one day with the Queen's Staghounds, for after taking a bad toss over a very big stile with a nasty dip in front of it, down which he slipped, chesting the stile and turning complete turtle on to his back, he faced a very high stiff post-and-rail at the far end of the field, and though we were quite by ourselves, pricked his ears and sailed over it without hesitation. I think that was the only fall he ever gave me.

To his dislike to hurdles hangs a tale or two :—

At the end of the season we had our races at Down Barn in the Harrow Vale. I had entered him for Baker's Cup and the Handi-



A TIMBER-JUMPER

cap; I also had "Old Bally" entered for the Handicap, but he had to carry fourteen stone. Crusader was handicapped at thirteen, though he was only five and had never started for a race in his life, and I did not intend to run him for it. I did a very foolish thing that day, which I will mention as a warning to other young amateurs. In the first race, Baker's Cup, my saddle was not quite the weight I wanted, a friend had one that was, and persuaded me to take it. He had just bought it; and I tugged away at the leathers and straps, which seemed sound. However, at the very first fence, at which Crusader jumped a bit big, bang went my off stirrup leather, and when I came to look at it I found the saddle was a second-hand one, the leathers rotten from having been laid by and not kept properly

greased. I went on over a couple more fences, but feeling that I could not do the horse justice, pulled him up, and decided to run him in the Handicap instead of Old Bally, as I thought he was quite good enough for it, even with that weight—for though not as quick a fencer or with as much knowledge as Old Bally, he was a very safe and good one and had a bit more pace. I had the race won a quarter of a mile from home, jumped the last fence a few lengths in front of Donjy Bulkeley, and was simply cantering to make a race of it, which I always liked to do at any game, foolish though it sometimes is. Unfortunately, half way up the distance, there was a flight of hurdles which I did not know of. Watching Donjy, and forgetting all about Crusader's dislike to hurdles, I took no trouble with him, the result being that he half swerved and jumped all sideways. Before I could straighten him and get him fairly going again, Donjy had gained many lengths, and he beat me a length on the post.

Crusader was a remarkably handsome horse, and as he had a long tail I turned him into a charger for the summer. Though he made a very good one, you had to watch him a bit; but I had great comfort in finding that my troop never rode on my heels, for he could kick as high as any horse I ever saw. I would never have parted with him had we not left for India in the autumn; but he went up to Tattersall's with the rest of all our horses, and was bought for 90 guineas by an ex-9th Lancer who lived in the Duke of Beaufort's country, a first-class man to hounds and very fond of a nice horse. I told his new owner all about him: his aversion to hurdles, to whip and spur, that occasionally, when very fresh, he might let out, though only in play, and that I had a very high opinion of him. I could have got a lot of money for him if he could have passed a vet. He came out fresh and fit at the opening meet of the Duke's hounds that season, but his owner forgot everything I had told him, or probably, if he did remember, thought it was all nonsense. Crusader was full of beans, and his first proceeding was to catch one of the Duke's led horses in the ribs. The hounds did nothing, I believe, all the morning, and his rider, seeing some hurdles, thought he would have a lark. At once Crusader whipped round, his rider struck him and rammed in his spurs, and that was about the end of it, for he never got him over, swore he was a brute, and sent him straight home and up to Tattersall's.

My old friend and brother officer, Lord Valentia, who had just taken the Bicester Hounds, wanted a whip's horse, happened to be in Tattersall's and saw Crusader there, recognised him, and took him down to Stratton Audley for five and twenty sovereigns. He put one of his whips on him, who, I suppose, pulled him about, for the horse promptly ran away with him down a hill on the grass beside

the road. Another road crossed at right angles at the bottom, and out of it was a big growing fence, over which Crusader turned a somersault. Lord Valentia was then going to send him up to Tattersall's; but George Drake, who had seen me riding him, said he would take him at five and twenty pounds. I was away for seven years. On my return I went down to stay with Valentia and hunt with the Bicester, and he showed me the place where Crusader ran away and the fence he fell over. I asked George Drake about him, and he told me Crusader was the best hunter he had ever been on, that his whistling never increased or interfered with him, that he had won the big race over the Aylesbury course with him, beating one



A POINT-TO-POINT

of I'Anson's best, and had offered to run I'Anson a match for five hundred sovereigns against anything he had in his stable. Aylesbury was the biggest steeplechase, and I'Anson one of the most noted owners of steeplechase horses, in those days.

The big bay was a good-looking deceiver, but he could both gallop and jump if he liked, and though not the least nervous, was a real funking brute, did not care about a hound, and hadn't the heart of a mouse. He was exactly what old Jorrocks describes as "a great enterpriseless member of the chase." Fortunately, he funk'd a whip and spur more than a fence, but I hate having to

touch a horse with either, and never do unless I am obliged. With the aid of these two, and a good shout in his ear, he used to get so frightened that he would not turn his head, and he was much too careful of himself to fall. I was riding him one day in Meath, when we came to a bit of open water just as we got away, and he turned round. I'm afraid I lost my temper, as I did not want to lose the hounds. I "frightened" him so much that we got over, luckily caught them, and after that he went like a bird. We ran into Somerville, and I found that he had lost a shoe, so went into the blacksmith's shop at the cross roads to get one put on. Whilst I was there, in came Lord Spencer, then Viceroy of Ireland, bent on the same errand. He asked me what I was riding and if I would sell. I said no. He pressed me, urging that every horse had his price. I still refused, and he said he would give me a blank cheque, which I could fill up for anything I liked in reason. I laughed, and he asked why I would not sell. When I told him that the horse made a noise, and was such a cur that you could with difficulty get him to face a fence, he would hardly believe me, and said he had been trying to catch me for the last fifteen minutes on a real good 'un he had given a very long price for—and he would give any price if he wanted a horse—and he thought he had never in his life seen a horse gallop and jump better. Oh! he was a real brute, that horse, though he carried me well; certainly not a "real clinker," and all from want of a little bit of pluck. And yet he did not look a bad-bred 'un, and ought to have been a great horse. He went wrong in his wind at the end of the season, and I sent him up to auction as "the property of a gentleman," got thirty-five pounds for him, and was glad to be rid of him even at that price. He certainly was not worth wasting words on here, nor should I have mentioned him except for his connection with Crusader, and to show the difference in horses' temperaments.

I had another useful fox-catcher in Jack, whom I bought on his supposed death-bed, and sold as a probable blind horse. He turned out a sound and good one. This is rather a queer tale. He was bought by Jack Fremantle whilst we were at Cahir in Tipperary, and carried him well with our harriers. He was a good-looking chestnut with white hairs, five years old, showed lots of quality, and looked all over like galloping; but when I got him I soon found he could not move those well-laid shoulders of his sufficiently well to do so. But he was a charming ride, perfect fencer, lovely paces, mouth, and manners, an ideal ladies' horse, a child could ride him.

We moved up to Portobello Barracks, Dublin, that summer, and whilst there the horse got the "flue" and was given over by our

vet. Billy McGrane, the leading high-class horse dealer of that day in Dublin, came into barracks one morning to look at some high-priced horses for sale, and Jack, thinking he would have some fun with him, told him he had a horse to sell. He took him up to the sick lines, opened a half-door, and there on the straw lay the poor horse, apparently *in extremis*.

"There! I'll sell you that horse for a fiver," said Jack.

"No, thank you, Captain" (we all had brevet rank in those days), replied McGrane, "I don't care about buying stiff 'uns."

I don't know what prompted me, but I said, "I'll give you a fiver for him, Jack."

"Done, he's yours," replied Jack.

The horse took a turn, got perfectly well, and I christened him Jack. I had a delightfully comfortable season on him with the packs round, and he had pace enough for you to see hounds, as his fencing was so good you could go very straight with him. I ran him in Baker's Cup in the spring at Howth and at Baldoyle; but he could not go the pace, and we had to be content with a back seat. During the summer a blue film came most unaccountably over his near eye. Our vet. declared it was cataract, would most likely affect the other eye, and he would go blind. I expect it was from a blow which I was never told of. I got him ready for the hunting season. In the early autumn Caryl Molyneux was going down to stay and hunt with some friends at Cahir, and I lent Jack to him, as he knew that country, and asked him to sell him for what he could get, and not bring him back. He sold him to the doctor of the 12th Lancers, who thought he could cure his eye, for thirty-five pounds.

I met his owner the following spring, and he told me that his eye had got perfectly right, that he had won the Regimental Cup, refused two hundred pounds for him, that he had never had a horse like him, felt he never should again, and intended to keep him till he died. I congratulated him, and said no more, but wondered what class of horses he could have had behind him in the race, until I heard afterwards that most of the others fell. He was a bit of a flat-catcher, as far as his galloping appearance went, but a real good hunter, and a long way beyond that abomination which some people seem to love, and call a "good slow hunter."



AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES

A DAY WITH KANGAROO

BY H. FRANK WALLACE

I HAD left New Zealand and its red deer some weeks previously, and after an all-too-short stay in Tasmania, whose memories still haunt me, had reached Sydney via Melbourne. There I had fallen in with Pat, and he with the open-hearted hospitality of all Colonials had invited me up country.

With due allowance for climatic conditions and local colour, the prevailing characteristics of all towns, whether they lie beneath the Southern Cross or the Great Bear, are much the same; so having assured various anxious inquirers that I had seen their harbour and duly admired it, I was not sorry to leave. Late one night we reached our destination, and a drive of some miles through ghostly blue gums brought us to my friend's house.

The morning following our arrival was dull and cloudy; but Pat, knowing my predilections, had arranged that we should try for a kangaroo, and I delightedly acquiesced.

The grey mist which swept in long wisps about the low hills seemed out of place in Australia, yet even as we rode it vanished, slowly curling about the rocks and thickets, to reveal, stretching away in the distance, a yellow plain whose shallow basin had once held a great lake. No lake was there now, the brazen sun had seen to that, but it was an easy matter to cheat oneself into the belief that

the jutting peninsulas of rock which here and there ran out into the flat expanse were lapped about by cool lagoons lying beneath the shimmering waves of heat. An easy matter : yet as I drew near the blue lagoons melted imperceptibly into dried and withered grasses, and I was left wondering at the unimagined transformation.

There was something stupefying about the illimitable sweep of yellow plain, and a sense of relief came to me when I saw it end in low tops which held a depth of blue such as you find among the Surrey hills upon an early summer's day.

From the plain we rode into a region of stunted bushes and low hills, about which the ubiquitous gums had climbed in a vain endeavour. Their gaunt outposts had perished, and the broken remnants



A SWEEP OF FLAT YELLOW PLAIN

of an invading army stood grey and ghastly, warning the survivors in the valley not to attempt so impossible a task. From a distance came the harsh cry of an English crow, and looking up I saw some thirty or forty white cockatoos settling on a dead tree. They showed up at a great distance and looked remarkably picturesque. These were not the only birds I saw, for later we came across black jays, crows, magpies, with their white heads, smart liveries, and musical call, but no "galahs," the pink and grey variety of cockatoo, which make the best talkers, and are sometimes seen in mobs of as many as a thousand. Presently we came to a little rocky knoll, and out among the bushes hopped a strange elf-like creature, which peered curiously at us with distorted neck and then vanished. He seemed quite in keeping with the strangeness of our surroundings,

and though we were off our horses in a moment he had been too quick for us, and effectually vanished. So we rode on amid the gum trees, and presently caught sight of another wallaby. He had heard us from afar, long ere we discovered his existence, and bounding away in long tireless jumps, was dodging in and out among the bushes and lifeless trunks when we first sighted him.

A crowd of gorgeously coloured little parrots chattered from tree to tree as though rejoicing at his escape, flashing into the bush, their gay red and blue plumage gleaming brilliantly in the strong sunlight. As they disappeared a large dark bird swept silently away close to the ground, and then, as luck would have it, sharply up on to a withered branch, showing the orange colouring of his underwings. It was a black cockatoo, and Pat told me that he had only



ON THE EDGE OF THE BUSH

seen two in his life. Their export is forbidden, and I never heard of one in captivity, even in Australia. Their appearance is supposed to portend heavy rain.

It was by this time nearly noon, and as we had made an early start we had lunch before riding out into the dusty plain, alive with rabbits whose tails flickered and bobbed at every fresh alarm. We passed them by, while Pat called down every imaginable form of destruction on their heads. It is difficult, unless one has actually seen with one's own eyes what a curse they are to Australia, to understand the hatred which flares up at the sight of them.

From the plain we came to a park-like opening among the trees, and in a flash two great mouse-coloured forms went leaping into the shadows. They were kangaroos, and disappointed as I



"TWO GREAT MOUSE-CLOURED FORMS WENT LEAPING INTO THE SHADOWS."

was at their hurried exit, it was something at all events to have seen them.

As with the wallabies, the clinking of the horses' hoofs had warned them of their danger, and one day's kangaroo-hunting convinced me that a combination most likely to succeed in this form of sport would comprise rubber-soled shoes, a thorough knowledge of the country, and an infinity of patience. Ultimately I was successful, but I do not pretend for a moment that unaided by good fortune and Pat I should have accomplished anything. The most exciting method of pursuit is to hunt them with dogs, but this I had no opportunity of witnessing. The old kangaroo dogs were greyhounds with a strain of bulldog or mastiff. Now they are more or less a breed of their own, not unlike a heavily-built greyhound. A cross between a greyhound and a Scottish deerhound makes a good beast.

Where this form of hunting is practised the hound will get up near his quarry, and, as the kangaroo jumps, will go for his throat and endeavour to pull him over. Kangaroos are dangerous beasts when cornered. They are often brought to bay in a water-hole, and in such a situation have an advantage of which they make the most, for, seizing with their forearms any hound which approaches within reach, they will hold him under water until drowned. They have been known to attempt the same trick with a man. It is hardly necessary to add that they can inflict a very deadly wound with their abnormally powerful hind legs.

They are extraordinarily quick at dodging a blow, as those who saw the Boxing Kangaroo in London some years ago will realise.

When hard pressed, the female will snatch her young from her pouch and throw it aside into some bush or long grass. Whether this is done in an attempt to save her own life by ridding herself of an encumbrance, or in an endeavour to give her young a chance of safety, I leave the reader to determine. When going strong a kangaroo will jump about eighteen feet. There are two varieties: the Red Kangaroo, found in Southern and Eastern Australia, and the great Grey Kangaroo, widely distributed over the whole continent. The former inhabits rocky districts, while the latter is essentially a plain dweller. A full-grown male of either species will weigh as much as two hundred pounds.

They feed early and late like deer, and in bush country are found as a rule in much the same sort of places as one would expect the latter animal to frequent. They assimilate very closely with their surroundings.

It was useless attempting to pursue the two beasts seen, so



"THREE WALLABIES OUT IN THE OPEN GRASS."

we crossed a flat covered with bracken and the stumps of dead gum trees. Hardly had we left it than I caught a glimpse of something moving. Pat reined up and cried in a whisper, "By George! it's another kangaroo."

Sure enough it was. On our right lay a dried creek-bed seven or eight feet deep. To avoid us the beast would have to cross this, so giving Pat the reins of my horse I ran to the lip of the creek and sat down. The kangaroo came past about a hundred and forty yards distant, dodging the trees in long, lazy jumps. I heard my companion calling to me, as I thought, to fire, and had a snap, but missed. It turned out afterwards that he was saying the beast would stop. Directly after I had fired it did—but behind a bush, and never gave me a chance.

I can see it all so plainly, even now. The burning sky, the parched valley between the blistering hills, the gaunt gum-trees stretching on every side and beating the desolation of the place into one's brain; here and there little patches of green, as though to bid one hope; the kangaroo dodging off through the trees, and Pat watching with puckered eyes as he held the horses.

For an hour or so we saw nothing; then late in the afternoon, as the shadows lengthened, came on three wallabies sitting out in the open grass. It was the first really good view I had had of them. They looked very red and large, with something suggestively rat-like in their appearance. I was just getting the sights on one as he sat by a bush, when he made off and was hidden in a second. When going at top speed in the open one would require cool judgment and a quick shot to bring one's beast down; in the bush it is about as difficult shooting as can be imagined.

I was getting rather disheartened at our want of success, but went on, and presently came on another, leisurely hopping about among some useless peppermint shrubs. He stopped for a second, gave me a good chance at about a hundred and thirty yards, and this time I got him.

He was a full-grown male, but I had no time to take any measurements. We skinned him, an operation which did not take very long, and, tying the skin to a saddle, went on.

Half an hour later, as we were getting down to the flat where I had seen the kangaroo in the morning, something jumped out of the bracken and made off up the hill. I recognised the colour and black tip to the tail before Pat cried out, "Quick! it's a kangaroo."

Half-hidden by a tree it stopped, but I could see the head and shoulders, and fired. The horses plunged and reared at the shot, for I was very close; but Pat hung on, and I saw the kangaroo going hard up the hill. I was in despair, as I feared I should lose

him, and ran up hoping for a snap through the trees. Then Pat yelled, "He's down!" and I saw a grey mass under a tree. The effort had been his last, for both shoulders were broken.

So that was the end of my day after kangaroo in New South Wales, and very lucky I considered myself, for in two days' shooting I had got a couple of fallow bucks, a kangaroo, and a wallaby.

We had some little difficulty in crossing the creek-bed, but eventually reached the station. A few hours later I drove down



GREY AND WITHERED STEMS

through the gum-trees for the last time. White and ghostly they rose as the moon silvered their despairing branches and cast long black shadows on the ground. Out of the darkness beyond the white riband of road the station lights showed brightly until they were swept into obscurity by a shoulder of the hill. Kind voices yet rang in my ears, and I realised again that the worst moments of travelling are those which must inevitably come, when a hand grips yours for the last time, and that sad little word, "Good-bye" haunts one's memory with its mute appeal.



THE SMUGGLERS OF WIGHT IN DAYS OF YORE

BY MAUDE SPEED

(With Sketches by the Author)

"WELL, it was like this 'ere, ye see, mum," and Bill Drakes in his ancient jersey and sea-boots seated himself on the keel of an up-turned boat and crammed strong tobacco into his old black pipe. From the reminiscent look in his keen grey eyes I knew that he was in the mood for one of those yarns that our aged fishermen of the Wight will sometimes tell to those only whom they know and trust—strangers from the mainland ("oveners") may draw them in vain. It is fifty years and more since the island was one of the very strongholds of the smuggling industry now completely stamped out. It stands to reason, therefore, that the race of men who were engaged in this dangerous and illicit trade are chiefly beneath the green sods of our rural churchyards, and that those still alive are getting on in years and were but youths when they helped to run cargoes with their elders. Very wrong, no doubt, this trade was, and lawless to a degree; still, we cannot help reflecting the twinkle in their eyes when they speak of it, and judging these jolly old sea-dogs with a lenient mind and a hankering at the bottom of our hearts after the adventure and excitement and dangerous fun of it all. The real sporting risks taken, and the fair game of "catch me if you can," must appeal to all Britishers. The prize was worth earning, but the punishment was severe, while the chances seemed all on the pursuer's side, so that none but those whose physique, courage, and nerves were of steel could join in battle against such long odds.

Of all the heroes of the trade none was harder or more renowned than Bill Drakes's father, an ex-pilot whose licence had been forfeited over a little affair connected with the mysterious landing of tubs. He was therefore a marked man, yet in spite of that fact contrived to play the game with such success that when at last he was caught and the game was up, the £500 that it cost him came out of that humble little store cupboard without a murmur, and six weeks afterwards nearly £100 was paid for a new fishing smack to replace the boat confiscated. Truly the stocking hanging up in his secret

hiding-place must have been a long one and frequently replenished. And wasn't the money hard-earned, too? Often did he start off by moonlight and tramp across fields and downs from Yarmouth to Blackgang or Niton (fourteen miles as the crow flies) to help land a cargo, walking back to his home at dawn; and often has he put off



WATCOMBE—THE SMUGGLERS' COVE

with three other men in a 20 ft. wherry and rowed the whole way across Channel from the Needles to Barfleur, rowing back again with the cargo as soon as it was shipped. Only those who have made this passage in a small yacht can realise what that feat means, the interminable distance that it seems, the length of time that elapses before land is sighted, to say nothing of the physical

endurance that is needed to row a heavy boat for nearly seventy miles, and the risk of bad weather coming on.

One proof among many which testifies to the wonderful grit of the man may be gathered from what took place when he was helping to land tubs at daybreak in Watcombe Bay, a little cove close to Freshwater. The boat from a smuggling smack had put in there and the tubs were being hauled up the steep face of the cliff on a rope when the party were surprised by armed coastguards. A hasty departure was the order of the day, but Drakes as he ran got shot in the thigh. It took something more than a mere bullet, though, to stop this hardy old Philistine, and showing a clean pair of heels to his pursuers, he made for Mill Copse, nearly four miles off, where he bound up his wound and lay quietly till night fell. Then returning to his home, and avoiding the peril of calling in the aid of a doctor, he hooked the bullet out with his penknife. It was of such mettle that the Vikings of old were made—those marauders who, sailing from their Northern homes, pillaged and conquered the Wight, leaving their bones under the tumuli on our downs, and their descendants—so tradition asserts—in our villages and hamlets.

But it was about the final mischance which befell Drakes that I was asking his son when he seemed in a yarning mood, and what he told me then I will translate into English, for no dictionary has yet been compiled of the Wight vernacular. On a certain day when Bill was about fifteen the man of iron said to his son: "You are now old enough and strong enough to help in the real trading work, and you will come with me to-day to fetch a load of gravel from Redbridge" (near Southampton). Nothing more was said, for questions were not encouraged in the Drake *ménage*. The elder had a little habit of repressing idle curiosity by a sound cuff with his fist, which had effectually eradicated that vice from the members of his family. So to Redbridge they went, and in came the gravel—just fifteen tons, and the boat took thirty. Then Bill was told to cast off and run up the jib. A stranger at that moment stepped on board. "We're taking a passenger down," the skipper said. It was blowing hard, and darkness had come on when the lights of Yarmouth hove in sight; but no orders came for running down the main sail, and there was no starboarding of the helm as the little harbour opened on the port side. With surprise Bill saw the Needles light drawing nearer and nearer, and then out into the dark night and over the great rollers on the Bridge reef the smack charged with her bows pointing to France. By this time the vessel was sailing rail under, and a big wave caught the lad, washed him off his feet, and tumbled him aft. The skipper received him on the point of his boot, and sent him flying into the well. "That'll teach

you to keep your feet another time, my son," he said. "And it did, mum," Bill added.

When at length the morning broke, the great Crucifix that stands at the entrance to Barfleur Harbour lifted its hands in unheeded benediction as the adventurous boat's crew passed beneath it and made fast to the quay, where they immediately started shipping tubs of the powerful spirit the very fumes of which soon completely overpowered the young fellow and rendered him a poor



SHIPPING CARGO

helper in the work, despite the practical methods his father employed to rouse him. Each of the tubs employed in this trade was worth about £3, and contained enough raw spirit to make $2\frac{1}{2}$ tubs when made ready for consumption. The "gentleman passenger" was the dealer, and old Drakes stood to clear £200 for his share in the

transaction—a tempting bait for a man of his class. However, it was never destined to find its way into the stocking, for disaster was at hand, and overtook them the next night, when Bill, according to instructions, rowed into Colwell Bay with the passenger in the dingey and a long string of tubs towing behind, his father meanwhile, with no lights showing, lying hove to out in the Solent.

The local coastguards having made their rounds there and gone off, the signal was given that a landing was safe; but, alas! two sharp officers from Cowes, having a suspicion that something was up, were concealed in ambush, and when the dingey's keel grated on the beach sprang upon Bill and his companion, and captured them. They both wriggled free, but had to leave the boat and take to their heels with one man in pursuit. It was not till the dealer had been bowled over by a shot, and the lad had heard one whistle close past his ear, that he threw up the sponge and surrendered.

Trial and conviction followed upon this disaster, and from that time the game was over for the Drakes, as they were too closely watched to make a pursuance of it possible. Still, they gave a quiet helping hand to it whenever they could. On one occasion Bill was hailed by a strange cutter which brought up off Yarmouth, badly wanting food after long delay in the Channel in a dead calm. Having soon discovered that they had fallen in with one of their own confraternity, they confided to him that their boat was full to the decks of tobacco to be delivered at Lymington, and he gladly agreed to give them help in the landing of it, which was safely accomplished, all being deposited at the Fishermen's Rest Inn, a great haunt of smugglers in those days, and still to be seen at Woodside, near Lymington.

The practical jokes played on authorities were frequent. One day an exciseman, on his weary march from Freshwater to Brooke, gladly accepted a cordial offer of a lift in a cart laden with hay, little suspecting that under a thin layer of the hay tubs were packed closely, his heels even touching one of them as he sat! On another occasion a good old maiden lady of regular and well-known habits would have been somewhat surprised had she happened, contrary to custom, to take a walk in her garden on a Sunday, and to visit the two summer-houses that stand at either end of the garden terrace washed by the sea. She would have found them both full to the ceiling of tubs that had been landed on the Saturday night and left there all day Sunday. Then after the moon had set they were carried down to the marsh, where a cart was in readiness to convey them to a farm at Freshwater, which was a depot for such goods.

Few of the farmers round this end of the Island could resist giving a tacit helping hand to the traders. Little tubs that were made specially for gifts were frequently found mysteriously

placed by some fairy during the night on the window-sills or doorsteps of farms where convenient barns were left unlocked at nights, and somehow or other the farmer's pipe was always full of good tobacco without any bill-paying for it. Nothing much was said, but he was always "kind o' finding things"!



GATEWAY (1609) WHERE THE TUBS WERE RESCUED IN
YARMOUTH CASTLE

Sometimes, when the landing of a cargo was difficult, tubs were thrown overboard on an anchor close in shore; then, as occasion offered, men drew them up with a creep and rowed them ashore one or two at a time. But it fell out once that the coastguards fished them up instead, and locked thirty of them up in a room in Yarmouth Castle. The daring smugglers, though, were not to be

balked of their prize, but broke into the Castle at night, and while one of their number kept guard armed with a pick-axe, carried them all safely off.

Yet another instance in which the contraband dealers had the best of the bargain is recorded at Alum Bay, where a cart-load of tubs was met by a revenue officer just as it was landed. Being but one man against several, however, he was seized, handcuffed, and blindfolded, and in that condition compelled to walk with the cart five miles to Tapnell Farm, where the goods were hidden; after which he was made "blind drunk," and in that condition left not far from his home, the bandage being only then removed from his eyes. Naturally he said nothing about this adventure, and never knew in which direction he had been taken.

One of the most remarkable trials in the history of the Navy took place in this district in 1834, when Lieutenant Josiah Dornford and all the Freshwater coastguards were arraigned for complicity with the smugglers. The Court of Inquiry elicited many suspicious circumstances. One of them had been seen drinking many times with William Lane, a notorious leader, who it was said paid the coastguards £10 each for every hundred tubs safely landed. A large cargo was certainly run, carried up a steep path in the chalk cliffs, and concealed under the downs, while the coastguards were carousing on Christmas Day; and soon after sixty or seventy men, each with a barrel on his back, walked boldly through the village and past the church while Sunday morning service was going on. Many other instances of the laxity of vigilance were quoted; but, on the other hand, some to their credit. Eight years previously Lieutenant Dornford had captured a boat with 524 tubs of brandy, all the crew escaping except one man, and a boat with eighty of them was taken at another time near Cowes. These facts just saved the situation for them, and they were acquitted, but with a reprimand for their slackness, and an order for their immediate removal to another neighbourhood. The sentence of the court rather reminds one of a famous judge's remark to a prisoner: "You are acquitted, but don't do it again, sir!"

Well! these adventurous days are over now; yet there is a possibility lurking behind that "now" which may suggest a recurrence of them in the future. The grit in our British nature is still there, the true sporting instinct, and (I must add) the greed of gain. If the Government persists with short-sighted ideas of economy in reducing the coastguards with a view of ultimately doing away altogether with that invaluable body, there is an old proverb which says, "When the cat's away the mice will play," and—the duty on spirits is higher than ever! *Qui vivra verra!*



BOOKS ON SPORT

FOREST LIFE AND SPORT IN INDIA. By Sainthill Eardley Wilmot, C.I.E. Illustrated with photographs by Mabel Eardley Wilmot. London: Edward Arnold. 1910.

Mr. Eardley Wilmot is the late Inspector-General of Forests to the Government of India; in the course of his duties he naturally has seen much of the country, and, being a keen sportsman, took advantage of his opportunities, which were so exceptional that he is fully justified in adding one more book to the number of those which have already been published on the subject of which he treats. All who are interested in forestry will find the book of special value, but ordinary readers will doubtless pay most attention to the not unfamiliar but nevertheless ever-fresh stories in which tigers, panthers, and elephants figure. For the elephant, after his long and intimate connection with the animal, the author declares he has nothing but praise. The creature is intelligent to a degree, and therefore, it is admitted, all the more dangerous when viciously inclined. "He is clever and courageous," Mr. Eardley Wilmot says, "and, what is most endearing, he will do everything for a rider he admires and nothing for one he dislikes. His confidence in carrying out orders which must be intensely distasteful to his natural instincts is based on his trust in his rider; his gratitude for kindly words or actions is almost pathetic. He will suffer severe surgical operations with groans and even with tears, but will carefully refrain from injuring the operators, whose lives are at his mercy." This is certainly a high character, and perhaps could be said of no other animal—except, of course, the dog, who is often almost humanised. It will surprise not a few readers who have a general idea that the weather in India is tropical, to read that the inhabitants of the Bhagarathi Valley, in the North-west Provinces,

expect a snowfall in each month of the year, and at Hursil nineteen feet of snow has been recorded in the winter; indeed, the weather sometimes drives the inhabitants of some villages down to lower residences, the aged and decrepit being left to take care of the houses.

A book about India without stories of tigers is almost unknown. One of the tribe which Mr. Eardley Wilmot describes was a tigress, and from September to the end of the following year she is said to have disposed of no fewer than seventy human beings. Her area of operations was over about sixty square miles, and the kill of one day was as often as not a very long march from the scene of the last tragedy. There was no mistake about her, as the pad of her right fore-foot had been cut across and had healed unevenly, so that she could be surely tracked; and for several months Mr. Eardley Wilmot sought to rid the district of her depredations. Once the brute was disappointed of her prey. A man and his wife were cutting rice in their terraced fields when the tigress, approaching from above, suddenly pounced on the man. His wife instantly attacked the brute, and with the heavy sickle she was using actually drove her away. Mr. Eardley Wilmot went to see the man, and found him with five distinct claw-marks on his scalp and others on his chest; but the woman took the matter with a quiet air, as if she had done nothing remarkable. The author says he paid the Rs. 500 which had been offered for her destruction with a thankful heart. The lucky shot which killed her was fired by a boy of fifteen, who may well have been proud of the exploit.

Mr. Eardley Wilmot, who has seen more than two hundred dead tigers, states that the largest he ever measured was 10 ft. $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. in length as he lay. This was shot at Darhwal. His skull measured $14\frac{1}{4}$ in. by $10\frac{3}{8}$ in., this being not excessive; some of those which were smaller had skulls of fifteen inches and more. The vital energy of these brutes is amazing. The author speaks of one tiger who when shot dashed into dense grass, appearing at each bound well above it, the grass being ten feet high, and almost concealing the approaching elephant. Another, a full-grown tigress, literally shot through the heart, ran about sixty yards, then sprang at a cliff eighteen feet in perpendicular height, hung with her fore-paws clinging to the edge, and then fell in a limp mass on to the ground below. However severe the wound, even if the main arteries of the heart are severed, a tiger will go for some distance, generally at full speed, before subsiding. It very rarely happens that a tiger is killed outright, except by a fortunate shot in the head. The photographs which illustrate this book are of altogether special excellence, doing credit to photographer and reproducer alike.

HUNTING-CAMPS IN WOOD AND WILDERNESS. By H. Hesketh Prichard. London: William Heinemann. 1910. (15s.)

Mr. Hesketh Prichard's name as explorer and sportsman is less well known than it deserves to be, notwithstanding that he has written books in which, with characteristic modesty, some of his adventures have been described. The present handsome volume, the value of which is largely increased by some admirable illustrations, receives the warranty of no less an authority than Mr. F. C. Selous, who has written a brief preface, or, as for some unknown reason he prefers to call it, "Foreword"—we must confess to the strongest possible preference for the older term—recommending the volume to the reader, a compliment to be appreciated, even though there was the less necessity for it as the author's work entirely assures its reception. Mr. Prichard casts back in the first place to Patagonia, and gives a graphic description of the conditions under which sport is followed in that little-known land, chapters which will be read with special interest by those who are familiar with his former volume on the subject, when he went a few years since in search of the mylodon. We had the pleasure some time back of publishing in this magazine a brief sketch of Mr. Prichard's daring expedition in search of this unknown—we are not sure we ought not to say "legendary"—creature. In the present volume he does not introduce the mylodon, but the pampas of Patagonia is so little known, that he, one of the few travellers qualified to speak, has much to tell which will be new to readers.

The wild animals of Patagonia have seen so little of mankind that they are singularly fearless. If the foxes were more timorous they would not be the nuisances they are. Nothing escapes their voracious appetite, Mr. Prichard says, not even saddles or natural-history specimens cured with arsenical soap; which certainly says much for the creature's digestive powers. It was rather in the capacity of naturalist than of sportsman that Mr. Prichard crossed this little-known land, and he is particularly anxious to contradict the idea that big-game shooting is inseparable from slaughter on a large scale. Apart from the game he was forced to shoot in order to feed a comparatively large party, he states that he fired at an animal on an average about once in every six days' hunting.

One subject he desired to test was the truth as to the reported speed with which birds of prey could discover a carcase, and, if unmolested, feed upon it; and he experimented accordingly. On a certain occasion he shot a young guanaco. For five minutes after there was not a condor in sight in any quarter of the heavens. After gralloching the animal, Mr. Prichard retired to the shelter of some

rocks within about 150 yds. of the body, and had hardly reached the spot when a condor swept over, circled round once or twice, and pitched beside the kill. The bird had not begun to peck when he was joined by two more, and within six minutes no fewer than thirty-eight had arrived on the scene. It seems to be an established fact that such birds trust to their eyes, not to a sense of smell, and it is difficult to realise what must be the keenness of their vision.

The wolves, like the foxes, are fearless. Mr. Prichard describes one which he shot and wounded. He followed it, and coming to close quarters the little beast ran at him and, before he could shoot, fixed its teeth in his putties. This was an experience repeated more than once.

The greater portion of the book is devoted to Labrador, Newfoundland, and Canada, together with an elk-hunting season in Norway. Mr. Selous was specially delighted with the chapters on Caribou-hunting in Newfoundland, as he himself had been over the ground for a similar purpose, and was able, therefore, the better to appreciate Mr. Prichard's descriptions. The narrative is often so graphic that we regret the lack of space which prevents us from quoting; but we most cordially commend the book as the work of a sound sportsman. Mr. E. G. Caldwell's pictures are doubtless familiar and almost always possess merit, but the work of the other illustrator, Lady Helen Graham, is less known. It would be difficult to speak of it too highly. There is enough in this book firmly to establish her reputation, for her drawings are singularly bold and effective, and one feels that they reproduce the atmosphere they are designed to represent.

A VAGABOND IN THE CAUCASUS. By Stephen Graham. London: John Lane. 1910. (10s. 6d.)

Mr. Graham has written an extraordinary book. He has been to strange places and has lived the life of their inhabitants. He takes us into countries and amongst people whose existence we have never realised, and it is curious when we reach the Appendix to read that the fare from London to Vladikavkaz is under £20 for a first-class return ticket available for sixty days, and less than half as much if the traveller is contented to use the third class. The "Vagabond" begins his book, oddly enough, with a fervent eulogy of Carlyle. Guided by Froude's Life of his hero, Mr. Graham declares him to be the "dearest, gentlest, bravest, noblest of men." The author also "adores" Ruskin and Browning, which can be well understood, though in his admiration for Ibsen we are not inclined to join, freely admitting, however, the Norwegian dramatist's claim to originality. The reader may well ask what this

has to do with the Caucasus, and the only reply is "Nothing"; but we are reviewing Mr. Graham's book, and it is to literary criticism that his first chapter is devoted.

We do not quite gather why he determined to become a tramp, or furthermore why he selected the Caucasus for his tramping, except that he made friends with a young Russian student named Nicolas, and went out to stay with him in the dominions of the Czar. He arrived shortly before Christmas, and found every reason to agree with the philosopher who declared that life consisted chiefly of eating and drinking. On Christmas Day Mr. Graham ate and drank for courtesy at eight different houses. "There were, of course," he says, "chicken, turkey, and vodka; there was sucking-pig roasted with little slices of lemon. There were joints of venison and beef, roast goose, wild duck, fried sturgeon and carp, fat and sweet but full of bones; caviare, tinned herrings, mushrooms, melons, infusion of fruits and Caucasian wine. The steaming samovar was always on the sideboard, and likewise tumblers of tea, sweetened with jam or sharpened by lemon slices. There were huge loaves of home-baked bread, but no cakes or biscuits and no puddings. At peasants' houses the fare was commoner but not less abundant than at the squire's, and it was very difficult to escape from either without making a meal equal to an English lunch."

Nicolas took the author round the town, picking up all sorts of friends on the way, a prominent personage being a vodka merchant, who from the moment he appeared on the scene until he left kept up a grotesque step-dance. Christmas in Russia appears to be cheerful, if only one's digestion holds out and one has a strong head. Mr. Graham learnt all sorts of things about the country, including the simple formula by which the engagements of lovers are ratified. "What is your name?" the lady asks. He replies: "Foma." She rejoins, "Foma is my husband's name," and that settles the matter. The English appear to be popular, indeed one of the men to whom Mr. Graham was introduced declared that "England was the greatest country in the world, next to Russia," and expressed the conviction that if the English soldiers would give up rum and take to vodka they would be even greater still. "Who lost the Japanese War, the Russian Government or the people?" Mr. Graham was asked. "The Government, of course," he answered, whereupon the questioner flung his arms round the Englishman's neck and kissed him on both cheeks.

Mr. Graham draws a graphic picture of the squalor of low-class life in Moscow, but perhaps he is more interesting still when he gets away from the town and takes us on his strange tramp through the Caucasus. His descriptions of the scenery are very picturesque,

and he makes us at least understand something—it would be impossible to realise everything—of the strange people he met who are living a life which can have been little affected by the passage of centuries. He rested for a while at a place called Pkhelshi, where he took two rooms at the mill. There was no furniture in them, though the miller found him a table, and he got hold of a box to sit on. He proceeded to furnish, and gives a detailed account of what he spent. A mattress cost 6s., an oil stove 7s., two buckets 2s.; and for 1s. he bought four plates, two saucers, and two glasses. A saucepan cost 2s., a teapot and hot-water jug 1s.; the same sum he gave for a broom, padlock, and nails. For muslin curtains he paid 8d., for two tins for washing purposes 1s. 6d. For 22s. 8d., therefore, he set up his establishment, and his food cost him about 4s. a week—an expenditure which he declared enabled him to live on the fat of the land. New-laid eggs were 3d. per dozen, lamb 4d. a lb., and beef 3d. He was not going to pass his life here, however, and set off in due course towards his destination, Gudaour. Travelling was a desperate business. For a while, indeed, he made fair progress along a road which had on each side of it an eight-foot wall of piled-up and drifted snow; but soon he came to districts where there was no road, and where at every other step he plunged down to his middle. Also he was arrested, merely because his captor did not understand why anyone should want to be wandering about in that region, and he was taken before various authorities who had not the least idea what to make of him or what to do with him. It is long since we have come upon a more fascinating book, for it introduces the reader to an altogether new world.

JUNGLE BY-WAYS IN INDIA. By E. P. Stebbing, I.F.S., F.R.G.S., F.Z.S. Illustrated. London: John Lane. 1910.

Mr. Stebbing puts a sub-title to this book—"Leaves from the Note-Book of a Sportsman and Naturalist." For sixteen years he—like Mr. Eardley Wilmot—was in the Indian Forest Service, and therefore had exceptional opportunities of observing and studying the animal life of the great forests and jungles which he administered. Mr. Stebbing writes well, and has a sense of humour, as is made evident in his introduction, with its sketch of the two young subalterns returning from a few weeks' leave, which they have passed on a sporting expedition. The book is divided into three parts, the first, "Antlers" describing the barra singha, chittul, sambhar, and other deer; Part II, "Horns" dealing with the bison to begin with and various buck and antelope; Part III with "Pelts," most of which is naturally occupied with the tiger, though leopards,

bears, and other creatures are introduced. We are not sure that readers of books on sport in India will find much that will be new to them, but Mr. Stebbing's sketches and anecdotes have nevertheless an interest of their own. He tells his stories well, and of course they all have the stamp of authenticity. His pictures, or we should say sketches, if rough are nevertheless faithful.

One of the stories is new so far as we are aware. It relates how a freshly joined youngster was once permitted to accompany a certain Christmas shooting party. The other members of it had all gained reputations and were armed not only with their experience, but with the best obtainable rifles. The griffin had only an old Service Martini, and he was put away in an obscure corner where it seemed improbable that he would have an excuse for loosing it off. Several times he fired, however, much to the annoyance of his seniors, who thought he was making a most unnecessary noise, they themselves seeing nothing to shoot. As soon as the beat was over a descent was made upon his corner, and he was asked "what he meant by spoiling the whole shoot with his blank blank fusillade?" He apologised, adding that he had "only got three." "Three what, sir?" yelled the peppery old senior. "Tigers, of course, sir," meekly answered the youngster, seriously alarmed at the demeanour of his superior officer. "You said I was only to fire at tigers? They are down there in the grass." On looking for them there they were!

AN ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO THE FEDERATED MALAY STATES. Edited by Cuthbert Woodville Harrison, Malay Civil Service. With illustrations in colour by Mrs. H. C. Barnard. London: The Malay States Development Agency, 111 Queen Victoria Street, E.C. 1910.

Now that travel has become so easy, those whose interests are bound up in the Malay States are anxious to make them better known, and if possible to attract visitors to the Peninsula, which it is evident from this book has a peculiar attraction of its own. To a great extent the country is unexploited, though copper has long been produced, rubber is being largely grown, and two of the tin mines employ over 4,000 workmen. But it is by the shooting that most Englishmen will probably be tempted, for here are found elephant, gaur, rhinoceros, tapir, tiger, bear, leopard, deer, serau, and pig, together with, of game birds, jungle pheasants, quail, jungle fowl, duck, snipe, pigeon, etc. The present guide gives full information as to the cost and method of obtaining licences and all particulars. The country has become in a great measure civilised, and Mrs. Barnard's clever sketches do justice to its picturesqueness.

BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

Many persons who are attracted by the idea of Big Game Shooting are at a loss to know how to proceed. Innumerable books are published on the subject, but they do not furnish the requisite information. Sportsmen in this predicament may be advised to apply to Messrs. Martin & Pitt, of 60 South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, W., who have had twenty-five years' experience of Big Game Shooting in all parts of the world. If necessary, one of their agents will receive parties at Beira should the district chosen be East Africa.

To be patronised by Royalty is the natural ambition of all proprietors of businesses, and this is the boast of the Shamrock Costume and Irish Industry Co., of 12 Sloane Street, Belgravia, S.W., for H.M. the Queen of Spain is one of the wearers of the linen gowns made by this Company. Perhaps their specialities, however, are the serges and tweeds, flannels and friezes, which they obtain from Ireland. A visit to the establishment and a sight of the attractive furs on sale gives proof of the scope to which the operations of the Company extend. Good taste and cheapness are the characteristics of the establishment.

Other people besides golfers are annoyed by the operations of worms, but the name of the True Putt Patent Worm-Killing Compound, produced by the True Putt Co., Loudwater, Bucks, seems to suggest that it is chiefly for golf greens, although their testimonials include some from those who are responsible for Tennis Courts. It is claimed that this compound is the cheapest and most effective worm-killer on the market.

Everyone has books, and books are things which accumulate with more or less rapidity. How to keep them in the most convenient way is therefore an important problem, which has certainly been solved, however, by the British Sectional Bookcase Company, of Conlan Street, W. We are not in the least inclined to dispute their contention that these singularly well-planned bookcases are "the last word." The main idea is to build up the cases as additions are made to one's library, and the manner in which this is effected is strikingly ingenious, the result when it has grown, as one may say, being a handsome piece of furniture and of British manufacture.

The motorist of to-day should have very little trouble with his machine if he knows where to obtain the most perfect requisites. Among these the "U.H." Magneto, designed by Mr. G. A. Claus, of 83 Mortimer Street, W., ranks high. The possession of a motor frequently induces the owner to become something of a mechanic, and it will be readily understood that the successful operation of a magneto depends entirely upon the contact breaker. The "U.H." Contact Breaker, it is claimed, complies with every possible requirement, and its construction makes it "fool-proof." We have not space to describe the "U.H." Magneto, but may recommend motorists to obtain the pamphlet issued by Mr. Claus, which will furnish them with information which cannot fail to be of value.

It is a common thing for a man to whom money is an object to look for a secondhand car in the supposed interests of economy. The Stoewer Motor Agency, of 169 Queen's Road, Finsbury Park, N., call attention to the fact that their 10-15 h.p. Stoewer is in all probability far cheaper than any secondhand car which can be obtained. The material is of the highest class, the cars run silently, the working parts and control are easily accessible, the petrol consumption is low (the official record being twenty-eight miles to the gallon) and the foot brakes actuate on the rear wheels.

A man may be perfectly mounted, satisfactorily equipped as regards saddle, comfortable in all respects indeed, but unless he has the right sort of boots his whole pleasure may easily be destroyed. This right sort is likely to be obtained by communication with Messrs. Faulkner & Son, 52 South Molton Street, Bond Street, W., whose specialty is Soft Leg Hunting Boots, for which they gained the Grand Prix at the Franco-British Exhibition.

All who are interested in British and Tropical Lepidoptera, Coleoptera, etc., and desire specimens in cases, cabinets, or otherwise, may have their attention drawn to the fact that Mr. A. Ford, South View, Irving Road, Bournemouth, is offering for sale 15,000 species, including many rare insects, beetles, etc.

A constant source of difficulty with cars, as motorists are aware, arises from faulty carburation. This cannot occur if the Acme Carburetter, manufactured by Messrs. Wood, Shaw & Co., automobile engineers, 39 Arundel Street, Sheffield, is employed. Simplicity and reliability are among its many advantages, owing to the fact that it consists of a jet chamber only, the float chamber with all its attendant complications and adjustments having been dispensed with entirely.

Mr. George Alexander, Manager of the St. James's Theatre, is one of many well-known people who have been induced to use "Solignum," a preparation for staining and preserving woodwork, and who have found it serviceable and decorative both indoors and out. Solignum is manufactured by Messrs. Major & Co., Ltd., of Hull. The use of it effects large savings on estates where there is much woodwork in the shape of fencing, sheds, etc.

A large proportion of the inventions and manufactures which are brought to our notice and which we are requested to test are connected with motors, a proof of the enormous value to commerce of the introduction of these machines. The Saturn Metal Polish, for instance, produced at 201 Derby Road, Bootle, is particularly adapted for motor-car fittings, an advantage being that it does not tarnish in damp weather. It is also serviceable for silver and plated work as well as for brass, and can be used without any risk to the metal.

At the present time of year a specific against colds is of the highest value, and this is one of the merits of "Quinphos," invented by Messrs. Thompson & Capper, Chemists, of 55 Bold Street, and 4 Lord Street, Liverpool, who also have establishments in all the principal Northern cities and towns. "Quinphos" is a powerful nerve and general tonic.



A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the December competition will be announced in the February issue.

THE OCTOBER COMPETITION

The prize in the October competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. W. H. Marshall, Sloane Street, London, S.W.; Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge; Mr. W. Batten, Caius College, Cambridge; Mr. R. C. Money, Lieutenant, the Cameronians, Tempe, Orange River Colony; Mr. Joshua Keyms, Summerhill South, Cork; Mr. Jas. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's Co.; Major A. J. O'Brien, Kew, Surrey; the Hon. Charles Douglas Pennant, Soham House, Newmarket; Mr. R. C. Standring, Lieutenant R.N.V., Southport; and Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels.



NECK AND NECK AT THE LAST HURDLE AT LINGFIELD
Photograph by Mr. W. H. Marshall, Sloane Street, London, S.W



DRAWING THE RHODODENDRONS
Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge



HOCKEY—ENGLAND V. WALES AT CAMBRIDGE—A GOAL FOR ENGLAND
Photograph by Mr. W. Batten, Caius College, Cambridge



GOING ALL OUT
Photograph by Mr. A. H. Noble, Mossley Hill, Liverpool



GOING TO THE POST FOR THE ROUS MEMORIAL STAKES AT NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER
MEETING—SANDAL, ALICE (WINNER), AND CYLLIUS

Photograph by the Hon. Charles Douglas Pennant, Soham House, Newmarket



OBSTACLE RACE AT THE CAMERONIANS' SPORTS AT TEMPE, ORANGE RIVER COLONY
*Photograph by Mr. R. C. Money, Lieutenant, the Cameronians, Tempe, Orange River Colony,
South Africa*



NEARLY OFF! BANDON POINT-TO-POINT

Photograph by Mr. Joshua Keyms, Summerhill South, Cork



19TH LANCERS (FANE'S HORSE) TENT-PEGGING—PEG JUST TAKEN

Photograph by Captain P. C. Saunders, Quetta, Baluchistan



KEMPTON PARK—A RATTLING FINISH

Photograph by Mr. Jas. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's Co.



A TENNIS TOURNAMENT AMONG THE WILDS AND ROCKS OF THE BALOCH HILLS

Photograph by Major A. J. O'Brien, Kew, Surrey



NO SCENT! HUNTSMAN AND HOUNDS OF THE CAPE HUNT CLUB HOMEWARD BOUND
Photograph by Mr. Arnold Keyzer, Cape Town



THE "WHIP" ON A RACING OAR—MR. H. J. SHIELDS, THE CAMBRIDGE STROKE,
 DURING A HARD ROW AT PUTNEY

Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, London, E.C.



THE QUARTER-MILE—A RUNAWAY WIN AT THE CAMERONIANS' SPORTS AT TEMPE,
ORANGE RIVER COLONY

Photograph by Mr. R. C. Money, Lieutenant, the Cameronians, Tempe, Orange River Colony



HOCKEY AT THE RACING CLUB, BRUSSELS

Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels



SECTION TENT-PEGGING—12TH BATTERY ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY, NASIRABAD, INDIA

Photograph by Captain E. Browning Lathbury, R.A.M.C., Nasirabad, India



AFTER A "HOUHI" (DRIVE) THROUGH THE JUNGLE AT BARIKUT, KASHMIR

The panther, a very large one, was shot as it came out of the bush at the end of the drive

Photograph by Captain E. G. Sydenham, the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, Bombay



HANDICAP OF £400 AT NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING

Clarenceux making running from Thaddeus and Bath, with Land League last

Photograph by the Hon. Charles Douglas Pennant, Soham House, Newmarket



A GOOD RACE IN THE 120 YDS. SENIOR HURDLES, JOHANNESBURG

Photograph by Mr. A. F. Johnstone, Rowallan, Roodekop, Transvaal



MEET OF THE OLD SURREY FOXHOUNDS ON THE GREEN OPPOSITE CHIPSTEAD CHURCH
(13½ MILES FROM CHARING CROSS)

Photograph by Mr. J. C. Bristow-Noble, Roodwood, Warnham, Horsham



HIGH JUMP OF 12 FT. BY DICKINSON OF BARROW-IN-FURNESS AT THE MILITARY
TOURNAMENT AND SPORTS AT BLACKPOOL

Photograph by Mr. E. Fletcher, Blackpool



THE BOATS OF THE ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEERS

Photograph by Mr. R. C. Standring, Lieutenant R.N.V., Southport



JUMPING AT ANTWERP

Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels

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